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LEGENDARY FRANCE
CARCASSONNE
and the
BASQUE COUNTRY

By REGINA JAIS

Author of "Legendary Germany"

Illustrated from photographs



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To
JACOB DAVID JAIS
My PAL
IN LIFE'S LEGENDARY WANDERINGS

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LEGENDARY
FRANCE
CARCASSONNE
AND THE
BASQUE COUNTRY

LEGENDARY FRANCE

CHAPTER I

BYWAYS IN PICTURESQUE ALSACE-LORRAINE

"S'IL *vous plaît*—*Mesdames, Messieurs*—*s'il vous plaît*—*montez, montez*—*s'il vous plaît!*" We pondered on the words—immediately sensing that refined something—polite phrasing—the atmosphere of La Belle France!

Courage, did you say? No indeed, a determination of the moment and the many; we remembered scenes at a huge airport, how easily these mechanical birds came hither and went thither—from all corners of the Earth!

This glorious experience of yet another scientific dream come true! The time is set—the *S'il-vous-plaît* officer guides us to our seats—ah, we are off! The separate whirr! whirr! of motors has become one deep all-powerful roar as we rise! rise! into space. Slight bumps, as though an auto hit a thank-ye-ma'am, on none too smooth a highway.

My Pal—a trifle concerned in facial expression—I musing on thoughts of fellow air travelers. The man ahead nonchalantly pulls a book from his pocket and is soon engrossed, amused with the story. The obviously un-air-traveled pretty girl just beyond looks too ecstatic for reality—she will subside, however—the noise at the moment precludes a casual or whispered flirtation such as

I suspect her romantic soul is dreaming of. We settle back and relax in those extra-soft airplane pullman chairs. Several other passengers just sit—waiting—

There is an all-conquering feeling about air travel, just as in our childhood days “we never did wish the train to ever stop.” So in a plane; for a while we are traveling through space—toward Eternity, if you will—a part of the whole scheme—in time—space—and place. As the fair earth left us we thought of a

“PHENOMENON

I saw time fly!
On the sand,
Eyes shaded by my hand—
Wings against the sky;
Their fall and lift.
A passage plowed
Through wind and cloud:
Lost down a rift.
Time or a gull?
I only know
I saw it go,
And it was beautiful!”

This charming poetic thought seemed very fitting—as we literally sailed through the atoms of modern science!

Ah! Back to the comfortable seat in that plane. A thousand feet above the earth, gliding in the brilliant sunshine and invigorating air of France, cutting our way through the blue, following the air trail of Alsace-Lorraine! A river, a silver thread beneath us, then a long, tree-bordered, straight highway across the country. Someone spoke suddenly, scarcely audible in that swift plane. Looking from my little window, I saw the hazy, thickly forested Vosges mountains. These for generations



Tuileries Garden: Paris by Night

have been storied hunting grounds of princes and dukes chasing wild boar; forests that I dimly remember for a hundred tales of woodsmen, witches and wandering charcoal burners!

Beyond the shining ribbon of the Rhine, a fertile valley lies between the open plain and soothing, green hills that map this romantic land of Alsace-Lorraine. Fair and picturesque indeed sighted from the huge expanse of upper ether! Criss-crossed canals, white houses, trees, gardens, a tall steeple that rises incredibly into the sky, the cathedral of Strasbourg! We have circled over the heart of Alsace and the capital, for centuries one of the most strategic points of Europe and now an important city of eastern France.

Light suitcases arranged for, we accustom ourselves again to terra firma, feeling a trifle shaky descending. We walk leisurely from the runway and welcome the sight of a French café. These are there! On the spot! and however small are provided at the psychological moment to tempt the wary and unwary! "*Garçon! Porto Blanc, s'il vous plaît!*" We regain a nonchalant and debonair assurance, which promises future discoveries from the air. Our romantic young French girl here met her sweetheart, and really they both looked as though they would live happily ever after.

AN OLD CHÂTEAU

Half an hour later we were speeding up the drive of an old château in one of the suburbs near Strasbourg, rhododendron hedges bordering the road. Just beyond a wide curve was an ancient stone house with gables and turrets—a most welcome sight after travel in mid-air. Excitement prevailed as the door flew open. There stood

our old friends, M. and Mme. Chaumont, their son, Gaston, now grown to a tall seventeen-year-old youth, all bidding us hearty welcome. A searching gaze—ten years since our last meeting—spoke volumes.

The Chaumonts were naturally deeply interested in the ups and downs of their beloved Alsace. Monsieur for the last seven years had occupied the chair of history in the Strasbourg University and was a storehouse of information. From him we learned of citadel and forts built by the seventeenth century French architect, Vauban; of how Germany enlarged and expanded the walls to protect a rapidly growing population. Now there are about one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants including little villages enclosed in the *enceinte*.

Pleasant evenings those; legends fascinated; we gathered in the salon of the château, a large room with high vaulted ceiling, where age and modern comforts were artistically blended. The stone walls were hung with tapestries woven on old French looms, some rare pieces, all intensely interesting, as we deciphered the stories of knights and ladies in hunting parties of forgotten days. Over the large open fireplace was a panel of modern Beauvais work finished just a month or two before by some cousins of Mme. Chaumont who were experts in this revived French art craft. We saw Fontainebleau Forest in the sunset, with three ladies of the palace riding their mounts down a glade, their cavaliers hovering in the hazy background, leaping dogs leading the way—flickering flames, casting high lights and sunshine, gave a semblance of life to the woven figures.

Evenings were cool, a log fire added cheer and eerie dreaminess to conversation. Quaint lamps flashed light on fine old portraits and brocades were drawn over high

windows. On the old family table, cherished by M. Chaumont's father and fashioned by his grandfather, you usually found a pile of old histories, books with fascinating woodcuts, in the French of centuries ago. Despite modern tendencies, the Chaumonts were typical of many families throughout France, content with books and illuminating conversation.

When not with his jolly young friends, Gaston missed few arguments, chirping in timely thoughts of young Alsace, interesting views of youth today the world over. Sometimes he would bring companions. Discussions were forgotten as the radio relayed jazz from Paris, Vienna or Berlin. Up came rugs and on with the dance in which all joined. Gaston I found a good dancer, teaching new steps, at the same time talking seriously about studies at the school of aeronautics, ambitious to soar on wings over age-old Europe.

A moat had sheltered the château, now a formal terraced garden, ablaze with summer glory. On the south side rockery steps, where a little brook came trickling into a pool of lilies and goldfish. Moonlit suppers in this enchanting atmosphere were an unalloyed joy!

Days of wandering through old and new Strasbourg, then back to the château, hungry for simple, delectable dinners. Conversation veered again and again to old-world Alsatian stories, spun from many truths by our genial host, his bright face keen while he swept the dim, distant past. Easily hours flew, as we taled from history to legend, sipping the while from antique crystal glasses the glorious vintages of Alsace.

A font of information poured out in reply to my query, "It was the Romans, wasn't it, who really began the history of Alsace?"

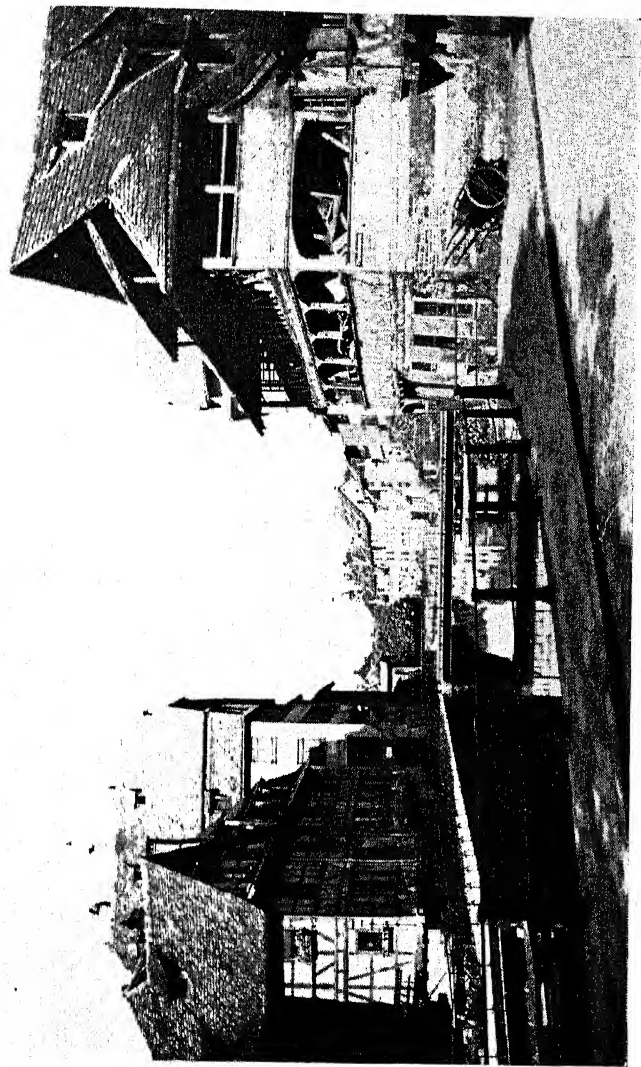
"The history of Alsace, my dear friend,"—here Madame winked behind her good man's back, as always when Monsieur metaphorically donned cap and gown and stepped up on the rostrum—

"The history of Alsace begins in the days of mammoths and primitive man. Fifty years ago arrowheads and flints were dug up; human skulls and a mammoth tooth that take us far back to the time of the Neanderthal man. Scientists are busily reconstructing the lives of these old dwellers in the Vosges Mountains. Hundreds of stories tell how about fifty years B. C. Romans created a great route from Rome, driving before them bands of Celtic settlers. They then built their wonderful old fortress called Argentoratum. Hereafter a solemn procession, struggles and tribal wars between Vandals, Franks and Gauls, with northern tribes sweeping over from the Rhine, ensued."

"What interests me," murmured Madame, interrupting, "are legends that countryfolk still tell, of how Christianity drifted up here before the third century. Quite a number of wandering saints seem to have come to these parts on the trail of the Romans. While Alsace grew more civilized, bitterness between Roman and Teuton increased. A Roman Emperor offered a piece of gold for every head of an enemy."

"Charlemagne played a hand in the history of the district," said my Pal, lazily blowing smoke rings from his comfortable corner in the depths of a capacious arm-chair.

"Yes, indeed, in the late part of the ninth century. This King of the Franks built a very famous old church in Strasbourg, where the cathedral now stands. At this



Strasbourg—Petite France

time farming and commerce in timber and wines flourished, as Alsace had three trade waterways, the Rhine, the Marne and the Rhone, forming outlets in every direction.

"Religious wars followed Charlemagne's death until the latter part of the Middle Ages, when Strasbourg became a republic. The Black Plague, peasant uprisings, quarrels with foreign neighbors spell ravaged years, yet you feel the national spirit of our people strengthened by suffering and hardship. An Alsatian is always first and last an Alsatian, true at heart to old traditions and old customs."

"Yes, and do you know how the villagers can tell a loyal Alsatian from a mere outside settler of a few generations?" Madame asked, smiling across at us.

"No!" I laughed back.

"I'm not so sure now, but in good old days storks would never settle on your cottage unless you were a true-hearted son of Alsace. They might come one year and build their nests but never would return, if they sensed the slightest disloyalty to Alsace."

"When Jeanne begins her fairy tales," laughed M. Chaumont rising, "we call it a draw!" The old clock chimed tunefully as liqueurs appeared on a carved wooden tray.

"*Bonne nuit, mes chers amis,*" I said drowsily, "we'll see a stork village some day."

THE STORK VILLAGE

As I turned in, a two hours' discussion began, my Pal starting with, "Charles the Bold, they say" But

I was up in an old tower room under the roof, where antique furniture cast queer shadows, while winds of Alsace blew about the chimney.

"Somewhat disturbing for storks up there," I thought, "but, of course, these familiar spirits of Alsace are in hidden corners."

I dreamed stork tales, big sister at mother's knee listening in. This corner of old-world legends and fairy tales must be responsible for the original stork story and millions of young believers. I drowsed over the idea of capturing a family, transplanting them to New York. Poor mythical creatures, sad and lonely in my forest of brick trees on cement and steel mountains! I dreamily bade adieu to storks, fortresses, legends.

We drove next sunny afternoon out of ancient Strasbourg and halted where a grove sheltered attractive new homes. The fame of this little stork colony of Jardin Ungemach is spreading; every traveler to Alsace-Lorraine takes a peep at France's latest experiment.

"A very charming and suitable spot," my Pal said, as we wandered up a street, where small cottages, garden paths built among ancient trees gave an impression of stability, linking knowledge with wise nature. Happy shouts greeted us from a bunch of youngsters playing ring-a-rosy and hide-and-seek on a shady green.

"If I were a stork, I just couldn't help nesting on one of these roofs," I said. Picturesque Alsatian houses, in rustic design of the early nineteenth century, where a wise architect has given the charm of old-world Alsace with modern comforts. Storks and legends, eugenics and youth! Over one hundred families in excellent physical health, willing to carry on the stork legend. Indeed, you

are sworn in when you tenant one of these charming homes, renting for about a hundred dollars a year! Care is taken that the right type, with sufficient income to maintain the dignity of the new settlement, lives in the town.

Twenty babies received joyous welcome last year; a peaceful, happy atmosphere, twentieth century France wisely making pact with legendary storks of old Alsace-Lorraine.

At a turn in the glen a fat little boy of four was chasing butterflies, laughing gleefully when they dodged him. A barking puppy ran at his heels and the two dashed across a border of mignonette and flaming petunias. Stopping, he called out, "*Bonjour, bonjour!*" running to greet us in childish fashion. Soon little Jacques was gesticulating in an animated conversation with my Pal, telling him all about his toys, canaries and pet dog.

"*Jacques, Jacques, chéri!*" A cottage door opened, a fresh-faced young Alsatian came out. Small, plump and rosy, this mother made an attractive picture as she smiled, "*C'est un mauvais garçon,*" she said, "to chatter so when I put his little sister to sleep. Perhaps Madame et Monsieur would care to see my house and baby. *Américains, n'est-ce-pas?*"

We followed her into the spotlessly clean cottage. Very proudly she pointed to modern household conveniences. Baby sister, a small, round replica of mother, lay cooing in a crib made by peasants.

All fresh and wholesome; so, too, wine proffered us from a fascinating earthen carafe. We drank a health to this happy little family and the village that was born of the altruistic ideals of a large bonbon manufacturer. Unless the girls of this eugenic colony decide on slim,

Daphne-like figures, this growing village will have provided a large number of bonbon eaters by the time the municipality of Strasbourg assumes control in 1950.

Over the Pont du Theatre we made our way to the Place de la Republique, watching the procession of lively peasants between old and new Strasbourg. A picturesque and jumbled company here, old carriages, creaking high-wheeled farm wagons piled with vegetables and citizens of Alsace, quaint old folk, whose picturesque garb seemed in keeping with ancient dwellings and crumbling walls.

Beyond spreads modern Strasbourg, fine homes set in gardens, a colossal railway station, with enormous frescoes of two imperialistic generals, telling news of other days.

The University, growing out of a small Protestant school of the sixteenth century, is world-famous. Here in 1772 the great poet, Goethe, added a Doctor of Laws degree to his laurels. When the Strasbourg University reopened after the French Revolution, many great scientists, scholars and statesmen of France and other countries were educated in this Alsatian city.

From the cathedral tower or from a plane, Strasbourg seems a city of waterways, canals and rivers. The Ill opens its arms wide, dividing the city into three sections, the centre one with winding streets and gabled houses of medieval times. From Colmar to the junction with the Rhine, numerous tributaries bring wealth to farms and gardens. A network of canals, built by France, contributes to immense water traffic, linking the Rhone and south France with the Rhine, while others leisurely creep their way from the Marne. On these canals, boats guided by picturesque Alsatians, numerous bridges, shaded

avenues of trees, reflect narrow, fanciful landscapes in long vistas.

We sought the sheltered archway of an old stone bridge during a sudden shower. Ducks cackled their way toward the canal. They picked up a meal from an old Alsatian, droning to himself while gazing over the canal, where a gray drizzle blotted out time-weathered roofs. Such scenes were impressing themselves as old Strasbourg.

We sensed in the old man's song a tale of Alsace. Our minstrel painted in his ditty pictures of smiling fields, grape harvests and roadside cafés. These Alsatians put legends into melodies; often you can read them, always you catch at least their spirit.

AN ALSATIAN GIRL

A young girl with wooden-soled shoes restlessly tapped the cobbles. In the shadowed dusk her brilliant headdress glowed as a bright crimson flower. Traditional Alsatian costumes are few but we saw many in the country and one or two in Strasbourg.

The girl and costume were particularly attractive on this gray afternoon. She was small, graceful, as most Alsatian girls are. A gray woolen skirt, the hem embroidered with coarse red wool roses, as though strewn on in gaudy insolence. A black shawl, fringed with blue and yellow tassels, kept her snug. An enormous butterfly bow of red taffeta, perched at the back of her head, completed her dress. Shadowy eyes shone and a smile won.

A capacity for salesmanship we discovered here! The old man was shaken out of his dreams on the large wicker basket, which contained a wealth of treasures, charming little boxes picturing the famous cathedral and like

souvenirs. The sun had begun to shine, as we made our way into the clean-washed, narrow street.

The Cathedral steeple bathed in late afternoon sun, myriad colors glancing through lacy lanes, etched crystal-clear against an almost turquoise sky—a sight one revels in with the hope that memory lasts. The mellowing influence of well-matured Alsatian wine, sipped on an iron-wrought balcony of a small château hotel; vision for yourself nectar of the gods in Alsace, for mind and body.

Strasbourg has many shops, up-to-the-minute merchandise and knickknacks. Particularly interesting is the carving, from hand-turned furniture to the tiniest model for a wooden shoe. An important industry is the manufacture of silk and silk ribbons, due to the centuries-old Alsatian headdress, worn by girls and grandmothers; heavy taffeta, winged out like an enormous insect with flying streamers. The initiated distinguish more than a mere setting for a pretty face; the Catholic bow is of bright color with red a favorite. Protestants select shining black.

Come to the flower market in the Place Kléber and see a gay throng and flower stalls piled high with varied blooms. Groups wander in and out from one shop to another. We are seated in a nearby café, with Gaston Chaumont, at an outside table, drinking *café au lait*—the morning drink of France. In this friendly influence of narrow streets and musical chimes ringing out from the historic Cathedral, you catch, perchance, the atmosphere that held us captivated, the rare charm of this ancient city of Alsace.

Along old streets to the Cathedral, the Rue du Dôme, Rue des Charpentiers or the Rue des Grandes Arcades. Gaston had imbibed much of his father's knowledge of things Alsatian. A real love of the old stones sifted through his casual descriptions of venerable houses where history was made.

THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG

The Cathedral, of red sandstone, which time has brushed to a soft and pleasing tint, stands etched against the blue sky in a setting of trees and gardens. Here in the eighth century the Emperor Charlemagne built his church, where in the sixth, Clovis, renowned ruler of the Franks, had called his followers to prayer. Begun in the eleventh century, part of the present Cathedral is thirteenth, while the exquisite flagee'd spire was blessed in the fifteenth. Four hundred and sixty-five feet it soars, sharing with Rouen Cathedral the honor of being the highest in France. Like a veritable pæan in lacy stonework, its beauty greets you from every angle.

"Much of the interior stonework of the Cathedral is 'modern,'" said Gaston. "The roof is new and some of the stained glass windows. The Revolution and many bombardments—what will you?" and Gaston's shoulders shrugged philosophically.

"But the spire is intact," I said.

"And that is *superbe*," added Gaston.

Through one of three fine old portals, with stories of the Creation and history of man cut from stone, we passed to the interior. Visitors arrive at noon sharp to view the wondrous astronomical clock. In 1354 Stras-

bourg boasted a clock, a rare and precious piece of workmanship, with three wise men, who bowed before the Virgin Mary every time the clock struck the hour. This famous Clock of the Three Sages, as it was called, did duty a long time before being replaced in 1547. Conrad Dasypodius, a renowned Strasbourg professor of mathematics, completed the work. His clock ticked away the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and more, for nearly two hundred years (so the soft voiced vergers tell you) then it ceased. The present clock, with fragments of Dasypodius' work, has told time for almost a hundred years. Father Time, the suns and moons and their satellite train of brilliant stars will tick more centuries away for posterity, we hope.

Noon is the hour when the Twelve Apostles pass, bowing in adoration before the figure of Christ while a crowing cock flaps its way over the disc. We arrived with Gaston just as the clock began its noonday performance. I noticed two little Parisians, a boy of four and his big sister, a few years older. As the performance began the little boy jumped up and down with excitement.

These children brought to mind a true legend once told me. There was a tiny girl living in America. A sweet Mother sang many songs of old Alsace to her. When the young Miss was fretful—Mother would lead her gently toward the mantel of a modest home. There in the centre stood an old-fashioned marble clock, balanced on either side by old-timey Pom Pom silver candlesticks.

This was storytelling time and the clock for the moment was transported by fairies to Strasbourg. Sweet little Mother would croon about "Strasbourg, O Strasbourg, you wonderful, beautiful place!" relating a fairy tale, all about the old astronomical clock in the Cathedral.

There is a daguerreotype of Mother in a charming brown-shot silken dress—the fashion of yesteryear—very voluminous skirt, alternating ruffles, silk and velvet almost to the tight bodice. I'm afraid this little girl cried every afternoon just to tempt Mother to tell again the story of Strasbourg and the Cathedral clock, how the wonderful Sun—Moon—Stars—and Religion—went round and round and round!!

Climb to the Cathedral roof with us, up many worn steps. Some are narrow and upright, as you ascend to the lantern to gaze o'er the fair face of France. Old red roofs etch pictures into the open country, rolling hills, carefully cultivated farms, charming little villages and the sweep of rivers. Romance beckoning westward to the Vosges mountains, fertile valleys where the Moselle waters green fields! An unforgettable scene this clear, sunny day.

ROMANCE OF STRASBOURG

Around the Cathedral historic houses with dormer windows set in sloping roofs catch the sun winking on ancient leaded panes, as twisting streets decipher Strasbourg's history and romance.

Josephine, wife of Vicomte Beauharnais, who later became Napoleon's Empress, designed the Orangerie, a famous park. We picture her driving through shadowy avenues, whiling away those hours when her brilliant partner changed the map of Europe!

Here children come to play about the Goosegirl in Alsatian dress, almost as popular as Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Gutenberg, the printer, is here holding a magic proof in his hands, since in Strasbourg he carried

out many of his experiments. The statue of General Kléber, the poor Strasbourg lad born with a vision in his soul, who gave himself to the cause of France. Marshal Saxe, another famous general, remembered by Pigalle, the French sculptor. Crowds wend their way to the old church of St. Thomas to look upon this masterpiece, which took twenty-five years of Pigalle's brilliant life. It is a figure of the Field Marshal slowly slipping from this world with France, his mistress, standing by.

Our own Statue of Liberty was born of the mists and dream phantasies that float through old Strasbourg's streets. Bartholdi, an Alsatian, designed her as his ideal of freedom. A symbol of man's liberty, she stands proudly serene in New York harbor, welcoming all, from the mightiest ocean liner to the tiniest trawler creeping into shelter. New York!! A shadowy mirage of skyline, appearing as though conjured from mighty depths, thrills, as the faint rosy light of dawn mystifies. At night these towers and pinnacles arise out of the purple golden sunset, like legendary myths or fairy tales of old Babylon, while Bartholdi's Liberty gives her blessing!

One afternoon on the Place de Broglie, our delightful Mme. Chaumont stopped suddenly with, "You know this house, of course!"

"Yes, of course, but tell me more," I replied.

"Here the 'Marseillaise' was first sung, April 24th, 1792. Rouget de l'Isle, a young French officer, composed it when France pushed back invaders. They say that De l'Isle, a charming love poet, sat composing melodies to fair ladies. Suddenly inspired, as though thunder and the gods commanded, sweeping all before, his brain, his mind, his soul, his fingers vibrated to the fighting melody

within him. Thus the most thrilling national anthem we moderns know!"

On through the square, past old mansions dating to the Middle Ages. "This is supposed to be De l'Isle's house, too," Gaston said, "nobody really knows."

"So Strasbourg first gave the 'Marseillaise' and thrilled the country," I said, "but Marseilles, surely, gave the title?"

"Of course," said Gaston, "Marseilles was in revolt and a band of soldiers from there marched northward to Paris singing De l'Isle's war song. Paris caught the rhythm and named it after these Mediterranean soldiers. It blew on the winds through every corner of France, passing like wildfire from one cheering throat to the next — 'the Marseillaise' to Paris, to France and the whole world!"

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*" I chanted softly,

"*Le jour de gloire est arrivé!*" . . .

All three, keeping time with Gaston, marching with head high.

"*Marchons, marchons!*"

And so they did and always will; 'La Marseillaise' lives in the spirit of France!

WHERE LEGENDS STILL LIVE

Young Gaston at the wheel of a Renault, a school friend in the seat next; Monsieur and Madame, my Pal and I in the tonneau, speeding leisurely on perfect roads through sunny Alsace. Gaston, popular and handsome, had as varied a collection of girl friends as any young man could manage and often a pretty artist from Paris

would stop a day or two. Whenever we glimpsed a quaint corner, Madeleine's clever fingers would have a scene of old-world charm, a modern Alsatian flapper or a picturesque peasant brushed impressionistically in watercolors. Her steady flow of brilliant repartee with Gaston added zest and interest; she was certainly an addition. Then, too, that dashing young Viennese, whose claim to regard, in Gaston's eyes, was that she had already arrived, sporting a pilot's certificate. Somewhat condescendingly Mitzi discoursed on matters aeronautical.

Mlle. Madeleine had a softer angle on life; she inveigled Gaston to run us down into southern Alsace, where old castles on craggy heights look somberly over lakes and streams. Picturesque towns, where legend still lives, nestle under these Vosges hills. Mountain tops, hid in shifting mists, reminded us of mythical Hans Trapp the Terrible! Once upon a time as a robber baron, he scoured the country for prey and today hovers about, a threat and warning to *les petits* of Alsace. "Hans Trapp will get you," brings visions, castle dungeons and the "Bogey man" to a naughty Alsatian child.

"We are still in the region of robber chiefs," I mused.

"Rather!" said Gaston, "their castles dominate this landscape. There is one," pointing to a frowning ruin. "Half a century ago the tower was blown down, there are the rocks clogging the moat."

"Interested in these old stories?" Madeleine's gray eyes smiled back into mine.

"*Certainement!*"

"I, too; brought up on them by my *grandpère*, who lived most of his life in a village near Wasselonne. He told fascinating tales of these 'Blue Alsatian Mountains!' One I remember is about the little town of Obernai we

are coming to and the Convent of Sainte-Odile, Patroness of all Alsace, worshiped by many."

"The Convent of Sainte-Odile! That is where pilgrimages are made every year," I broke in.

"In the seventh century a powerful bully ruled the Hohwald in the lower Vosges mountains, Duke Adalric the Cruel. Stories are told of his dire deeds. They say that he is Hans Trapp himself, satanic and terrifying. Shocking indeed is the tale of his own little daughter, Odile. Born in a small cave high on the mountain fastness, her birth saw her mother die. Adalric, who had hoped for a son, was furiously angry at thus losing his wife, since naught remained but this unwelcome girl-child. All too soon discovering that the little one was blind, proof indeed of her worthlessness, he wreaked vengeance on poor defenceless little Odile.

"A kindly peasant woman, pitying her, carried the terrified, shivering, bruised little maid away to the sympathetic nuns of Burgundy. The Sisters put their healing salves on the great weals and bruises. Nourishing food, too, restored Odile, who took a new lease on life!

"That day of baptism into the faith of her protectors, lo and behold, as the water anointed her eyes, a miracle—she saw! Years later Adalric demanded her return, receiving her joyously.

"Suitors came and went. Odile would none of them, instead prevailing on her father to give an old castle to convert into a convent."

"The old boy wisely gave in," broke in Gaston, "for centuries pilgrims have journeyed to the shrine. There is a little river where afflicted bathe. Many are said to be cured of blindness through washing their eyes in the holy waters of Sainte-Odile."

The lonely convent; I imagine the myths that cling to this popular saint! For surely on a moonlit night you could look through Odile's eyes and see the sprites of Alsace dancing about her pool. Odile, a figure around whom a thousand legends might be woven on a summer night in the Vosges hills! Strange beliefs, cruelties, superstitions and pure faith impregnate history of medieval Europe.

We paused beside a poppy field; blue sky, a roadside shrine and two old women with bowed heads proved a tempting subject. Not a movement from the devout, nothing save rustling summer breezes touched silence! A scene like a Millet canvas.

Gaston, however, was impatient to complete a full day's run; we saw his hand itch to blow the horn and at last we're off.

A sharp, steep turn over a spur of the hills; vineyards for miles. Great accounts of crops in the Vosges valleys—we believed most of them to be tall stories until M. Chaumont, unusually quiet in the back of the car, informed us that a half acre will yield three or four thousand gallons of good wine.

The road wound down over a bridge across a river to a tiny village spread beneath vine-covered slopes. Down the main street past cottages cleanly swept, polished inside and out. The Alsatian peasant is proud of his kingdom; often the family name is carved over the door.

Gaston drew up in front of an inn bowered with vines. This old-fashioned spot followed the way of villages unknown to travelers half a century ago, now unearched by motor traffic—for it boasted a real filling station, happily disguised under rambling roses.

A rough wooden table was standing outside the low porch, over which in bold lettering was the name of the *propriétaire*, his calling and date. There sat an old Alsatian, puffing from a carved pipe blue smoke, through which a weather-browned face peered. Short breeches and homespun stockings, a brilliant red velvet waistcoat and a clean, loose-sleeved white shirt. Here comes the wife with a basket of provisions and two glasses of wine. She nudged her spouse, who stood, bowing stiffly, a bewildered expression on his pleasant face.

Up strode Gaston, ever at ease. (I sometimes thought his deferential treatment of peasant women could give many a young modern a pointer or two.)

"*Toujours le même chose!*" murmured Mme. Chaumont in my ear, "Gaston, evaire ze same." We watched while the countrywoman smiled, obviously flattered. "*Mais oui, mais oui, mais oui!*" was all we could distinguish.

THE PLAT DU JOUR

Gaston opened both doors. "*Déjeuner, s'il vous plaît, dans le jardin;* I'm starving, dying of thirst and hunger!"

A chorus acquiesced, "The same here!" "*Un apéritif, s'il vous plaît!*" An inward smile rises to a thought, as our palates are tickled and trickled by a fine old vermouth.

The garden, round tables on old tree stumps and carved wooden chairs fitted into the rustic setting. *Déjeuner* was worthy the blessing that Chaumont Père pronounced, hands clasped on the coarse blue and white checked cloth, while the sun shimmered through shade trees, adding its effulgence on sincerity and belief.

"This Hermitage is excellent," he affirmed as our glasses clinked. "We must be true to the provincial proverb that 'no man who has not had a full draught can be an honest man!'"

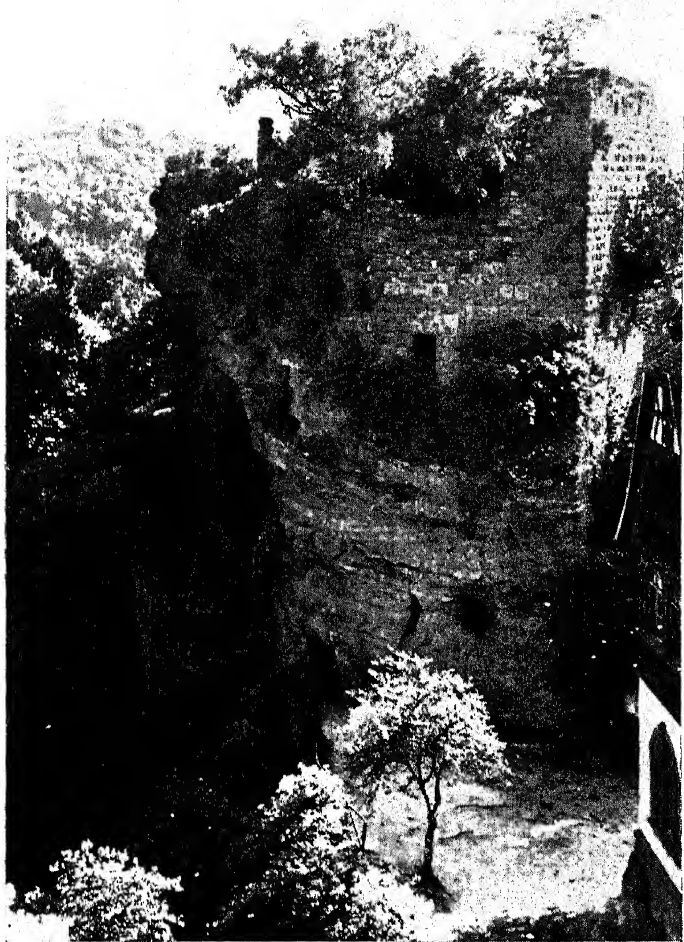
A plump, rosy-faced maid hurried with plates, loaves of crusty bread, sweet butter and dishes of tasty sauerkraut, for which Alsace is famed—really delectable. We had grown accustomed to fields of cabbages for the popular *choucroute garnie*. We sniffed appreciatively; frankfurters and appetizing bacon appeared. *Pâté de foie gras*, Alsace claims, is her particular gift to epicures. It was near Strasbourg that geese were first fattened to make *foie gras*.

A few picturesque peasants came in for the *plat du jour*. A charabanc of boys, healthy Americans studying in France, were also of the company. Motors! Charabancs! Good roads! We enjoy as we sigh! Soon there will be few hidden villages left for travelers to discover. This one, so tiny, I never found its name but remember only that it was near Barr, famous for its mineral springs, in the upper reaches of the Bruche river.

Peace, harmony and a *bon camaraderie* slip into one's inner consciousness anywhere in France at this almost witching hour, when *déjeuner* is in progress. While the first requisite is to appease the inner man, there is that unobtrusive ceremonial of relaxation, quiet conversation over coffee and a cigar.

Madeleine and Gaston, off for a stroll; the American boys, after a lusty "Hello, New York!" to my Pal, whom one had recognized as a friend of his father's, scampered on a tour of exploration, very certain, I am sure, that no other human had gone that particular way before!

We, musing on the yesterdays of this beautiful day and



Ruined Castle of Haut Barr

the todays of tomorrow, watched workers in an adjacent field. Beyond, a picturesque forested countryside and Barr, whose lords had made history for centuries.

M. Chaumont and my Pal, in mild discussion, had quite settled the affairs of the universe, when *Monsieur* remarked, "See those ancient ruins on that craggy height? Their history is remembered by legends only. I recalled one as I watched that old peasant woman yonder digging away with all her strength. The legend of Ricardis. She was a charmer of the ninth century, who after various intrigues with lords and counts came to the court of Charles the Fat, Emperor of Germany and Italy and King of the Franks. She was crowned Empress in Rome by the Pope: the crown was too heavy for her changeable nature or perhaps she tired of Charles. She is next recorded as wandering by herself in the valleys of Alsace, beseeching the gods to lead her to a place where she could live in peace. A heavenly message directed to a spot where she should build a convent on a hill.

"There she saw an enormous bear digging; her young cubs dug, too, undisturbed, until there appeared a design in the earth. The bears wandered off, lost in the woods. Lo and behold, the foundations of Ricardis' convent! That ruin is what is left of her abbey. She was a famous Mother Superior, never regretting leaving courts and intrigues."

At this moment Madeleine and Gaston approached, arms linked, eyes beaming, expressing the glory of youth!

"A good story; is he the man that was called 'Charles the Bald,' too?" asked Madeleine.

"I don't know; he probably was bald as well as fat," answered Gaston, turning back to wink at the portly figure of M. Chaumont. "He evidently thoroughly bored

the fair Ricardis," and Gaston ran his fingers through his own thick black locks and glanced down appreciatively at his graceful self.

He really was a very charming boy, our conceited young Gaston!

"*Montez, s'il vous plaît!*" We're off—back to Strasbourg and the château, where warmth of hearts, attuned, deepens friendship.

WINE REMINISCENCES

Nations may come, nations may go but wine flows on forever—it has been so in sunny Alsace since Father Time. Probably this is due to the Vosges mountains, a natural wall shutting off winds from wide rolling foothills, where the sun ripens fruit. Orchards are a flowering paradise in the springtime and an important wine industry provides work for half the population, when peasants come from far and near to gather grape harvests.

From a sunnier region grapes came to Alsace, wandering Greeks brought their own vintage to Marseilles, traveling northward to the hillsides of the Vosges, where they settled. All this before the Christian era, since when France has fostered the culture of the luscious grape. Roman and Frankish rulers conquered Alsace for her vineyards alone and many families today claim their particular vineyards as dating from the seventh and eighth centuries.

The wines of Ribeauville in the spurs of the Vosges mountains have staunch supporters, sparkling white wines and delicious red are the pride of many districts. Wine, wine, wine! During autumn Alsace-Lorraine is

an enormous wine factory, from sunny hills to bottling works. Early mornings peasants tramp the roads for the day's work; they go singing and sing as they labor, until dusk. Supper is often spread in the open while night gently falls. Strolling couples wander along streams or rest in rustic arbors; or mayhap a dance when fiddles and concertinas charm music under an autumn moon.

Then comes the high holiday. The village saint has his festival during the harvest and, in truth, feet go spinning and spirits rise, as wine flows freely. Costumes hidden away for months, grandmother's, mother's, now daughter's, are shaken and freshened. Skirts of every color, contrasting bands of satin ribbon at the hem, gay shawls and velvet jackets; white blouses, pleated, frilled, threaded with ribbon; embroidered aprons gathered in a hundred little folds; silken handkerchiefs and the charming headdress of shining taffeta.

The queen of the revels, prettiest village maid, voted so by an entire male population! Proudly she is escorted to the open square, festooned with garlands, where minstrels are tuning up. A real Alsatian beauty, she holds herself regally.

A glass of wine for the queen! Everybody's glasses filled! Couples ready! On with the dance!

"*Au revoir!*"

"*À bientôt!*"

Godspeed the parting guest rang in our hearts that last morning in Strasbourg. Away through the drive of blooming hedges—and out into all the world—beautiful Lorraine. *Au revoir—à bientôt!*

CHAPTER II

HISTORIC MARNE VALLEY AND JEANNE D'ARC

ACROSS green hills into the protected valley of the Moselle; where fruit trees blossom two weeks ahead of season. We glimpsed acres of green and purple cabbages and fields of fragrant hops for good Alsatian beer. Little manufacturing towns, too; Lorraine is famed for iron mines and smelting works. Forested hillsides break miles of vineyards, where sunshine has a benign and mellowing influence, tinged with *joie de vivre*. A bottle of sparkling Moselle in a Nancy café proved this truth!

The railway follows the river and endless pictures. Tiny villages bowered with grape vines; flower gardens everywhere; peasants waving a smiling greeting. One tumble-down looking hamlet had great holes torn through crumbling walls, vine-hidden. Rows of modern, freshly painted houses, strangely new-looking. The sacred fields of Verdun and the River Marne.

Turning from the train window, I beheld youthful and compelling eyes, set in a smooth round face below snowy white hair; a lady of the old school. I almost caught the rustling of hooped skirts. A soft black hat with a veil carelessly draped behind made a charming background, through which peered a collar of fine net edged with lovely old Brussels lace. Her dress brushed

the floor as she sat upright, oblivious of cushions an attentive porter had slipped into her corner.

After an exchange of informal courtesies, in reminiscent mood she said, "The fifth century saw Attila bent on building up a kingdom in the Marne valley. History has often repeated itself since his day. Ah, if Madame could have seen my old home outside Nancy! For four generations our orchards and vineyards were famous in the district.

"My husband died. I had my little girls, Renée and Lucile. Later, two boys; *mais oui, le bon Dieu* sent them from *l'Amérique*, young *aviateurs*—*le petit Paul* from Indianapolis and his friend, Bob, from Cincinnati. I learned much of your people from them; they were billeted *chez moi*. I remember they came to my home, as we watched two planes near each other. Your young men—*très gentils*—we felt we had known them years."

"Yes?" I put in.

In the waiting silence we seemed to hear knights of the air winging. Madame's voice again, "Perhaps you have seen the Lafayette Escadrille Memorial in an old park just before you reach Versailles? It commemorates the valor of sixty-seven of your own young aces."

LEGENDS-TO-BE

Soon memories of this section will be those of once-upon-a-time, becoming legends out of a dim past. Listening at the keyholes of history you hear the story of Louis XVI, who tore from Paris in a diligence down the Marne valley towards the frontier to safety, making his way over the bloody highway through the Forest of Argonne as far as Varennes. Recognized by the village

postmaster, the pack were after him; he was arrested and brought back to Paris. Had the frontier been reached without that incident the story of the Tuileries and the tragic end of King Louis and Marie Antoinette might never have been written.

Meditating on old France and new, dreamily gazing from our interesting passenger to scenes through the window, I closed my eyes and in retrospect saw the Marne, down whose rippling waters have been sung victorious history through the ages. In ancient and modern pages, of all peoples and times, one ineffaceable memory will remain. This, guarded by the ever-changing rhythm of its waters, thundered at throughout the world, now set in soothing harmonies, will sing, "*Ils ne passeront pas!*" Illustrious names weave harmonious chords: Foch and Joffre—Verdun and the Marne!

Through fields of poppies the visitor makes his way, crossing ditches, on rough roads, to the sacred Trench of Bayonets, where an American has built a memorial for future generations.

Today picture these rebuilt villages, where inhabitants live, with new and old interests pulsating with vigor.

WOMEN OF FRANCE YESTERDAY—TODAY

Our dear old daguerreotype in the seat opposite again interrupted my thoughts, "Here kings and their legions have left their mark," she said. "For centuries have they come thither to watch grand battalions of Lorraine marching."

Listening to this gentle old French lady, one could think of naught else but the stalwart, patriotic women

of France. She became almost militaristic in her enthusiasm for her sex, who helped blaze the trail to victory.

The greatest woman of France gives a thrill through Lorraine; Jeanne d'Arc—whose sainted personality lives on in this little corner of her country. Added inspiration and encouragement seemed to emanate from the very name to our own doughboys and army hosts. Many visited the little village of Domrémy, where the Maid of Orleans first saw the light of day. Since Jeanne d'Arc led her inspired and patriotic army, soldiers have unconsciously caught her spirit and Sainte Jeanne's passionate love for her country has inspired the French to *marchon! marchon!*

Our friendly neighbor had a snap-shot book of her two adopted American soldiers, sightseeing in Domrémy. I am intensely interested in the reactions of our moderns to this thrilling page of history.

To a photo of her grandchild, Lucile, she sighed, "My *petite-fille* is a modern young woman." She rambled into life of the olden days, when girls lived protected in château gardens. Her conversation unfolded for us leaves of an almost forgotten diary, courtly figures moving to the rhythm of an old Pavane. Elaborate fêtes in stately rooms, romances happily guided by parent hands; formal visits, flutter of anticipation, old gardens and whispered conversations.

"*Mais, maintenant*, what can I do? She is so *moderne!* She goes to school, school, school. Very clever, she takes high degrees, of course—why should she not? She dances every night, then studies until two, three, four in the morning! Now she practises law in Chantilly. *Mon Dieu!* A *petite-fille*, wrangling in the common courts over quarrels of *la bourgeoisie!*"

I laughed. The old school—the old-style mothers and grandmothers clash, of course, with the younger generation.

“You smile, Madame!”

“But don’t you see, Madame, your Lucile is doing what girls in every nation are doing just now. They cannot go backwards!”

“Ah, you *Américaine*. I know, your girls are different, but see what they miss!” Madame’s horror was evident.

I chuckled. “They don’t really miss much, Madame; if I mistake not, your little Lucile won’t, either.”

We reached Bar-le-duc, famed throughout Europe for its superb wines, bound eventually for the birth-place of that most modern of modern daughters, who, straying unbelievably from conventional family life of her time, had achieved martyrdom.

CONSERVE PAR EXCELLENCE

Bar-le-duc! In enormous letters, not on a tiny twenty-five cent jar of preserve but at the station. The French town that has sent its fame around the world wherever connoisseurs of sweets and cheese congregate. Cottagers do their own preserving; you may drop in anywhere sure of a welcome. The *garçon* brings you *un petit pain*, cheese and bar-le-duc; thus you are initiated into the society of gourmands, who for centuries have spoken the name in soulful, whispered reverence.

From an inn facing the canal we watch people enjoy the quiet of evening. Little ships slip by, lights twinkle in the water. Two priests, genial and rosy, pass, their long robes swinging; a little gamin turns somersaults, singing for our delectation, exuberant over a few centimes.

Dinner is served at one of the little tables outside. Next us, two Frenchmen behind newspapers, balanced hats on the back of their heads. One of them dropped his paper and, taking a piccolo out of an inner pocket, played a favorite local melody. His friend, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his bright red knitted waistcoat, whistled an accompaniment. Softly, delicately to a crescendo, mellowing down again to the quiet chirrup of a tired bird at nightfall. "*Encore, encore!*" a crowd of youngsters clamored for more.

"*Je suis enchantée—ah, c'est exquise, la musique!*" There was Madame of the restaurant, large and round. Both minstrels rose and bowed with a flourish to this homely admirer. Beautiful bird calls this whistler had mastered; a hundred exquisite songsters seemed reveling in an imaginary orchard overhead. A flutter of wings, an incredibly long trill, and a lark was off into the summer heavens.

The thirsty throat from which they had emanated was soon relieved by fine red vintage.

A delicate flavor of garlic floated from the swinging door through the sawdust-sprinkled *salle à manger*, as a hurrying *garçon* brought out our *dîner* of tender *filet mignon*, *pommes de terre*, delicious artichokes and *petits pois*, prepared as only a French chef can.

"*Les artichauts*, they are good, *n'est-ce pas?*" asked Madame.

"*Oui, oui, merci!*"

"My chef, he have ze secrete! *Et en suite, du fromage à la crème et Bar-le-duc groseille et en suite le bon café noir, n'est-ce pas?*" She bustled out of sight.

Peasants stroll past from their various tasks in the quiet evening hours; townsfolk file by in leisurely

couples; an entertaining bi-weekly concert in the square. Good coffee, too, steaming amid cigar smoke. A perfect night in Bar-le-duc!

TOWARD DOMRÉMY

Sunshine, prodigal on old streets, the blue canal a pearly shimmer; along the banks for miles poplars towered, tall, graceful, bending slightly in summer breezes.

Our comfortable car swung away to the south, where the glow touched hazily the beautiful French landscape. I could not resist repeating this lovely bit—

“ ‘Alone the sun and I behold
Processions crowned with shining gold—
The poplars in the fields of France,
Like glorious ladies come to dance.’ ”

“H’m, it is good,” rejoined my Pal. “When you think of what our friend in the train said about battalions that used to march here. Imagine the effect of a company of Zouaves, like *mon Père* from Algiers, marching across these plains in oriental uniforms!”

“Yes, and Lancers with flying pennants and plumes. I wish we had been here for the pageant of Jeanne d’Arc. Some ‘processions crowned with shining gold’ then, I fancy.”

“I’m not so sure,” said my Pal, slowly. “I think you feel Jeanne d’Arc. In fact, M. Chaumont was correct; to many she is no historic character, rather a myth, an ideal, a legendary figure in whom France sees the embodiment of *l’amour de la Patrie*.”

“She was very much of the world in her army tactics,”

I replied, "she was the most energetic general of France, since her whole career lasted barely two years."

"Yes, but the influence of Jeanne d'Arc lay not in conquest, it was her courage, and the girl's faithfulness to her vision."

Along open valleys we go. Something of another world about this region, you feel as though you are on the border line between what is and what seems. Domrémy! The very name has a fay, half-enchanted sound. Domrémy, Domrémy, you repeat to yourself. The woods, the occasional peasant, all part and parcel of the spell—you almost dread reality will break the charm. The broad green valley of the Meuse, Jeanne's own river, whose waters often sang to her. We are caught in the thrall of something, we know not what; in Domrémy anything might happen.

Thick pine woods spread over the Vosges hillsides and echo to mysterious rustlings of every wind from heaven; here Jeanne's voices sang. A devoted peasant has set up his shrine, carving a rude tree-figure of a saint, closed in by rustling pines. The earth was padded with a carpet of needles, while here and there a wild-flower edged through.

We watched a large flock of black-faced sheep grazing.

"There sits a possible Jeanne d'Arc," mused my Pal. Leaning against a tree sat a lone peasant girl, eyes down-cast over her knitting. Busily her needles clicked, at her feet a huge dog. She might have been a shepherd maid of five centuries ago.

I strolled to the little hillock, sharp barkings warning the girl. As she looked up, her large dark eyes shone out of a small grave face. The eyebrows fascinated me, never

had I seen such finely drawn curves, perfect as the delicate traceries of a feather. For a moment—the Maid, herself—surely my imagination had reincarnated her in this picturesque background! Old tales drifted across my mind.

“Domrémy?” I asked, half expecting her to vanish with the question.

“*C'est en bas*,” she replied, pointing down the road.

RELIGIOUS SOLACE

We overtook a pleasant-faced old Abbé, strolling Domrémy-wards. Wide-brimmed hat in hand, his gray locks fanned gently in the breeze. My Pal conceived the bright idea of asking him to join us and soon we were spinning along with M. l'Abbé. Nothing could have been more opportune; he had spent his life in a neighboring town steeped in the lore of the Maid. He gave fair hearing to opinions of learned historians, eulogies of poets and wrangling of politicians—never forgetting the peasants' story of the real Jeanne. The memory of our day in Domrémy under his kindly tutelage is one always to be treasured.

“A pageant of Jeanne d'Arc was staged here in 1918,” related M. l'Abbé. “It lacked something—a slight quality, perhaps, that only natives of these parts could observe; a little too theatrical, you follow me? It hardly caught the peasant feeling, the superstition prevailing five centuries ago and existing yet. After all, despite her saintly qualities, her implicit faith in heavenly messengers, Jeanne d'Arc was a shrewd peasant girl. This won her battles. I have seen such types here, girls replete with

good common sense, yet withal possessing the mystical nature of a potential saint. Ah, here we are!"

Fifty little houses in all—such is Domrémy, time-worn and old, hardly changed, it seems, through centuries. Tiled roofs and an occasional thatch relieve the monotony of small, gray, sad-looking houses, with gay flower beds, red geraniums, cornflowers and yellow daisies.

"In the springtime these fields are covered with little white flowers, 'Jeanne's carpet,' the villagers say!" M. l'Abbé beckoned to follow him up a mignonette-bordered pathway. A woman, answering his knock, curtsied; made way; we passed into the main room.

"Madame Thérèse, these are some kind American visitors, who gave me a lift. I thought you might like to show them your precious relic."

The woman went to a corner cupboard, so high that she had to stand a-tiptoe to turn the key. From it she brought a small iron-studded box, passing it carefully to le Curé.

THE WOMAN—JEANNE D'ARC

The opened lid disclosed the figure of a saint. "This," he said, "is supposed to be about five hundred years old, for years in the family of Madame Thérèse, guarded with infinite care. Several legends attend the image—some say that Jeanne blessed it.

"Ah, here is Jeannette," as a little girl of about ten came in, accompanied by a wee, friendly lamb and two hens! All four marched up to M. l'Abbé, and the little girl bowed respect. My Pal laughed outright, while I

sensed a likeness; the shepherdess on the hillside! I turned to Madame Thérèse, while M. l'Abbé took Jeannette on his knee.

"Have you another daughter, Madame?"

"*Mais oui*, Bernadine, after a grandmother, a ver-
pious lady who lived in Nîmes. She is seventeen and
helps her father with the sheep. One day a visitor, a
artist from Nice, saw her, remained a month making
sketches of my Bernadine. A big portrait he gave to me;
hung in salons many times. Come, I will show you
Madame."

Up wooden stairs to a tiny bedroom overlooking the
garden. "This is Bernadine's room, there is the picture.

It hung in a good light over a narrow bed, the girl
who had so impressed us on our way, caught for all time
in this beautiful, lifelike portrait. "Reverie," an artist
inspiration.

Madame brought a sparkling carafe of wine into the
garden; our hamper from the car with a picnic lunch
appealed healthy appetites. These simple people, whose
ancestors may have known the Maid! A striking
thought!

M. l'Abbé accepted one of my Pal's cigars; leaning
back, he told of Jeanne d'Arc with such sympathy, such
side-lights into Jeanne's character, that of peasants, kings,
soldiers and priests, we heard an entirely new version.

Here was a Jeanne far more human. In the telling we
visioned the little peasant girl busy about the house
tending sheep on the Vosges hillsides. Here was the
church she loved. Here was Jeanne with her friends
stopping suddenly in the shadow of pines to kneel in
answer to voices from other realms, bidding her prepare
for great tasks! Not yet seventeen, conviction strong



Type of Cannon Used by the Army Led by Joan of Arc

she must lead the French troops and crown the timorous Dauphin King of France! Four years she listened to voices; then, despite opposition, donned armor. No one could withstand the flame that burned in her eye, the vigor that pulsed through her. "A natural instinct in military matters," some historians say. Orleans, that strongly garrisoned fortress fell before her army. The Maid pushed on with irresistible force, conquering all. In five months a nation was saved by the brilliance, the faith, call it by any name you will, of this simple-hearted girl.

"There is an interesting legend of Chinon," continued M. l'Abbé. "Before Charles VII, then Dauphin, would see Jeanne, he insisted on many enquiries into her character. Charles and his courtiers doubted the Maid, inventing a ruse to see if she were charlatan. When Jeanne was presented the Dauphin stood among the ranks, a courtier impersonating him. The Maid ignored the puppet on the throne, bowing before the rightful heir. Then Charles accepted her guidance, promising he would build a church in Domrémy in her honor.

"The coronation of Charles accomplished, Jeanne desired to return home. However, Charles begged her to remain, promising reward.

"'Nothing for myself,' answered the Maid, 'but Domrémy is heavily taxed; I would relieve the burden.' To the time of the French Revolution, Domrémy is marked in official records as a tax-free village.

"The rest of the story is harsh and ugly," the old man's voice quavered. "Twenty-five years after her horrible death her name was freed of witchcraft, not until 1909 was she beatified and only in 1920 did she take her place among saints—she who was always 'Sainte Jeanne!'

In 1926 the promise of King Charles was fulfilled and the Church of Ste.-Jeanne, the basilica of 'Le Bois-Chenu' was dedicated."

M. l'Abbé led us down the road, Jeannette following. Domrémy will attract a yearly pilgrimage of all people to the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc in the Church of Le Bois-Chenu. One wonders if it will lose its sense of solitude and quiet.

BIRTHPLACE OF JEANNE D'ARC

La Maison de Jeanne d'Arc is larger than the majority of Domrémy houses. We halted as M. l'Abbé read inscriptions in old French. The date 1481, royal arms of France and crest Charles VII bestowed on Jeanne d'Arc's family. Solid old walls support a double storey on one side and sharply sloping roof. Narrow windows look out to rustling trees and garden. Jeanne's little bedroom on the ground floor appeared nothing but a cell, bare, dark, with thick walls and a tiny recess where, you are told, Jeanne kept the figure of Ste. Marguerite, whose voice was ever ringing in her ear; other rooms with relics and souvenirs.

Always the pines recapture you! They watched Jeanne walking these ways; they played their part in the ritual of voices; they are inextricably one with the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc and to them you return when you tire of houses and relics.

There the village church where Jeanne and her family worshiped for years, where peasants still congregate. You feel it is still Jeanne's church. Age breathes through it. Over the entrance a picture of Ste. Jeanne listening—St. Michel, Ste. Catherine and Ste. Marguerite.

"The baptismal font," whispered M. l'Abbé. "Here little Jeanne was received into the Church." I could imagine the sun shining brightly upon the little head of Ste. Jeanne.

In latter years, Jeanne the saint, Jeanne the witch provided old cronies with fireside tales. Saint or devil? The story of voices would be recounted. Some ready to swear away the Maid's nobility of character, others saw a maligned saint.

THE CHAPEL AMONG THE PINES

"Let us go to the basilica of Le Bois-Chenu!" said M. l'Abbé. "It was built in the woods where Jeanne heard the whispered voices of her saints, hence the name." Pine trees form a soft, dark background. "Begun in 1890, this shrine in 1926 was blessed and dedicated for all time to the memory of Notre-Dame des Armées. White marble and Vosges granite," pointed out M. l'Abbé proudly, "bronze roof, gilded spire lifting you into realms beyond, with Sainte Jeanne."

Stained glass windows add life and color, these presented by families tracing descent from the old noblesse; exquisitely wrought mosaics bear coats of arms of provinces conquered by Jeanne and beautiful murals tell Domrémy's story.

My Pal asked M. l'Abbé to come as far as his own village. But he would not. "A thousand thanks; I have much to do in Domrémy."

At Madame Thérèse's garden gate we found a score of Domrémy youngsters. They all clasped hands in a rustic dance round the car, led by little Jeannette singing a quaint old melody.

"If you please, Madame," said Jeannette, "if you please, my mother asks if you will accept these cherries from our trees."

"I will indeed, *merci bien. Au revoir!*" said I.

Our old Abbé, hat in hand, children waving gaily; Domrémy, sunset, a glowing background. The genial old man, then a study in silver and black against rose colored clouds and pine woods transformed, like burning giants.

We slipped away over the hills, with thoughts of the mystical little place that lives a story five hundred years old. Dom-rém-y, Dom-rém-y, mystery of the rustling Vosges forests!

CHAPTER III

REIMS CATHEDRAL LEGENDS AND BELLEAU WOOD

BANG! With a resounding thud a heavy suitcase escaped my feet. A sudden awakening out of the fifteenth century!

"Pardon, pardon!" A fellow passenger looked down at me with an embarrassed stare. "I am so sorry. I managed to find my bags a few seconds ago. Thought I'd lose the train." He leaned from the window, smiled, dropping a handsome tip to the expectant *facteur*.

Trains, hotels, airplanes, village streets; many miles in so short a time: you appraise your companions. In fact, my Pal and I had created a game, as each day we took mental note of fellow travelers, race, characteristics, destinations, probable history, romance; what fun unraveling impressions! My Pal, careful, methodical, entirely just; I to conclusions quickly, ascribing often impossibly interesting careers to most prosaic human beings.

We were both well off the track once—I thought a charming passenger nothing less than a king's mistress—fitting her into intrigues, court secrets and rivalries in high places. My Pal set her down as the proprietress of a small, fashionable dress salon in a side street off the Champs Élysées. We learned that her real job was to polish nails in an exclusive London beauty shop! How

she came to be traveling across Lombardy we never knew. But, *pardonnez moi!* back to our train flying through the country and watch the young man opposite. Something American about the cut of his smart gray suit.

A vacation in Europe after five years, he said. "Have you seen the old convent of Sainte-Odile? Have you been to Echternach in Luxembourg, where religious dances go on all day during festivals and villagers tread a quaint measure of three steps forward and two backward? I like out-of-the-way places."

"We have just been living five centuries ago in Domrémy," I replied. "Jeanne d'Arc has taken so firm a hold on our imaginations, we adjust ourselves with difficulty."

"Did you know," he volunteered, "there is a story current in France that the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc lives again in a little village girl, in the Loire district, I think it is? All sorts of rumors are circulated about her."

"Excuse me," in French accents from the corner. "Excuse me, but it is so. I know of Mlle. Clotilde, who, they say, is Jeanne d'Arc over again." We looked across. The speaker was a well dressed young Frenchwoman, traveling with her husband. "It is miraculous what Clotilde divined; now she is in a convent in Paris, still receiving communications."

"Strange things happen in this old world of ours," said I.

"And," agreed my Pal, "great people have made history in this part. Somewhere about here (we were passing through Vitry le François) Napoleon gained a great victory over Blücher and directly south is Brienne with its famous old school where Napoleon learned army tactics. We visited a château, now a museum, built above

the town on a wooded hill. The old custodian told us that a famous son of Brienne was crowned King Jean of Jerusalem in 1209, later Emperor of Constantinople."

"Many stories about these old crusaders were partly legends," said I.

AN UNHAPPY BARONESS

"The Meuse from Domrémy to St. Mihiel, for instance. Twisting and turning through steep limestone rocks. Deep gorges, moss-covered château, an ancient mill that keeps the old-world atmosphere alive despite new, tile-roofed houses. St. Mihiel started in the ancient abbey, now municipal offices; a frontier town with thriving weaving business. Since the Crusaders, ruined châteaux have told legends of lordly figures.

"An ancient donjon bell rings when a child of St. Mihiel is dying. The idea grew out of an old story of the thirteenth century; when lords were away and robbers swept up to plunder the castle. The baroness of the château had given birth to an heir a few months before. Terrified, she ran with the babe into the old square. The sight of angry warriors, clanking armor and trumpet calls bereft her of reason. She threw herself and the child into a deep, ancient well.

"A tale of buried treasure, guarded by an enormous dragon, in the family employ for generations. Now and again he would catch a robber and a regular meal; possibly the knights sent enemies or slaves down occasionally to keep his appetite appeased."

"Is the old well still there?" asked the American, "I'm anxious to hear more of the hapless young mother."

"It is; the story goes that one day when one of the village maids went to draw a bucket of water she pulled up—" I paused dramatically.

"Yes, Yes?"

"*Quoi?*"

Everyone in the coach was on the *qui vive*.

"Up came old gold bangles and a few crumbling bones; and that was not so very long ago! Take, too, the story of the Easter Fountain."

THE LADY ÉLISE

Excitedly the Frenchwoman broke in. "Ah yes, you mean the story of Élise. I knew it as a little girl but I forget. Proceed, *Madame, s'il vous plaît.*"

We were a happy traveling family, drawn together by a common interest in this old Europe.

"A few miles further the river bursts out of its rocky bed, rippling over a ferny projection; the sun glints through a forest of old beeches, the river sparkles, gurgles on. This is the 'Easter Fountain.'

"About the thirteenth century, two mighty lords, Count Alan and Count Reni, lived in wonderful châteaux above the Meuse. Both married young beautiful wives, who, alas, lived but a year. Count Reni's wife left him a beautiful little daughter called 'the lady Élise.' Count Alan had a son, young Alan, to succeed him. So great was their grief at the death of their consorts, these sympathetic friends, placing their children in careful hands, rode away on Crusades.

"In idyllic surroundings the children lived happily, learning much of nature; following trails of wild birds

and strange creatures. Later Lady Élise tended the sick and poor. Alan studied court life at Reims.

"News came; the two old counts were returning and young Alan hastened home, riding his stout palfrey, with gay court trappings. His way took him through beechwoods where he and Élise wandered as children; there he blew his horn. A lovely girl of seventeen knelt beside a mighty tree, binding wounds of a young deer. Alan ran towards her. Here was the embodiment of his dreams, his beautiful and most gracious lady! The shy Élise saw a glorious vision of young knighthood, St. Michael himself, perchance! They swore lasting love, filled with joy and young summer.

"A bitter feud had grown between the fathers. Young Alan and Élise were forbidden to see one another. Sadness reigned until a day came when Élise's old nun lay a-dying. She implored Count Reni to change his cruel attitude, thus releasing the young lovers.

"The Count took Élise on a pilgrimage. It was Easter and roads were filled with birds and singing pilgrims. Meekly she followed along the road—not leading to the shrine—but toward the château of Alan. Suddenly they came upon father and son, also walking with forgiveness in their hearts. Élise fell into her lover's arms. They knelt in the road, praying, this Easter Day. Happy tears ran like pearldrops into the rock. Lo and behold! the Easter Fountain, leaping from a pool of lovers' tears!"

The Frenchwoman, "If unhappy people seek to renew friendship, a drink from this Easter Fountain; they quarrel no more!"

The legend had appealed mightily to the Frenchwoman, who flashed a smile to her husband and kissed

him on each fat cheek. An affectionate little French scene this, managed gracefully and without embarrassment.

BUBBLES! BUBBLES! BUBBLES!

Through Champagne. Champagne! The very name conjures popping of a thousand corks; from this region springs that sparkling, amber-colored nectar, rejoicing the hearts of mankind. Apple, plum and cherry orchards abound but the native grape has made history with a kick in this fair corner of France. During luncheon on the train our party drank to legends, history and each other in the vintage *par excellence*.

We watched peasants at work in the endless rows of vineyards near Chalons, a very important centre for the wine trade.

"It was here that our old friend, Attila, received his decisive defeat," said my Pal, "and that prevented pagan dynasty in France."

A legend tells how once upon a time a shepherd lost one of his flock in a thorn bush. Beside the sheep a statue of the Virgin was found, brought there by angels; since the fifteenth century pilgrimages have been made to the charming old church.

"Wine, wine, wine! Officially last year over five million bottles were shelved to mature in these chalk caves we're passing. Hundreds of men and women are employed in the work," said the Frenchman sitting opposite.

"I know nothing of the process," said I. "I have simply watched peasants gathering grapes and I know the popping of corks—what magic happens in the interim, I wonder!"

"Some good fairies have a hand in the work," said my Pal.

"*Non, Monsieur*, we have a saying in my district that *le diable* plays his share—but what matter!"

"It is an ancient cult with us," said our Frenchman, "for even in the third century the Roman Emperor, Probus, spoke of the delicious wines of this district; it was not until late in the seventeenth century we learned of sparkling, effervescent champagne. Ah! Ah!"

"There is an old story: for years only a few had the secret. In a famous abbey here, called Haut Villiers, an old monk, Dom Perignon—that name, I see, stirs your memories!—well, wise Dom Perignon kept the keys of those cellars from 1670 to 1715, say old records."

"I suppose those keys never left his girdle!" my Pal broke in.

"No," smiled the Frenchman. "Word went forth about strange happenings in those cellars. Stories included nightly visitations of *le diable*. In truth Dom Perignon tested a pet theory. Instead of stopping his bottles with material steeped in oil, he tried cork! Thus the invention of effervescing wines. Old Dom corked up some bottles partly filled with fermented wine, which, when opened, showed the effect of carbonic gas. Ah, *Mon Dieu*, such an effect!! It was kept secret too long, much too long, for champagne did not become known until the end of the eighteenth century."

"The best champagne is made from a mixture of white and black grapes, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, a very exact proportion of each," replied our informative Frenchman. "The first pressing is the finest, what we call *le vin de cuvée*—*délicieux*! With more sugar this is allowed to ferment in casks for months,

then strained. In the spring still more sugar; the wine is drawn off into thick glass bottles, placed neck downward in cellars. When ripe, again strained. Old cognac and sugar are poured in and after another few months bottles of sparkling champagne pop, pop their way to, to—"

"To a royal seat in dusty cellars of the wealthy or an honored place on shelves of every French café!" I filled in.

My Pal's expression spoke volumes as he said, "We're four thousand miles away and wine, wine everywhere!"

Nearing Épernay, we recall that in the old days it was a Roman camp called Sparnacum, developed through the years into an up-to-date city, ideally located on the banks of the Marne, controlling river traffic and railroads to all parts of Europe. Here a branch line will take us to Reims, so farewell to our interesting companions, whom we hope to meet again.

REIMS

As the Reims train puffed away we found ourselves sole possessors of a comfortable coach; an opportunity for mental adjustment, dreaming into history. You pass through so many centuries in an hour; result—confusion—without this periodic linking of time and place.

Northward, a panorama of vineyards stretches across the Marne valley, as we go through the Montagne de Reims, through a long tunnel. The Aisne valley before us, glow of setting sun, where hills against the skyline cast myriad shades of color on the city of Reims, circling its Cathedral, "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the Middle Ages."

Through medieval times you seem to come upon Reims, despite an up-to-date appearance in some new quarters. Reims has long been famous for its wines and woolen materials.

Grand Hotel du Lion d'Or, how comfortable! Our old-fashioned horse carriage clattered over the stones and drew up. The Cathedral! We're to live in its shadow! A wide thoroughfare, prosperous-looking shops and modern houses; tiled roofs replace gables and turrets. I asked our host about the new development. "*Hélas*," he said, "it is better; we grow, Madame. When reconstruction on our Cathedral was under way, thanks to the generosity of big-hearted Americans, Reims expanded—new industries—new streets—new homes—we must not live entirely in the past, *vous comprenez*."

In a large, airy room at the top of a wide wooden stair, I threw open the casement windows. "Come, look," I cried to my Pal. The first real sight of the Cathedral! Guardian of time, with a thousand hidden secrets; shadowy now and dim; twin towers, gray portals and exquisite windows softly drawn, suggesting of deeper shadows against the pearly light of early evening. The glowing wonder of summer night; a fading orange horizon; a few stars shone brightly.

"As in a dream!" I sighed. Well has the restoring been accomplished; despite a few bullet holes, the Cathedral still looks like all the exquisite etchings of Reims we have loved. My Pal said not a word; only a glow of pride, as we viewed the reconstruction. Surely there is no greater tie than unselfish appreciation of beauty!

In the hotel lounge next day I found my Pal deep in conversation with a tall young man from New York, who was saying, "There's something about this little

town that gets you. We were very happy here; I return every summer."

"Great, isn't it?" I said, "in many a village the fact of our being Americans opens doors at once, particularly in the country. We've received so much kindness, almost overwhelming."

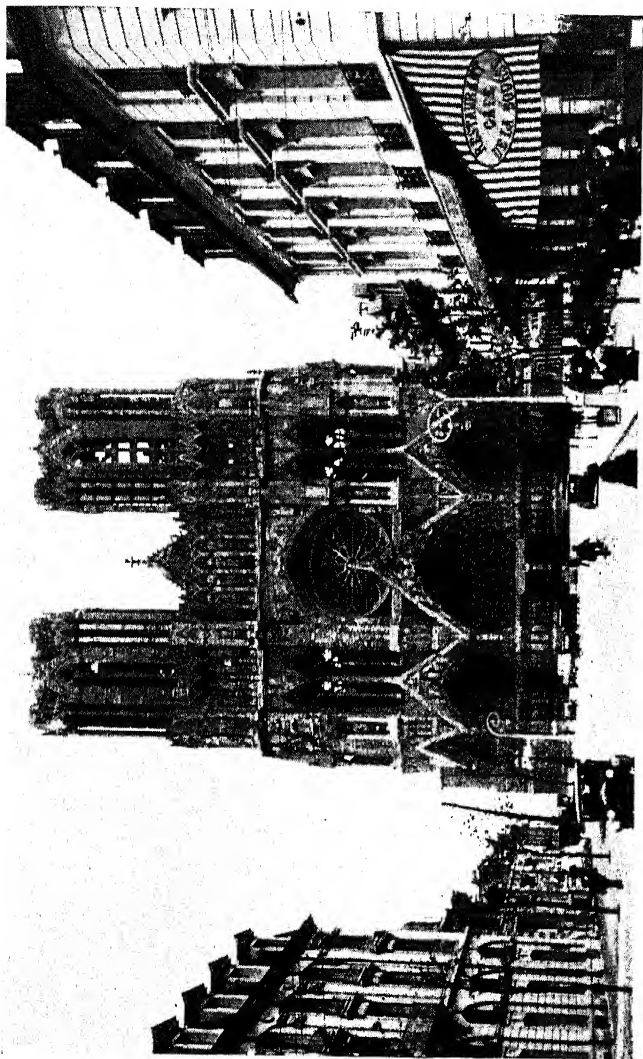
"When we were billeted in French families," went on our New Yorker, "we learned to comprehend their ways and thoughts. Many of us studied at Grenoble or the Sorbonne in Paris."

"A genial old Frenchman I met," said I, "told us, very charmingly, had it not been for American capital his village would no longer be."

"Sympathetic *entente cordiale*," from the New Yorker. "I remember a snapshot of General Pershing and a little girl in Belleau Wood; he enjoyed playing with French kiddies in his free moments."

"A chum of mine," said he, "spent his spare time with a French family. Good old George, he was big brother to that bunch of kids. What they didn't learn of American games and American fun is not worth telling. He would take them to movies when a stray picture came around; they understood jokes and spoke a good brand of 'Americaneese.' The eldest, Jean, a jolly little soul, showed such intelligence in grasping problems that George felt he must have a chance; sent him to school, then to a university. George wanted Jean in the States. He refused; the saddened Big Brother nevertheless generously continued his support."

"A great brotherhood," rejoined my Pal. "I have a friend in New York who, winter and summer, slips a fresh white carnation into his buttonhole every morn-



Reims Cathedral

ing. I have known him years, never without his boutonnière, so at last remarked upon it. Said he, quite simply, 'Oh, that is for the buddies I left in France.' Sentiment or no sentiment, a touch of glory flashed down the high gray canyon of Wall Street."

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

"Come into the Cathedral," continued my Pal, breaking a silence. It was like walking into an old, loved picture, filling your whole horizon with its immensity.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame! Glorious edifice, finished within fifty years of its founding in 1211. There the West Façade with three wondrous portals, numberless saints and exquisite rose window, forty feet in circumference. Delicately carven niches, with Notre Dame, the Apostles, the old Hebrew Prophets, the Kings of France. In through a portal, where Jeanne d'Arc led her triumphant king to coronation—time, history, echo down the years. Fire has ravaged; shells have dropped fury; shaken twin towers, yet beauty lives today.

Reims, during the Roman occupation in the third century, was Christianity's stronghold. Among converts Clovis, King of the Franks, the white-haired old sacristan assured us, was baptized in 496 on Christmas Day. The treasury boasts a divine crucible in which holy oil is kept, according to legend, brought from heaven by a dove; an inexhaustible supply for crowning Kings of France! Stored in the ancient Abbey of St. Remi, on occasions was brought to the Cathedral by an armed guard. Townsfolk bowed before the Processional carrying the celestial jar.

"Is this the one used in 496?" came from an inquisitive Parisian schoolboy.

"No," smiled the sacristan, "during the Revolution, the precious jar was broken. One careful brother picked up the largest fragment and discovered oil. This precious ointment was transferred to a new *Sainte Ampoule* and is still inexhaustible."

Wander along shadowy vistas, vision the exquisite stained glass, restored by expert workmanship of our modern day; peaceful quiet reigns; through the centuries Reims has watched coming and going of princes, onslaught of Vandals, yet stood calm in sublime beauty. In the dimness the rose window glows like a circle of rare jewels.

Exquisite sixteenth-century tapestries have been gifted to Reims; with scenes from the life of the Virgin, others still older tell the story of Clovis. These, preserved in the Cathedral nave, add to atmosphere and storied age. You wander on, sensing the soft brush of skirts as devout worshipers kneel, that intangible reverence as two nuns make their swift way, the whispered explanations of interested sightseers—then silence, filled with the Cathedral's story.

In the stillness, standing by the altar rails, we seemed to feel a faint tremor of the drama enacted five hundred years before. A simple statue of the Maid stands by the altar, with grave face catching her spirit.

The workaday moderns of Reims were hurrying to *déjeuner*, a few men at café tables, apéritif-ready; a cheery set of people these, happy and prosperous. New Reims can hold her own, the citizens making a fine thing of modern life!

A WELCOME RESPITE

"Come with me to a little café not far on the Rue des Moulins, near the canal," said Captain Dan from New York. "Old Mère Angéle, she surely was an 'angel' to me, and also Pascal, her husband. Every sou of savings bought a tiny café, which through sheer industry and dawn-till-midnight slaving is a success. I always go and send friends. Mère Angéle's *poulet en casserole* is to be remembered in a tour of France!"

"It was worth coming," said my Pal half an hour later, "just to see Mère Angéle's face when she greeted 'M. Dan, M. Dan!'"

Conversation followed in French-English, the old couple proud to know Dan's American. Mère Angéle, in black dress with neat apron, a tiny mauve shawl hiding an American aviator's emblem. M. Pascal in his old red jersey and blue kerchief tie, was full of reminiscences.

Once again that peaceful hour of relaxation, *déjeuner*. Anecdotes, one after another, all three men waxing eloquent, often humorous, spurred to brilliancy, testing M. Pascal's rare old wines, Havana-scented smoke rings playing airy accompaniment. *Au revoir!* We're on our way to the Lion d'Or!

The French chauffeur's "*S'il vous plaît,*" closed the door; we were leaving Reims for Soissons, my Pal, a young couple and myself. Gladys, very pretty and charming, younger New York, most enthusiastic on this first visit to France. Her husband, Louis, just as keen. They were making travel a success.

Our driver had belonged to a French motorcycle corps

and recalled exciting days of dispatch riding, as we drove through villages, some deserted, others with a bright face on life, smiling through. Hill 308 looked peaceful enough in its everyday garb, with an old barge moving slowly along the still older river that had changed hands so many times.

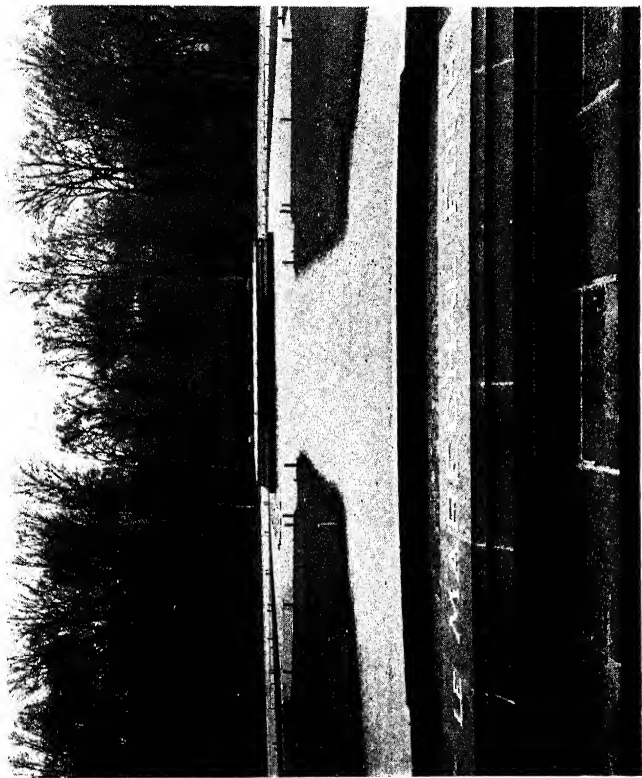
THE CURTAIN RUNG DOWN

The green valley of the Aisne. We slow up at a cross-roads, the most famous *carrefour* in the world, in the tiny village of Rhetondes, where the Armistice was signed! The sun shines on this historic corner. An old gardener is busy cutting grass. We stroll over, as three jolly little people, two boys and a girl, seem to spring from nowhere. The boys salute, "*Bonjour, Mesdames, bonjour, Messieurs!*"

La Place d'Armistice; nearby, booths lovingly tended by soldiers of France. Cigarette trays, paper-cutters and a hundred other souvenirs, each with the historic imprint. Pathetic and gripping the scene, rare spirits these disabled poilus—it caught you by the throat. One young man with an armless sleeve, almost sightless, seemed to "face the future with a cheer." His face haunted me for days, unquenchable.

Old Glory fluttered over America's well cared-for fields of honor, sympathetically marked, each soldier to his faith.

A short distance off the road, the solitary memorial to Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt. This young American eagle dropped straight from the sky on French soil. We thought of our "Teddy," whose exploits in our own West also won applause while he was yet in his teens.



Peaceful Scene, La Place d'Armistice

There is a famous Cathedral in Soissons and the ancient ruined portal of St. Jean-des-Vignes, an eleventh-century abbey. Monks had famous religious settlements here. Many saints came hither, among them Thomas à Becket of England, living nine years in its friendly shelter.

Old cloister ruins and the abbot's house remain, with the beautiful west façade of the church. You gaze at carven Gothic portals, a rose window through which blue sky and sunshine pour unhampered by stained glass or tracery—a perfect circle remains. Twin towers rise two hundred and thirty feet, the second, taller, in pure and symmetric style. How came ruthless barbarians of the Middle Ages to leave it almost intact? A thing of beauty has been a joy forever!

LA ROUTE À CHÂTEAU THIERRY

Along fine roads, southward toward the Marne and Château Thierry. In that bright air, filled with the scents of Champagne vineyards, peaceful hills and fields: recaptured the sunny spirit of the French countryside. A handful of houses circled an ancient church; a tiny gray hamlet spoke of untouched centuries.

A peasant passed, carrying a faded blue coat.

"*S'il vous plaît, Monsieur, la route à Château Thierry?*" I cried.

"Eh! eh?" His large eyes were as round as his mouth.

"Château Thierry, Château Thierry!" At this a smile crept across his face and he pointed to our left, where up a drive stood a beautiful old château, long, low, set in trim formal gardens. Smoke was curling from chimneys upward toward the blue.

"Well," said my Pal, "I'm glad the old man thought we looked respectable enough to call here."

"Yes," Gladys laughed, "that's one way to look at it!"

Château Thierry at last and memories. An atmosphere of freshness and beauty hung over everything. The old château is now an inn. Our host brought wine to a rustic table in his garden, still lovely though it lacked the care of patrician fingers. We could imagine a countess wandering among these rosebuds in the days of long ago, clipping here, tying there and cutting a fragrant bouquet.

"He certainly looks as though he'd formerly sauntered along the Champs Élysées," said my Pal, quick to catch the character of a fellow being.

"La Fontaine lived here," said Louis, recalling '*Maître Corbeau sur un arbre perché*!' In Number Twelve, Rue de la Fontaine, now a museum, one of the most famous fabulists of all time was born, since when some fables have become truths.

Speeding on towards Meaux brought the flavor of Brie cheese insidiously across the mental horizon. For years this cheese has been manufactured in this city, which during the Middle Ages gained fame as the flourishing capital of the Province of Brie.

Old houses flank the river and laden barges carry vegetables, flour (Meaux is a big grain center!), fruit and cheeses, attracting a jostling crowd of peasants for market day.

"Brie," I sniffed; "makes me hungry!"

Stopping at a small restaurant, we were ushered upstairs to a little room with a wrought-iron balcony overlooking the river. Excellent beer, bread with cheese and honey—a delicious snack by the wayside for hungry

travelers! This was brought in by *la fille de la maison*, whose straight features and graceful carriage showed descent from Roman ancestors in the hoary days when Meaux was ancient *latinum*.

Meaux has had a thrilling history since the ninth century, when it was practically burned to the ground by Normans. This little town was among the first in France to follow Martin Luther.

The Marne, wheels of picturesque old mills, ancient bridges, as you gaze back, like old sepia etchings.

A HISTORIC STORM

The most striking and vivid episode of this Marne trip was an hour we spent in historic Belleau Wood; a name which echoes through the memory and reverberates a thousandfold in every heart.

Its very stillness holds brooding memories; quiet forest aisles close down upon this fair earth, where echoes seem to shake the air with terror. Yet, as we walked, the sound of birds singing in the treetops broke the delusion and a murmur of insects told that wise nature, beautiful and strong, sets wheels of life spinning in their accustomed grooves.

Wandering through the woods, we found historic guns caught in a tangle of creeping vines, while through trees sunlight sifted, glancing on rusty metal and narrow paths. The rustling of woodsy life brought back mental adjustment as we reached the motor road.

Suddenly the sky grew dark with foreboding clouds—they rolled in formidable banks from the east until the world was black again and desolate. Then lightning, flash on flash, zigzagged across the gray heavens, fol-

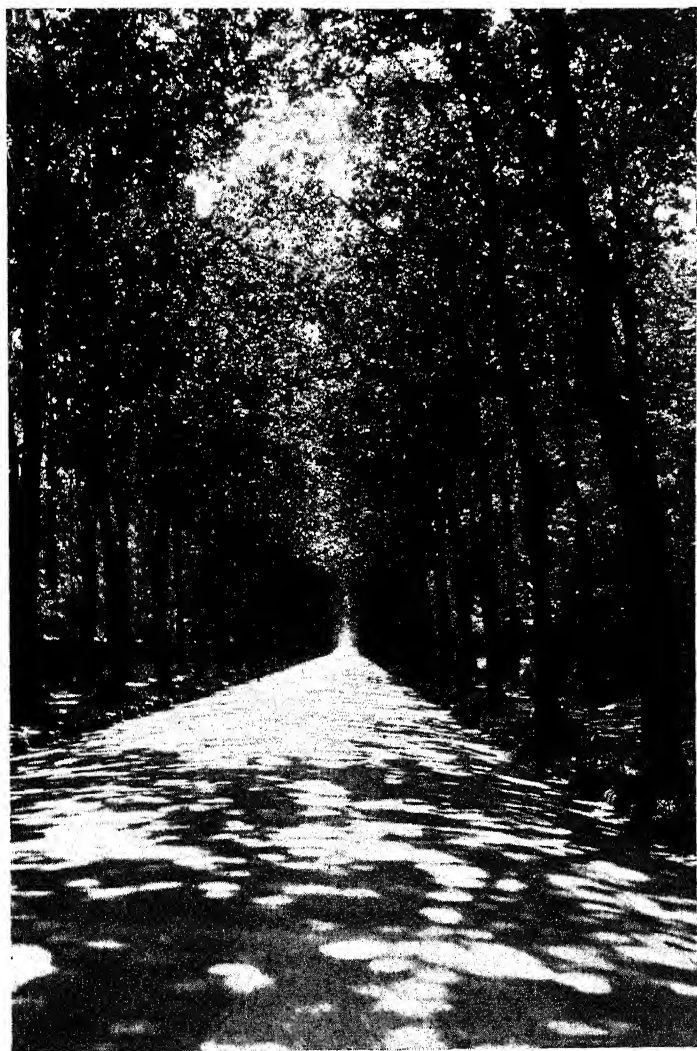
lowed by great booming peals of terrific thunder. No time for the open road! A whole hour we sat inside that car waiting for the storm to subside a little. Heavy rains rattled overhead. In huge sheets water poured down as though the heavens themselves were opening in a mighty outburst. We could hardly hear each other, only the audible thoughts of Gladys and Louis rose above the voice of angry nature.

We humans—everything—dwindled to diminutive proportions in this terrific play of the gods. Pages of drama were torn open and the stage set for a wild and terrifying spectacle. Down dashed the curtain on Peace, Peace, wiping out sunshine, blotting out hope as we cowered in the face of that stupendous battling of the elements!

FONTAINEBLEAU

At last, when time seemed an eternity, brightening clouds, a rift of watery sun started us in a sun shower. The car swung over wet roads, sometimes to wade through floods very carefully. The homeward drive was long, we often were compelled to make detours; the terrific storm had wreaked its vengeance; young trees, graceful maples, were fallen across our way, making impassable otherwise perfect motor roads.

Sunshine glimmered in pools as the afternoon lengthened, changing the sky in strange color effects, with long streaks of mauve, green and deep orange; soft white clouds fringed the horizon, all that was left of that wild storm; the sky flamed into sunset; we watched a flock of birds winging their way into nests among birches of



A Road in the Forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris

Fontainebleau. Long green aisles with majestic towering trees that once rang to the hunting horns of Kings and Emperors. Open stretches where rocks rose in queer shapes—sandstone from which Paris streets were built.

Stretches of turf, like heavy velvet carpets, still bear the marks of hoofs, for the horsemen of France have loved these avenues since days when the Louis led their cavalcades. Miles of storied, moss-covered forests through which the late afternoon cast eerie shadows. Sunshine bade a lingering good-night, while poetry sang in the mood. Fontainebleau in the heart of this forest, proud palace of the Kings of France, quiet and still as we glimpse ornamental lakes, water lilies and goldfish; past the great staircase and courtyard where Napoleon's proud gaze looked into his future. Fontainebleau of a thousand memories, after the storms of Belleau Wood!

Ah! Memories, too, of the old Château— "The true home of Kings, the house of the ages." Since 1921 have been sung musical and artistic ages. The American Academy of Music and Art, Conservatoire Américain! Our own adored Dr. Walter Damrosch, its president, an inspiration to young genius. We bow to supreme accomplishment, to France—to America—as old and modern are blending harmony in the forests of Fontainebleau.

The high road following a peasant's creaking cart as it ambles through Barbizon, home of François Millet—the Angelus—it is growing dark when we reach Paris, a gentle darkness with light enough for us to distinguish well-loved outlines. The Seine sparkles, reflecting lights, bridges, towers and buildings. It is night in Paris! Paris!!

CHAPTER IV

PARISIANS—GLORIOUS CHARTRES

PARIS! Paris! Home again! A bowl of La France roses, another of *les pensées*, greet us in our room as we are cordially welcomed by *l'hôtelier*. Come out on our balcony, look over Elysian Fields we have visioned years ago, ravishingly dressed in the Maytime glory of a regal spring! Chestnut candles all abloom, down the Champs Élysées!

Content, happy, we conjure memories, a thousand fascinating pictures. The same thrills! Champs Élysées! Sunset on the Seine and sweeping through the Arc de Triomphe! Glory lighting the gilded dome of the Invalides! Tuileries Gardens! Palais Royal! From one enchanting mood of Paris to another the mind wanders. This is the hour of reminiscences, of cocktails and cigarettes, that modern interlude before evening excitement begins.

Through lighted boulevards a thousand little cafés blink. We hear strains of music: Paris enjoys *le dîner*. Months before, Paris had beckoned through the golden haze of a hectic New York winter. George and Nancy, good old Southerners, arranged then to meet us this day. At Frédéric's our duckling, officially marked No. 99000, wafts its aroma from a chafing dish—juice and everything. A smiling garçon manipulates knowingly. A bottle of Château-Suideraut-1906—benevolent touch

—like liquid sunshine humors us. We laugh with Paris, love with Paris and, if need be, sigh with her.

Now, on our way to the House of Molière!

Tonight an appreciative and cosmopolitan audience is held by Molière's genius. Memories haunt this famous playhouse where the great dramatist worked many years and died on the very stage in 1673. Here classics of French literature delight the most critical audiences in the world; talent is fostered and actors fill coveted rôles after years of preparation at the Odéon.

We are still in the gay atmosphere of "Le Misanthrope," seventeenth-century comedy, as we skim through an enchanted Paris night, landing in a little square where dull lights flicker.

"Caveau des Oubliettes," I cried, "where poets still congregatel!"

A mixed aroma of onion soup, cognac and cigarette smoke greets us; we find a small wooden table and order drinks. An accordion played by a mite of ten with languorous brown eyes starts a familiar *chanson*. Here is a bit of Paris of olden days! A word of greeting for a friend or two.

In the happy spirit of Paris we are off again, through the night. A Russian restaurant on the way to Montmartre, at the door a huge Cossack with shaggy head-dress and full regalia. Down, down into a cellar; walls are painted with extravagant scenes, nightmare dreams of some exiled artist. Can you see this cubistic stuff? A costumed balalaika orchestra is in full swing; tempting, I'll say! We dance jazz played with peculiar Russian pep. A gay crowd drinking, laughing, clapping and stamping, joining in the chorus of Russian folk songs when opportune. A tall beauty, dressed like a bride of the Czar's

régime, sings plaintive songs of the steppes. Two young Cossacks spring to the dance floor with a hilarious clatter of high red boots; a feature of Paris night life now, *à la Russe!*

ONE CAFÉ AND ANOTHER

Into the night, from one interesting café to another, until at last eyelids droop. Along old streets and quays, lights shimmering on the Seine, where Notre Dame keeps her watch through the centuries. It is the hour before dawn, a soft prescience of the wonder to come lights eastern skies with magic. Slowly we move through the Champs Élysées, a small company of home-bound autos. There lumbers out under the trees a line of high-wheeled wagons, drawn by enormous dray horses swinging along the roads through the night with a wealth of tomorrow's garden food. Tiers and tiers of fresh cauliflower, carrots and beets, that glow with color and sparkle clean with country dew. Cartloads of flowers bringing perfumed sweetness into a city. We visioned them on their way to great markets, flowers always preparing for life's tomorrow! Why onion soup, in the market at seven A. M.? Everybody's doing it, I suppose!

"A drive through the Bois," I said to George and Nancy, as we reached the hotel. "Call for us at eleven; it's four now, early for Paris!" A yawning *bonne nuit*.

Night life was at its height in gay haunts, yet from our balcony Paris seemed the most peaceful city in the world, guarded by precious old buildings, storied bridges and the historic Seine.

The Champs Élysées! Sunshine lighting old trees and fountains. All Paris is enjoying Sunday. Parks and



Tea Hour—Château de Madrid—Paris

gardens filled; strolling couples along the quays, watching absorbed fishermen or gazing down vistas of the Seine. Here is a family, *père*, *mère* and *les enfants*, thrilled with Paris! Their beloved city! As the Emperor Charles V proclaimed, "Others are merely cities; Paris is a whole world!" And so it is and always will be! The Queen City!

Vision a sporting equipage, two sprightly ponies driven by a laughing beauty of the Opéra Comique, with velvet hat trailing ostrich plumes; at her throat a diamond pin worth a fortune, the gift of her latest admirer—so little Mlle. Fifi flies past, whipping her ponies, disappearing in a cloud of dust. But that, of course, was nearly a hundred years ago! A dream of Paris!!

Gasoline replaces Arabian steeds, only the foliage feels the difference. Restaurants and trees tempt you to laze away hours. We stopped for *déjeuner* at Langer's. Food and wine fit for the gods, watching fashionable Paris wend its way through the Bois.

RESTAURANTS OUT OF DOORS

You know how the colored shell lights used to fashion arbors around the out-of-door restaurant, Langer's! How the Maître received you at the garden entrance, when for that second you are King! You are kowtowed to a ringside table under the trees—Ah! Well! *C'est la vie—Paris!* So why care anything! Then you study the menu, over a mile, finally decide on the *plat du jour*; delicious chicken, asparagus, thick and green all the way down—sauce, too—dessert? dessert? Why yes, of course, *fraises du bois—crème Chantilly*. How tempting all the French

tartes-à-la-maison! These, too, while baked by the yard, are pensioned in portions. George and Nancy, my Pal and I did greet Paris and the Bois that day!

Drive slowly now, open the landaulet and feel the thrill of Paris; avenues, out-of-doors!

"I enjoy these little glimpses," said my Pal, as we watched a family settling down with picnic basket and bottles of wine under the trees in the Bois de Boulogne. A fine informality about this; newspaper spread for the baby to kick his bare legs, mother with sewing and father reading spicy anecdotes aloud.

Crowds of children this sunny day, scampering with balloons and hoops, rushing to feed the ducks and stately swans.

"Look over there," I cried. "French fathers certainly cast off years when they're out with youngsters." This man was turning somersaults and handsprings, to the great delight of a crowd of children.

Paris parks and children are inseparable, little visitors and *petits Parisiens*. Virginia, Alice and Peggy were three fortunate young Americans we knew, in their second year in Paris. All three spoke French, picked up while father and mother studied at the Sorbonne. From little friends, French, German, English they imbibed an international outlook.

My Pal and I were sitting with them one morning under the trees when suddenly Virginia jumped up. "*Petit Guignol, Petit Guignol!*" she cried. Alice, too, and Peggy ran for a front place before the tiny painted booth. They never tire of thrilling moments, Mr. Punch tossing the baby out of the window, squeaking lamentations of "Judy, Judy;" the antics of Toby and the policeman. The *Petit Guignol* does a tall business in Paris parks.

After the last squawk, the owner of the wonder voice collects his sous, a stray franc, perhaps! a sweeping bow and, playbox on his back, is off to another park.

Sometimes the beautiful Park Monceau is the day's choice. Virginia, eleven and romantic, loves to hear stories of the days when this was *the* garden spot of Paris, with balls and fêtes arranged in honor of Louis Philippe. She hears the chatter of voices, swish of silken skirts through the Colonnade and crossing green lawns to the lake. Chopin in marble is here, Gounod and Ambroise Thomas near a stream, where appealing little Mignon begs him to accept her flowers.

TEA IN THE SUBURBS

One day we had *déjeuner* in a small café with Charles, a tenor from America. For fifteen years he has lived in Paris; an enviable reputation as exponent of modern French songs is his.

Charles had arranged to drive out to St. Cloud with us this Thursday for tea with Florent Schmitt, the composer, whose songs he sings to the delight of musical Paris. M. et Mme. Schmitt are at home with a few hours' leisure in the afternoon to receive friends. A pleasure indeed to meet this celebrated musician, for many years a friend of Claude Debussy.

"The origin of the name St. Cloud is rather an interesting one," said Charles as we near the outskirts of this olden environ of Paris. "Ancient St. Clodoald, grandson of the great Clovis, founded a monastery here back in the sixth century!"

My Pal nodded, "And in later years the palace was the haunt of kings, Louis XIV, Bonaparte and Napoleon

III all chose it for a summer residence within easy reach of Paris."

The lazy little town, beloved of artists, wakes to feverish life when long green stretches of the Race-course attract thousands of visitors. A wonderful view from this hilly suburb right across the Seine valley and the Bois de Boulogne to Paris! Arc de Triomphe, the Trocadero—Paris! Paris! filling the whole horizon! On a plateau above the river are two of the finest golf courses near the capital. They were built, not so many years ago, in part of the Forest of St. Germain.

Ascending a slight hill, our auto stopped at a flight of steps leading to a charming garden. Under the trees tea tables welcomed, set with Sevres porcelain, manufactured not far away. This lovely ware greets you in every corner of the globe—magnificent tall floor vases, museum pieces, presented to Eastern potentates by French Kings in the early eighteenth century.

Mme. Schmitt, gracious and smiling, moved among her guests, one of whom I found a most interesting and enthusiastic music critic—a benevolent old Abbé in black robes. The simple villa, standing back from the road, looks out over the whole of Paris. Wandering through the garden, in the clear afternoon light we distinguished one well-loved outline after another—an inspiration for Florent Schmitt!

A pleasant hour, hearing music; new compositions of mutual friends. "*Au revoir, à bientôt!*" Going down the steps we stamped forever on our memory a silhouette of Florent Schmitt, caught by our movie camera, as he graciously took us to the gate. We drove back from this sequestered spot, ideal for artistic creation!

LA GRANDE SEMAINE

Paris thrills with the thought of the Drag, great race on Friday of the Grande Semaine. It leads up to the tremendous sporting event of Le Grand Prix on Sunday, which closes the great racing week and almost closes Paris! For after sunset on that day, fashionable Parisians leave the city for Deauville and other resorts. The season is over; Paris turns her welcoming eye to visitors from the provinces and overseas.

Thousands, among whom are famous travelers from every country on the globe, tread the well-worn road to flowery Longchamps. Our party, including young Americans, goes along with the excited and happy crowd, part of this great day. Squeezed, excited and happy, we watch one thrilling race after another. All the world is out, *La Dame* and *Demi-Dame*! Inspired fashions from great ateliers picture this sunny day at Longchamps with the green edge of the Bois and banked flowers—an unforgettable memory. Woe betide, if your friends do not see *you* there!

For a few francs you are in the paddock with the fine horses that are gaining or losing thousands. Millions indeed change hands, with a nice little sum going to charities. You win and lose and get your money's worth in gazing about a scene equaled in no other city in the world!

The last race! Our party had been fortunate on the whole. Shadows lengthening on the course, we hurry to the auto, parked under the trees of the Bois. Inspiring indeed to watch the old-world spectacle of tallyho coaches carrying owners of famous stables back to Paris.

A flurry of horns from red-coated attendants and the teams of six-in-hand, all superb horses, career past amid rousing shouts from the crowd! Think no more and come again!

THE DAY IN CHARTRES

Cameras, other paraphernalia, a hurried view from our balcony overlooking the Seine. In the motor my Pal waits pleased and expectant. Fascinating Bois de Boulogne, never can we tire of your allurements! Through Versailles, out to the open country and historic highway to Chartres.

The old village of Trappes has ruins of the ancient Abbaye de Port-Royal, built in the early thirteenth century, long the secluded haunt of Frenchmen of learning. Here gathered brilliant wits and shining lights of the social world, especially in the flowery days of the seventeenth century. Picture interchange of witty conversation, night-long discussions presided over by such men as Racine, France's great dramatic poet, and Pascal, dean of French philosophers. Lost in debate, they would stroll through the cloisters.

Think of it! Pascal and Racine quaffing the vintage of 1650; history with nectar of the gods! Chimes of the Abbaye, masses chanted, soft-voiced and beautiful; brilliance, wit, quiet, sanctity.

The open country. A gipsy family trudge by, mother and father, a small wooden cart, vegetables, straw matting. His royal highness, the baby, rules atop a pile of yellow turnips. An older boy bare-footed, balances on his head the family wardrobe in a blue cotton bundle. A tiny white dog snaps at his heels as they trail the long, long road.

Rambouillet, old château and a hundred thrilling incidents during the rule of the clever and brilliant Marquis de Rambouillet in the seventeenth century, is the country residence of President Doumergue. The Croix Blanche delights your heart as you drive into a quaint old courtyard, greeted later in the *salle à manger*. Down the Rue Nationale to the château where Francis I died in 1547 and Charles X signed his abdication in 1830. These exquisite gardens rival those of Versailles. Little islands, many of them wooded, in an ornamental lake, where young lovers of Rambouillet paddle away lazy evenings. Look through an avenue of old cypresses and discern low-lying houses, a farm once owned by Napoleon. Here he reared the first merino wool sheep brought across the Pyrénées from Spain.

Picture the pastoral scenes, Paris society of the seventeenth century, in which Madame of the hooped skirts and powdered locks went a-trysting with courtiers of the silken stockings and buckled shoes—a perfect Watteau dream. Just so Maintenon; here lived that little lady who rose from an inconspicuous position, the widow of a poet, to be the wife of Louis XIV—Madame de Maintenon, whose beautiful château we see above the River Eure.

SILHOUETTE OF CHARTRES

The lovely valley of the Eure threads its way across the granary of France, Beauce, a sea of golden corn in autumn. Follow the river. Turn. There!—our first, unforgettable glimpse of Chartres! The Cathedral commands your senses for miles, a gray silhouette, shadow-like, firm, vigorous, two delicate irregular spires, becoming real as we draw near.

At Porte Guillaume, between massive towers, the old city of Chartres lay before us—steep, narrow streets, old squares, parks and the superb Cathedral! Wide shady boulevards harbor modern villas of the newer town. We wandered across streets, anxious to catch a glimpse of famous windows before dusk.

We hesitated at a doorway; smiling back at my Pal, I went in. In this charming little shop we found good etchings and paintings of the Cathedral, old books that seemed waiting for loving fingers, bits of stained glass, lamps and knockers—a veritable treasure house.

Within was an old man of eighty or thereabouts, his gray hair curling up over the collar of his black alpaca coat. My Pal joined as we spoke of paintings and the Cathedral.

Chartres is supposed to be as ancient as the hill on which it is built, so the old bookman told. Founded six hundred years B. C. it was a centre of worship of old Celtic sects, the Druids. Legends tell they held their services in a beautiful grove where the Cathedral now stands and worshiped "a Virgin who should bear a child!" These old Druids, a power in the land, founded an important seat of learning here.

In the Middle Ages the Counts of Chartres, powers at the French Court, played important rôles in religious and political wars. Henri IV of Navarre was crowned here in 1589 and, since the days of Louis XIV, the Orleans family have been Dukes of Chartres.

An old history of Notre Dame de Chartres by a French author, showed us up the narrow street to an oval stretch and the Cathedral.

The low steps, the famous west front! Innumerable statues have guarded these portals since the twelfth

century. We push open a heavy dark door into Chartres! Majestic height, soaring to dim shadows—this we caught! Color lights the old gray walls of the Cathedral, a thousand shades of unearthly blue, green, yellow and red, like music and a psalm. They flow out in waves of light from the mighty rose window in the west through the huge aisles!

Softly sounds of a chant, thin, childish voices, high treble above musical whispers from an organ! It ceased and left us caught alone in silence of shadowy aisles, storied windows and bygone centuries! Two lines filed by; fifty little girls shepherded by a comfortable-looking Sister. We listened to the sound of children's feet pattering.

Out in the sunshine lunch was served under gnarled and twisted plane trees. Game pies, for which Chartres is famed, *haricots verts*, a bottle of wine and a soufflé—food for the gods! Splashing of water in an old stone trough busied a *blanchisseuse*, washing. The square looked out on old latticed windows. Drowsily from one of these a song droned through the sunny air, a guitar, too.

HOW THE CATHEDRAL GREW

Notre Dame de Chartres, the finest Gothic Cathedral in France, was begun in the eleventh century above the old Druids' grotto! I wondered if those early builders ever caught the whisper of pagan rites, digging foundations; whether Druid songs, the magic of mistletoe, ever stirred their sleep o' nights, as dread sacrifices changed with the moon! Four times in as many centuries fire almost destroyed years of labor. The Cathedral of today

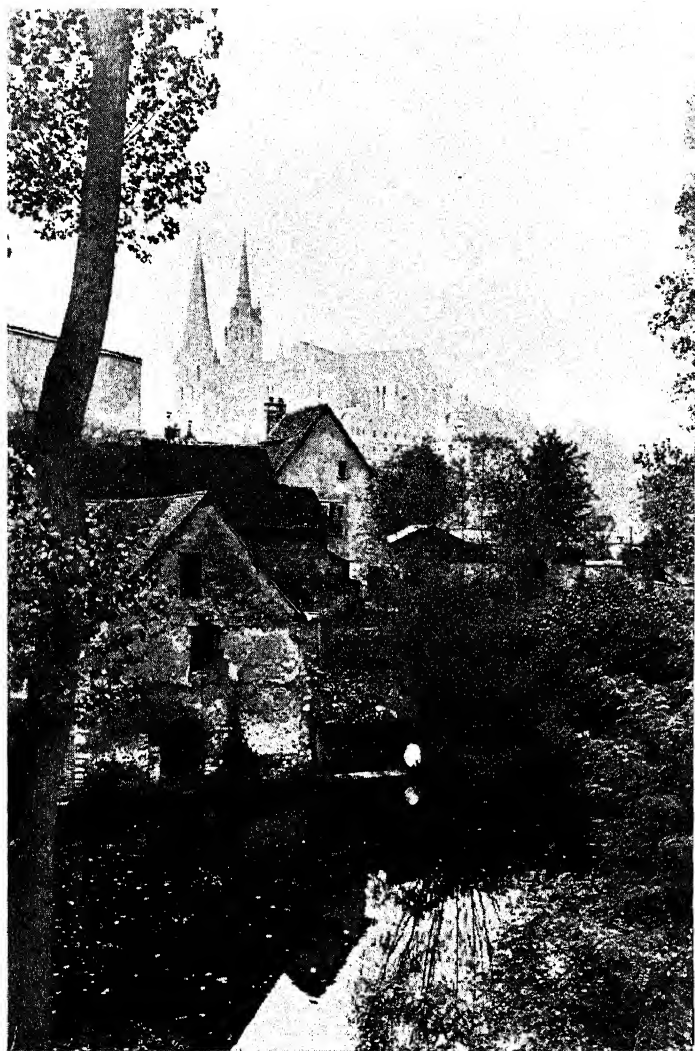
dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the main tower rebuilt in 1507. Opinions vary in regard to the towers so different in style; one very beautiful, the other ornately decorated, each its own artistic value.

The Crusades carved an influence, a touch of Byzantium in stone draperies and decorations. Old legends tell that the Lady of Notre Dame herself influenced building her church. This prevented complete demolition by fire. Our Lady is believed to have instructed all concerned, how her church was to be lighted and decorated; none but righteous could take part in building, so the lords of the land gave riches and jewels, and the King of England assisted the Cathedral ideals.

From quarries five miles from Chartres, men, women and children chose to drag enormous blocks for miles, by day and by night; thousands took part, the whole countryside swept with intense fervor to build Chartres! The long march in silence, so old chronicles state; halted for hymns, as priests encouraged. Those unwilling or unforgiving were dropped, nor were their gifts of wine and grain welcomed.

At the church site wagons were arranged in a large circle, tapers lit and lamps swung on poles; a night of rejoicing followed superhuman effort, precious relics led the processions.

Through the centuries chapels were added, building expanded. A deep-felt enthusiasm won over material hardships. Sculpture preserves in the Cathedral many interesting sidelights on whims and fancies of olden times. A childlike humor is shown in many quaint animals and scenes pictured from old legends. The Virgin, for instance, like ladies of the French Court, you find



Chartres—Finest Gothic Cathedral in France

sculptured, in a dainty canopied bed, a cradle carefully balanced on top. Angels and signs of the zodiac, the seasons are interspersed with scenes from the life of Christ.

The choir screen is "point lace in stone," a wonderful work begun by Jehan Texier in 1514, completed two hundred years later. Back of the high altar is Chartres' sacred relic, the veil of the Virgin, acquired by Charlemagne on his travels. This honors an exquisite cabinet.

Passages up the tower were dusty, old and dark. In the ancient belfry an enormous bell hung low. We stood thrilled by the picture of green distances. For miles stretched the fair fields of France; gray walls, the new town beyond narrow confines of the old.

THE ULTIMATE IN CATHEDRAL WINDOWS

Afternoon. The windows of Chartres! Gazing on their splendor, absorbed in their wonder—nothing compares! Perfect color, translucent, diffused. Supreme art of the Middle Ages, never re-caught, albeit craftsmen of Chartres manufacture glass today; and we in the New World strive to equal this art. These jewel-windows of Chartres reveal old myths, stories of their day, legends caught for all time.

Some windows guilds sponsored in this Cathedral. You often find signatures—showing that commerce brought power and wealth to trading classes. One window has a picture of a fur merchant displaying a cloak; this emblem is on the beautiful window telling the story of Charlemagne, hero of a thousand epics.

The Emperor Constantine, asleep in Constantinople, dreams about feuds and Saracens; an angel advises him to seek aid of the renowned King of the Franks. Crowned with a golden halo, he gallops forth to the rescue. An army of bold knights battle; the Saracen chief rushes up to kill Charlemagne, who decapitates his enemy. Constantine offers precious gifts and the sacred cloth from the grave of Jesus.

The legend continues with homage paid the Queen Regent of France, Blanche of Castile. Charlemagne with his knights ventures into Spain and in Pampeluna routs infidels, erecting a church over the tomb of St. James. There happens a miracle—Charlemagne thrusts his sword into the ground; lo, in the morning a tree is bursting forth the glory of spring!

Roland, he of the minstrel tales, whose brave deeds inspired romantic poems, follows close on the Charlemagne window. Mayhap Roland earned this coveted place, for hidden in the handle of his sword was a piece of the Virgin's tunic and a tooth of St. Peter!

In the nave is the window of St. Eustace, where a graceful stag leaps a rock, turns and shows a crucifix has sprung into being between his horns. Abashed, St. Eustace falls before the miraculous creature.

The Prodigal Son legend is told with true French flavor, his "gay doings," in the "far country" leading him no further than Paris, where a good time was had by all. With these quaint medieval ideas we wander into the choir, where the Virgin holds court. High and lofty this window—endless infinity into space, luminous and exquisite, melting through gray mists and high vaulting! 'Tis yours for all time and you'll help guard this magical secret of the medieval sages.

VOICES FROM HOME

As we left the Cathedral a voice called my Pal. There they were, friends from New York!

"We caught sight of you as we came down from the tower," said Charlie.

"I'm so glad to see you, Dave; I didn't know you two boys were in France this summer," I said.

"We decided to come at the very last moment. We've tramped pretty much through France, I guess, having cut the summer courses at Columbia this year. Traveling, living with medieval history, is great sport," suggested Dave.

"Gee, it's wonderful to meet you folks," said Charlie. "I'm for an early dinner and back to Paris. Follow me. Here's a wonderful place, with a little pep."

Dining in an open air cabaret with lantern-hung trees screened from street gaze. A French *diseuse* sang folk songs of the Middle Ages. Choruses, too, accompanied by many knowing nods—all very much to the taste of the French audience and very attractive to our young friends, who caught the local color of her songs. Wine a-plenty, product of the Loire hillsides, adding its benevolent finishing touch; 'twas a glorious day in which we all had meandered far down the byways of art and history. Charlie and Dave gratefully accepted the vacant seats. Our auto skimmed noiselessly to Paris in the wee hours.

THE LEFT BANK

Fascinating bookstalls spread along Paris quays, watched over by individual guardians, who spend hours recommending what is worth your while. Loiterers may

read a volume of favorite classics, standing by an ancient stall that holds treasures for great libraries.

A New York friend now living in Paris found an old map, the work of a famous artist of the sixteenth century.

"*C'est une carte ancienne, précieuse, rare!*" said the white-haired bookseller.

"*Hollandaise, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Mais oui; voici la France, l'Hollande et tout de l'Europe connu dans le seizieme siècle.*"

My friend smilingly purchased the map for me. It is remarkable, although the outline of France and England are somewhat phantasmagoric. Woods and rivers, real boats and fish sport in the "Mare Balticum." A fine old geographer explains a compass to a student. We listened, the bookseller valued the map, *excudit* by Guiljelm Blaeuw. A fine specimen of hand-illuminated cartography, colors bright as when first applied; it sheds old and new knowledge in the foyer of a New York apartment.

The bookstall owners of today live not in dim history of the past alone; they know present-day events. Exalted by sublime organ music in Notre Dame, I dawdled awhile along the quay. Old pictures on one of the stalls—Paris in 1700, Third Empire Belles and Josephine at Malmaison—stopped me. A worn-looking old lady in black bonnet, dingy gown and cape almost to her boots, sat watching passersby.

I turned the pages of a small volume, containing fine old prints. Soon the old woman began to talk of the author, Guy de Maupassant, whom she had known; evenings when she enjoyed the literary highlights of bygone days.

"Things have changed," she said in reply to my query. "*Le quartier* is not what it was then but nothing can change Paris. While the sun rises over Notre Dame and sets the river aflame, I still wander the boulevards and drink my wine as crowds float by—Paris, my Paris, is always here!"

Her eyes narrowed, "Paris riches," she continued, "are hidden in the strongest fortress in Europe; under ninety-six feet of rock our city vaults are buried. Madame would ask where I get this information?"

I nodded.

"Ah! I read it each morning in the New York Paris Herald—*n'est-ce pas?*"

As we talked a slight summer shower began to fall. I smiled at the picture under my brown umbrella—a vivacious young artist, clever lad of twenty who begged protection, the old bookstall woman with mind alert as ever, and two Americans, all fascinated by this Left Bank, where life is so individual!

We were gradually absorbed into this enthralling *quartier*, where great names cry out from every street. Wander along this old quay to the little shop where Marie Antoinette and court ladies inspected jewels, in the gay days before they were thrown jewelless and friendless into dungeons, awaiting the call of the guillotine, whose designer, Dr. Guillotin, lived nearby.

Dream by the old Café Procope, where Voltaire, Rousseau, Danton, Robespierre, George Sand and a thousand others, including our own Benjamin Franklin, spent happy hours. In the Rue de Nevers a famous Cinderella of Paris bent over a washtub. Then the idea of being wife of a Field Marshal would have evoked roars of derision

from the *blanchisseuse* herself, as well as all her cronies—Madame Sans Gene, whose story is a true legend of Paris!

Stroll along the streets of Montparnasse to La Rotonde, rendezvous of artists, actors and musicians. The world is torn down and rebuilt in a flow of eloquence at these sidewalk tables. The café lends a kindly ear to all who seek her friendly shelter. Lenin and Trotsky, they say, evolved their schemes sitting over wine at one of these tables! Upstairs a dance hall delights habitués and sightseers until the wee hours.

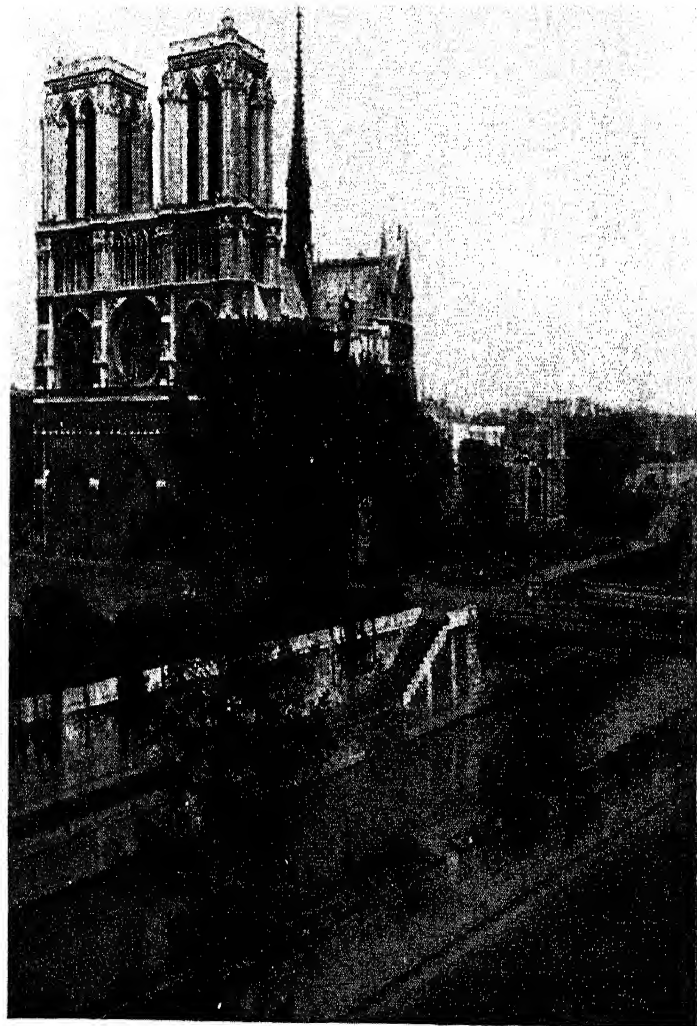
Over the way is the Dôme where we have often watched the nightly pageant, poets reading verses, singing to the music of guitars and accordions, as the dramas by in couples of all nationalities.

A DIVINE INSPIRATION

We climb to the top of the hill where a divine inspiration has placed the glorious white Cathedral of Sacré Coeur!

A touch of the orient crowns the white domes and cupolas of Sacre Coeur in the morning light. It rises in holy splendor from green shrubbery. Beggars cluster about the Cathedral steps as worshipers stream out. Soon they, too, are gone and you are left alone with the faint hum of Paris rising upward through the summer air.

My Pal and I walked slowly down the narrow stairway thinking of the days when Montmartre was a country village of cottages and windmills—little inns where wandering fiddlers played for country dances. A peaceful, rural community, noted for its thirteen mills before it became a part of Paris in 1860.



General View of Notre Dame

With the years cottages and villas became literary and artistic centres. Chopin and a host of others came out to visit Berlioz at his country home in Montmartre! The village grew, picturesque buildings were torn down, cafés and shops in place of country windmills.

The oldest church in Paris, St. Pierre, once a twelfth-century monastery, still nestles in the shadow of Sacré Coeur. Loving artist fingers have restored its crumbling walls without changing its venerable aspect.

On the hill of Montmartre we wandered to the Place du Tertre, where trees shade outdoor restaurants from the sun's glare. This oldest square in Montmartre is very popular with summer visitors. Queer old houses in various outlines, a café above a dance hall; small dormer windows above mark the *propriétaire's* domicile. Not sure which restaurant to choose, we strolled round the square, inspecting various cafés. A wise host pinned his menu on a simple wooden sign post. Nothing divided the tables of M. Pierre from those of M. Jacques save a narrow aisle and the color of the tablecloth checks. M. Pierre himself suavely welcomed us.

Opposite, two buxom women were doing a fine business in the old tavern of Mère Catherine. This old proprietress, a well-known figure in the Montmartre world, died in 1844, seventy-six years old, carrying a huge cask of wine up her cellar steps. Traditions of the game old lady still survive and excellent wines from her vaults inspire visitors.

Just off the square many an artist has a studio, with inviting open door; antique shops lure dusty poking among treasures. Sitting at our table, we mused over the typical Montmartre scene, while a young man coaxed violin strings, singing in sweet plaintive voice *chansons*,

gay, naughty, hilarious. Among the tables he wandered, collecting francs in an old béret.

"It is *p'tit* Jean, a young artist who lost his sight," our friendly waitress whispered, as she tossed him a few sous. "He does well, Montmartre loves him!"

I turned from the wandering violinist. "Gaston," I cried, as I glimpsed our friend from Strasbourg at an adjacent table, "when did you arrive?"

"Just yesterday," he said. "Madeleine takes *les vacances* now and I came to join her. You know how much we love our Paris *et la compagne*." As he strolled over and sat down at our table my Pal ordered more Vouvray.

MONTMARTRE GENIUSES

To this merry tune we spoke of olden days, when great, high and mighty geniuses gathered in Montmartre. Artists, philosophers, exchanging brilliant repartée, pondered over old vintage the night through. Poets in the Lapin Agile near the Sacré Coeur. Alphonse Daudet and other Bohemian habitués of the Place Pigalle. Eugène Scribe, whose operatic libretti, "Les Huguenots" and "La Juive," live wherever opera is sung.

In the Rue de la Chaussée D'Antin, Rossini, the Italian, composed many of his works; Mozart stayed for months with the brilliant Madame d'Epinay—the whole section is replete with musical and historic memories. Madame de Staël, eighteenth-century authoress; Chopin and another brilliant Pole, Napoleon's Countess Walewska. Pierrot, pale-faced denizen of garrets, first saw the light of day in Montmartre and his wistful, elfin wanderings seem symbolic here.

WE OWN PARIS!

One never tires, walking through Paris streets; and strange as it may seem, first visits, through these interesting legendary scenes, create a discoverer of every traveler. He gets all the mental and emotional thrills, quite for and by himself, jealously guarding them, lest they become known to the outside world. Forever for him—he has experienced *the* only deep appreciation and love of Paris!

So we wander dreamily up Avenue Rachel to the Montmartre graveyard, where Paris' history lies buried. The frail Alphonsine Plessis, who inspired Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias"; Paris worshiped the beauty of this lovely girl, who at seventeen was Europe's most famous courtesan. Artists and poets sang the praises of this flower of Montmartre; on her tomb lie camellias.

Dumas *fils*, Theophile Gautier, Greuze, Heinrich Heine, Zola were buried here, though Zola was later taken to the Panthéon. Délibes, Offenbach—names famous in arts, letters, science, music—great sons and daughters of *la belle France*!

Gaston waved *au revoir*, hastening to a tea-rendezvous in the Bois with Madeleine. We were off to the Chat Noir and cocktails with Señor Roberto. Modern paintings, many difficult of comprehension, adorned the walls. Near us a beautiful girl, stepped from the Folies Bergère, sipped *creme de menthe frappé*, that matched her lustrous eyes, tinting the aureole of red hair. Smoke curled from Russian cigarettes. A little distance away a young Japanese artist, busy with crayon, sketched this lady of languorous movements.

"Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin used to come here after

the theatre," Roberto was saying, "many well-known singers had their start in these cabarets."

"Yvette Guilbert rose from Montmartre to fame," I said, "incomparable Yvette, whose artistry one never forgets!"

"And your brilliant M. Briand," added my Pal, "frequented the old Café du Croissant, as a fiery young radical. His was the golden tongue that carved a line to victory!"

We watched the Japanese artist and his attractive model, she of the Titian locks, join the swirling couples on the dance floor, while we sipped martinis.

AN OLD HOUSE AND GARDEN

"Come," said Roberto, "my Spanish cook will forget to *tamale*—we're late. I do want you to see my old house and garden while it is yet day."

"But," said I, "we'll go back to the hotel and dress first."

"No, indeed, Rue le Pic is not far away; we're just four—I wanted you quite to ourselves this evening to reminisce over our glorious weeks in India."

"Here we are!" Roberto halted before a stone door, opening into another world. Under a flower-trellised arbor we entered a quaint, old-world garden.

Roberto had found this old Louis XVI house, untouched for years. Under his care, and an old French gardener's, tangled beds and vines became orderly; a centre pool sported goldfish darting among bronze turtles. This lovely oval basin reflected modern sculpture and poetically designed groupings. A laughing Spanish

boy, in marble at one end of the pool, sprayed water over a border of pansies and forget-me-nots.

The atmosphere of the days of Louis hovered over the small dining-salon, where Cécile, Roberto's beautiful wife, was serving cocktails. We spoke of travel as Spanish dishes and old Castilian wines were brought. Shades of India! Jaipur! So much tempts an artist there, where we had first met, on travels through India. Palette in hand, Roberto had painted colorful sections of this vivid country and interesting people.

Raoul and Petro, two Argentineans living in Paris, dropped in to view Roberto's paintings, going to an exhibition. Up narrow stairs to the studio and workshop; an interesting display hung in a good light.

"Do you remember this?" Roberto asked, leading the way to a large painting of Montmartre roofs, with a suggestion of the beautiful basilica of Sacré Coeur in the background.

Cécile strolled over. "Of course, we love this little Louis XVI house—but there was a great attraction about our Montmartre apartment and this view looking over to Sacré Coeur."

I nodded. "I never will forget the picture of Paris in the moonlight; buildings like dark shadows, lazy winding Seine, the faint outline of Notre Dame and the Bastille Column. Paris, in her most bewitching mood of evening charm."

"That was an inspiration for artist or layman," put in my Pal.

I smiled, in thought seeing again the majestic panorama. For miles around, this stately Sacré Coeur creates poetic uplift—chastely white in brilliant sunshine or in

Adieus! Home once more to dream through peaceful hours of unchanging charm and Paris vistas.

MUSEUM FRIENDS

In Paris we often meet American friends who wish to go to the Louvre. My Pal gallantly offers escort to a great and inspiring art museum, saying with a whimsical twinkle, that he must "just drop in to shake the hand of the Venus de Milo!"

Painting, sculpture and tapestries, reaching to lofty ceilings, demand hours of contemplation. My Pal, with a guide friend, takes Teddy and Alice, saving time for all, as we watch a pain in the neck and the well known Johnny Look-up expression of other tourists. There is but one Louvre, a wealth to those interested.

Venus de Milo is beautifully placed, standing artistically perfect, a lovely face, beauty of draped limbs, the mystery of lost arms! Buried probably over a thousand years, the statue was excavated a century ago from the sand of a Mediterranean island.

You are in mood now for champagne cocktails with friends at the Ritz, where life sparkles gaily. Many whom you know are among the visitors in this famous restaurant, almost every hour of the day and night. Between glasses you wander in thought over the old square—Place Vendôme—the name a gift of a royal *duc*. The magnificent architecture owes a debt of gratitude to that extravagant builder, Louis XIV. Mansart, the architect who fashioned Versailles, was commanded by Louis to build this square for royal libraries and homes of foreign ambassadors to the French Court.

Chopin died here in 1849; the town residence of a duke was converted into the famous Ritz, where we sit complacently. Fashionable shops gaze over the old column of Napoleon; modern taxis and autos have replaced the stately *équipages des rois*! Tourists hurry by, trusting ever in The Bankers Trust! Yet, to those who have time to dream awhile, something of the atmosphere of Louis and his courts still hovers in the dignified Place Vendôme!

"*Bonjour, Monsieur, bonjour Madame!*" Virginia and Alice, running toward the little lake! Morning, children's hour in the Tuileries Gardens! An ideal spot for toy boats, this marble basin with its spraying fountain.

Muse on the wonder of Paris, the haunt of Kings! Gaze down long garden vistas to palaces almost unchanged since the days of the Terror. The Kings of France made Paris beautiful, and beauty lives on. Palais des Tuileries! The name conjures innumerable days—centuries gone, since Catherine de' Medici built her residence. This is Paris of olden days; romantic wonder never ceases to enchant.

Across to the Invalides, Napoleon!—within sight and sound of the Seine. Vision the historic Place de la Concorde and La Madeleine! This is the heart of fashionable Paris, beautiful hotels overlooking *les jardins*, in the Rue de Rivoli, that runs parallel with the Seine. From one end of Paris to the other, this, one of the world's greatest arteries! *Déjeuner* at Rumpelmeyer's—a moment of New York in this teashop, filled with American visitors, and everybody you ever knew eating diet sandwiches.

This street of arcades, with flowered balconies on the

world's hotels, is a favorite one for last-minute shopping. You are tempted again and again; a few last commissions ere the boat train whistles you westward!

LA PERDRIX ROTIE

Evening in Paris often brings a meeting with a few choice friends in the welcome atmosphere of one of her countless attractive cafés. Linger here, there is a quiet sense of hospitality; the *propriétaire*, chef and cellars are at your disposal so long as you are pleased and remain.

One of the most interesting little places—a few blocks from the Avenue de Victor Hugo, off the Champs Élysées—is almost unknown to American travelers. Here, in an atmosphere entirely French, we are at home in our chosen corner with Jeanne and Josef. An intimate little *dîner*, recalling many pleasant evenings with these congenial companions.

We thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful French cooking—fresh brook trout, *la perdrix rotie* shot on the nearby estate of the *propriétaire*—how marvelous! Particularly good here *le vin de la maison*. Appetizing whiffs came our way from the arched oval window at the back. M. Chef, white-aproned and capped, preparing dishes in this neat kitchen.

"A perfect meal, this," said Jeanne. "France's cooking is among the fine arts."

"And like all true art lovers, we pay our respects accordingly," laughed my Pal.

"Hear, hear!" Josef and I agreed.

"Do you know that American women are taking up a new idea in Paris, lessons in real French cooking?"

"You mean, quite seriously?" asked Jeanne.

"Yes," I nodded. "There's a little school near the Sacré Coeur, where François, one of the leading chefs in France, is giving courses, just for Americans. I was there the other day and longed to have a finger in the pastry bag. Such fascinating dishes and sauces, with all the little *etceteras* that turn a French menu into a *chef-d'œuvre*."

My Pal sniffed appreciatively, with a wink at Jeanne. "Well, one never knows what's in store. Maybe Americans will have tasty French menus in their homes in the near future!"

Laughing, we exchanged views of ourselves and friends over cognac and *café*; out into the summer evening; we promised to meet in Chamonix.

CHAPTER V

PARIS TRAILS THROUGH HISTORY

THE very oldest part of Paris, the Île St. Louis; life moves to a slower beat here, caring little for politics, the drama of finance or world business. This corner encourages you to dream away the hours, luring you to legend and romance—because you love Paris!

Earnest young sculptors, artists and etchers gather inspiration from these forgotten corners. Many apartments in this fascinating quarter are occupied by Americans, whose Paris is their adopted home. What interesting gatherings foster lasting friendships—between all nationalities!

This evening Ralph was host in his apartment, once the home of a brilliant countess, leader of the literary world of the late eighteenth century. High ceilings, candles burning in elaborate wall sconces! Here you breathe the atmosphere of old-time salons. Men of wit and learning once trod these polished boards, drawn by the charm of a brilliant personality.

Our host moves from one interesting group to another, some on divans or chairs, two on the small, wrought-iron balcony, looking down the moonlit Seine. An inspiring evening—music and guests mingling sympathetically in this carefree atmosphere. We meet old friends of all nationalities and interests—a dame or two, an old count and a party from the legation. A professor from the

Fontainebleau Academy of Music greets his friend the host. Billy and Fred—two young Americans studying in Paris—Irene, whose beautiful lyric soprano voice is bringing her fame.

A violinist plays ravishing airs, new, enchanting, not yet in manuscript. Now Ralph himself plays. We agree with the whispered comment of a pretty flapper; "He plays divinely!" Musicianship, technique are here but more than all knowledge or learning—as you listen you feel a human soul greets you! Chopin—Debussy—Ravel—how the music floated out in the perfect night!

American cocktails, a *buffet-souper*, quite simple, in the soothing atmosphere of musical companionship. Out on the balcony, browsing over old buildings, the thrill of a summer night in Paris!

ARTISTS' PARADISE

One morning my Pal and I ambled up four flights of steps in the Rue Jacob, following a tinkling bell into a studio, where beautiful Gwen, blue-smocked and absorbed, was working at a canvas.

"Come in, sit down anywhere!" Silence for a moment. Then she threw brushes into a jar, turning, "Well, how splendid! Why didn't you sing out?"

"Just one more minute and we would have disappeared," laughed my Pal.

"Not you! Now tell me all about little old New York."

On a comfortable sofa, from a window angle, we glanced; fine paintings, and sculpture. Gwen had left America for Paris, where many modern artists circled about her studio. After lunch, when cigarettes had dis-

appeared in smoky reminiscences, Gwen showed us proudly two beautiful bronzes. These book ends caught the skill with which clever artists put ideas into tangible shape.

One of these is man, struggling to rise from fetters that have bound through the forever of time. He is pinioned to a rock, with one fighting arm raised, humanity untrammelled. A companion piece, woman, lies against a rock, arms, feet, long flowing hair pinioned entirely, not a single finger or fibre free. You are left—a-wondering! A great conception that, and very well done! And yet! and yet! There is a something in this world today—equality for sexes and races!

École des Beaux Arts! All over the world men, inspired by years of study in this great school, give their lives to the creation of beauty—painting, sculpture, architecture—no branch of the fine arts omitted. Every student proudly acclaims his debt to the old École, founded during the Revolution.

Wander through the Palais des Beaux Arts, courts filled with sculpture excavated since Roman days; the Musées des Antiques and de la Renaissance, once an Augustinian monastery!

Impressed and inspired by the wonder of old art, the magnitude of today's achievements in this historic school, my Pal and I left the Beaux Arts, seeking *déjeuner* in a quiet restaurant off Boulevard St.-Germain. A carafe of wine added zest to stored-up memories. Then the Luxembourg Gardens, to rest awhile under the trees, musing over the days when the *palais* was a prison in which Josephine and her husband were held before Napoleon's advent. Danton and Desmoulins were confined here and

the artist, David, whose portrait of Madame Récamier conjures visions of beauty and brilliant salons. The palace was first built by Marie de' Medici, widow of Henri IV, who patterned it on the Pitti Palais of Florence. Now members of the French Senate gaze out of the windows over sunken gardens, fountains and terraces, down wide avenues of trees, to the busy life of the Boulevard St.-Michel.

"Un taxi, s'il vous plaît."

A VENERABLE CAFÉ

There is much of interest in the Café de la Regence on Rue St.-Honoré. History and story, intrigue and old associations take you there always another time. The cellars are the best in Paris, so the *cuisine*!

In the reign of Charles V an old gateway in the city wall, the Porte St.-Honoré, stood where La Regence now welcomes. Here Jeanne d'Arc was wounded, defending France. The original café was founded in the latter part of the seventeenth century at the corner of the Place du Palais Royal.

Oh! for vanished days of the Regency, when the café was the most popular spot in Paris. Romance tells that the name "Regence" was due to a little *affaire du coeur*—the hero, Philip, Duc d'Orleans, and the heroine, Madame Leclerc, "La Belle Cafetière." Many a gallant wooed his love in La Regence, many amorous affairs are voiced in novels and plays.

Muse over the great ones dining here. Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Rousseau, Beaumarchais, Victor Hugo and the tragedienne Talma! In brilliant procession they pass and in their ranks an Austrian Prince, a

Russian Czar, discussing their muse in this haunt of art and witticism. Dreams of the past! A taxi draws up, my Pal orders cocktails, while I greet Clarence and Maurice, two architects. We pick up old threads, learning of architectural adventures since the two were students at the École des Beaux Arts.

Conversation was soaring high, circling about skyscrapers of America. I turned from an interesting anecdote. My Pal, arguing of future buildings with Clarence, was saying, "But you cannot reach heaven in an elevator, you know!"

Clarence, one of the alumni of the great Paris school, has helped create this wonderful new type of building construction. A real brotherhood binds the venerable École and its American graduates. The alumni, Clarence tells us, are presenting their Alma Mater with a flagpole to be erected in the old courtyard. On a bronze base, as everlasting tribute, are inscribed names of American graduates who have accomplished much since those days. The beautiful Chrysler and soaring Empire State Buildings were both designed by Beaux Arts men.

In the old days and today, chess is the game that whiles away hours of relaxation for artists at La Regence. Since the early eighteenth century chess players have pored over ivory queens and pawns here. The Count du Bourbonnais, Napoleon and many others—you can see the table where Bonaparte confounded his opponents.

"Players from the New World have come over for chess tournaments," said my Pal, "Paul Morphy from New Orleans, and once I remember watching Capablanca, the great Cuban, play a masterly game in this very place."

"I think most thrilling is the tale of Robespierre's famous game of chess," I said. "During the Revolution he frequented this café, thinking himself no mean exponent of the great art. One night, however, a young man came in and challenged him.

"The stakes?" demanded Robespierre, glancing over the slim, eager figure opposite.

"The life of a man you have condemned to the guillotine."

"*Bien!*" And the game began.

"When Robespierre was beaten he turned to his opponent. 'You have won, the man is free!' he stated.

"Then and only then did the shaking winner confess herself a woman and the pardoned victim, her lover!"

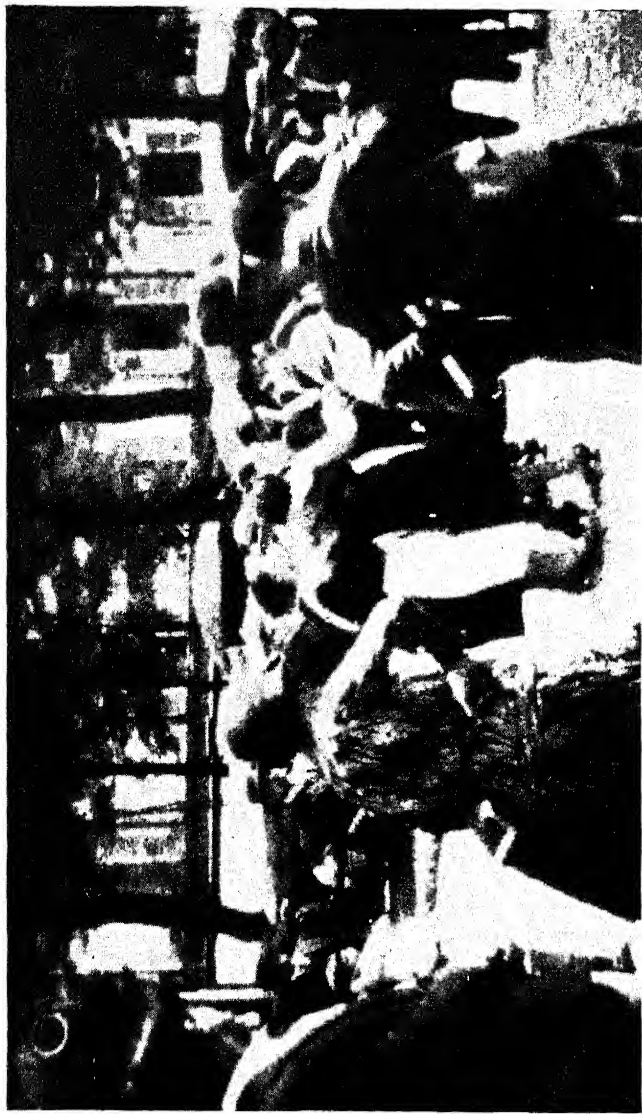
"A stiff test that," commented Clarence.

We repaired to an inside table, where Paul had arranged a menu he knew would suit old student friends. "*Bonne santé*"— "*Et la votre!*"

PALAIS ROYAL GARDENS

Dream awhile in the gardens of the Palais Royal, recapturing history in the days of Richelieu and Louis XIV. Malcontents of Paris listened here to harangues of Camille Desmoulins. "To arms! To arms!" A sprig of green leaf, original tricolor cockade; they're off to the Bastille!

My Pal and I thought of *Quatorze Juillet* in Paris, in colorful reminiscence. Let me tell you how we once joined the world and his wife this great holiday. Bastille Day begins the night before, lasting to dawn of the fifteenth and reverberates the length and breadth of France.



Bastille Day Dancing—Paris

Picture a heavenly July day, gay crowds intoxicated, holiday spirit, urging each and all to fun and happiness. Glorious, fascinating Paris grants her sweetest smiles, whether you're beggar or descendant of an aristocrat who escaped the guillotine! There was magic in the morning air, a snapping gaiety, that set feet skipping in the Place Vendôme, where a crowd of students danced around Napoleon's *Colonne* decorated with flowers.

In this beautiful old square, almost opposite the Ritz, we found M. et Mme. Peronne, in reality titled gentry of another country, presiding geniuses of one of Paris's smartest ateliers. Champagne cocktails for four and out once more along the Rue de la Paix, the world's best known thoroughfare, lined with exclusive shops that tempt a lingering gaze and a long pocketbook.

Crowds gathered about the little tables of the Café de la Paix, growing denser as we neared the Grand Opéra House. Double rows of music lovers, most of them very poor, wait for hours; Bastille Day means a free seat for the opera. For years this great national institution has presented two performances on *Quatorze Juillet* gratis to the public.

The heart of Bastille Day beats its strongest in the Place de la Bastille, where the old prison once stood. This is the rendezvous of modern patriots, circling the bronze Bastille Column, topped by the gilded figure of Liberty. From early morning until a shower of sky-rockets at night, scenes of hilarious excitement; decorative lights through the trees shine on enthusiastic, shouting crowds. Red, white and blue streamers are strung across alleys and squares. Sidewalk cafés, agog with excitement, a thousand accordions, flutes and trombones add gaiety. Each street is a dancing hall, where you tread

to the music of twanging pianos banged with a gusto. All join in regardless of rank, for this is the day of French democracy, July fourteenth!

One by one pictures of Bastille Day flash by in glowing colors. *Déjeuner* in the Bois where a hundred fêtes are taking place, shouting mobs following bands appearing from nowhere, the gay spirit of Paris. Champagne! A toast to Paris!

Our taxi crawls through narrow, twisting streets, for years centres for student fun. The Avenue de Clichy on the way to Montmartre is a fairground lined with holiday amusements and vast throngs. Booths have been brought down from Neuilly, where two weeks ago we spent an afternoon with Charles. Sideshows, knick-knacks of all sorts, push pennies and slot machines. It was interesting to watch the Frenchman amusing himself! And now, here they were—the same stalls piled high with cheap wares, carrousels, theatrical shows, lit by festoons of electric lights.

STREET DANCES

Café pianos at street corners see the light of day, shirt-sleeved musicians creating a lively racket with their drums, concertinas and trumpets. Boys and girls danced together or singly; sometimes a couple of boys would get up, feet pattering to the rhythms of Tin Pan Alley. Girls strutted over the cobbles, skirts flying, arms akimbo. Even elderly women stepped lightly; jazz held no secrets from their agile limbs. All the Montmartre world joined in—what matter if there be not a sou in the pocket? From every little alley and open doorway whole families pour out to greet the yells of musicians,

cries of vendors of sweets, glazed fruit or peanuts. Work, cares, all forgotten, as they troop in and out of cafés, where music and laughter and the best holiday menus serve a gay clientèle.

The Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero, too, share in the fun—later in the evening the Tower aflame with electric lights and the Trocadero outlined in thousands of ancient candles. In the beautiful gardens hilarious dancing couples pause between excited embraces to sigh in wonder at some marvelous skyrocket. With twilight on this day of rejoicing, Paris reaches frenzy. By this time my Pal and I sat, with a few friends, over liqueurs, looking down on Notre Dame in the shadows. A red moon rises slowly out of the Seine, outlining the picturesque bridges in silver. In this half light starry rockets shoot up the summer heavens, dropping in a blaze of jewels into the dark waters of the Seine, where the fishermen's boats are moored after the races—now decked out with lanterns, streamers and garlands. This is the Paris of dreams, a poetic fancy which, once caught, remains forever in one's inner consciousness.

A DREAM CORNER

Dreams of Notre Dame! We thrill and remember, sitting in the Place St.-Michel, on a recent visit to Paris. A sidewalk table in the Rouzier Café. Paul and Margot are with us, artists both, rich in talent, poetic in taste. Here, where many visitors gather, is also a favorite haunt for Parisians. We dream and drink in the Paris of another day, as the sunset plays its magic on twin towers and age-old flying buttresses.

The river below us; occasional boats passing, a thin

stream of people wandering along the lower quay; artists' easels catching the last glint of gold and purple reflected on the waters of the Seine. Old bookstalls, modern crowds and traffic crossing the bridge; the whole picture, for the time being, creates for us the very heart of Paris!

Toile Française, in red-and-white check, graces our table. Paul orders *bors-d'oeuvres*, *Gigot roti—et—petits bois*, *et—salade au fines herbes*—and as a grand finale, *omelette au rhum—vin à la Maison*—in brown carafe, aplenty! We sat, settling our affairs with the world, until eleven o'clock—as the last strip of deep orange faded on the horizon, Notre Dame one with a glorious night!

WHERE ROME HELD SWAY

This Cathedral is built on an island where forest dwellers of two thousand years back set their pagan altar. Then Romans built their temple. The people followed Roman ways, recognizing their administration. Rome sensed something rare in surroundings of Paris and built the settlement of Lutetia. Old stories tell that in those days women of this part of France mastered the art of the needle.

Notre Dame held watch over France's history, its ebb and flow, like the river tides at her feet. Over portals you see the story of her kings, statues replaced after the Revolution. Napoleon reinstated the sanctity of the church as a house of worship; his memories linger long in these wondrous aisles and rows of vaulted arches. Here he was crowned Emperor and here he took the

crown from the hands of a Pope, placing it on the fair brow of his beloved Josephine.

Mary Stuart, Scotland's beautiful young Princess, was here made Queen of France; they show you her coronation robe incrustated with precious jewels. Marie Antoinette came to Notre Dame rejoicing when she gave France an heir, the tiny Dauphin, whose short life was so tragic. So pass the royal pageants, blown into the shadows of Notre Dame by inexorable fate, proud in their brief moment of glory. The very stones might have whispered a warning.

Up in the tower. Look! Paris spreads her wonder—the Seine, silvery bridges and, clearly etched against summer skies, the Eiffel Tower, gardens and Trocadero with stately columns and eastern minarets. Gargoyles, relics of medieval days, gave with satirical quiz from the tower over roofs and all Paris.

A few moments of quiet in the Cathedral gardens. Saunter slowly over the bridge, losing not a thrilling moment of fascinating lights and shadows! To the Place de la Concorde, statues, fountains, legends and history! A narrow street, quiet and dark. All we who love Paris are content. Tales, true and conjured up at the moment, float on wings through our fascinated night of dreams—my Pal—Margot—Paul—I— Not an audible word, mind-pictures of Paris at night, until we reach the Café de la Paix—a table for four, coffee, liqueurs! Here the world passes in couples—life's dream or drama—crowds hurrying and relaxing—each to a different message through life.

"Bonne nuit, Margot! Bonne nuit, Paul!"

A taxi in Paris!—that sometimes angel—sometimes

demon-guided modern mode to "get there quickly!" Our comfortable suite off the Champs-Élysées and a restful night, dreaming of Notre Dame, the Seine and Paris!!

ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Sunday in Paris! A sabbath quiet reigned in well-known streets of shuttered ateliers—so still, so hushed, it seemed almost impossible that this deserted town was Paris.

A happy reunion, Gladys and Louis, driving with us along the high road towards Bichere! Parisians who can leave the city for *la campagne*, off with a luncheon basket to find green spaces, perhaps in the Bois.

Through little villages where Sunday is Sunday, our sunny drive leads to the quaint little place of Bichere!, dreaming on the banks of a tributary of the Seine.

We drew up at the gate of the inn, once an old château. The front of the house wears the serene expression of a manor. Rustic wooden tables, shaded by enormous colored umbrellas stood on either side the stream, welcoming hungry visitors. At the end of a long, triangular garden was an open charcoal oven, watched over by a smiling, white-capped chef. Rows and rows of chickens and ducks were roasting, the topmost line well above the chef's head. Appetizing aromas met us as we strolled up the path, following the brisk propriétaire with his small goatee and white gardenia.

A table near the river. We settled down comfortably with cigarettes and port. A happy hour, appeasing the needs of the inner man with succulent *poulet roti*, fresh peas, *haricots verts*; cheese, fresh peaches and a liqueur!

"It is indeed worth motoring out of Paris for such a dinner," murmured Louis. How glad we were to meet these young people again!

We were greeted from near tables by friends, enjoying sunshine and the carefree atmosphere of God's out of doors.

"There's a lovely old garden here," I said, leading the way across one of the bridges, spanning the stream. Flower beds bloomed in profusion, ending in picturesque, shady woods.

"Bichere! is popular for after-dinner parties," my Pal was saying; "we ran down here a few weeks ago."

"Yes," I supplemented, "*au clair de la lune*, too, and home when most of the world was beginning to open eyes for *petit déjeuner*!"

We had reached the auto by this time and were soon flying further through the peaceful countryside.

ANCIENT RITES

In the Sorbonne, students have gathered since the thirteenth century. Robert de Sorbon, Father Confessor of St. Louis, founded a little school here in 1253 and Cardinal Richelieu fostered the university, building the Church. The Cardinal's tomb, a sculptured masterpiece by Girardon, is watched over by Richelieu's famous red hat.

Slip through an arched doorway into history and romance—the Musée de Cluny, built on the foundations of a third-century Roman palace. After the Revolution, du Sommerard filled the museum with priceless treasures of the Middle Ages, pictures, tapestries, carvings and old musical instruments.

Prowling around this old quarter, we found a little alley where men of learning used to instruct students, the Rue du Fouarre, closed in at either end with high gates. One of the Popes decided against benches for the students, so straw was spread along the ground. Vision overhanging buildings, the narrow street filled with eager students sitting on the straw, drinking in wisdom!

"St. Julien le Pauvre!" said my Pal, as we came upon a tiny church that breathed of medievalism. "They say that St. Julien's daily task was to ferry people across the Seine; one day he ferried a leper without price; arriving at the further shore, the afflicted one turned and blessed him—lo, it was the Christ!"

In the courtyard of this little church François Villon, the vagabond poet, and his good fellows used to divide their spoil. Beggars still haunt these old lanes and houses; sometimes, in fact, they are made to order! Respectable human beings come out decrepit, halt or maimed, with a whining child or a starved looking dog, appealing for help from kind-hearted, unwary folk.

One morning we wandered into a little convent in the heart of Paris. A soft-voiced nun pointed out the green graves of the Revolution's martyrs. Disappearing into the shrubbery, she left us alone, while my Pal read softly,

"To the great Lafayette
From a fellow servant of Liberty."

President Wilson's appreciation, on the grave of the gallant general!

A quiet half hour, musing in this peaceful garden. Almost forgotten, a shopping date in fascinating Rue

St.-Honoré, where celebrated arbiters of fashion reign, whom willy-nilly femininity follows. Visitors with time and petty cash left conjure angel or devil, depending on the game!

VELVET-CARPETED STAIRS

In one atelier there is the fashion Promenade, arranged this morning especially for American clients. The gold-crested, embossed invitation has awaited your attention a week before.

Into an imposing courtyard, up velvet-carpeted stairs with liveried footmen at each landing. The Louis Quinze salon is a home of fashion, with artistic furnishings and subdued lighting.

Take one of the small gilt chairs and watch the heavy orchid velvet curtain fold back. A small stage, tall, graceful mannequins, gowns for every and any occasion. Frocks and negligées in softest shades, also gorgeous evening gowns! A *vendeuse* hovers over you, book and pencil ready to take orders. She is certain you need at least a dozen of these expensive, beautiful models. "*Ravissante! Charmante!*" whispered in your ear.

You promise to return in a day or two. *Prenez garde!* If you do—caught—hook—line—and sinker! There are many salons, equally tempting. Sometimes, after weeks of reconnoitering, you decide on one or two exquisite creations. Uncle Sam may peek, the third or tenth, so *prenez garde!* again. But you are perfectly happy, because this is part of a woman's stay in Paris! Is there one who will deny a bit of feminine fun?

However, I am a New York woman, just across the

longest gangplank in the world from Paris; yet there, as in every corner, appreciative response greets any French label.

An energetic game, this shopping; we do not stop at climbing five long flights of stairs to a recommended dressmaker or a smart modiste. It is all in the day's fun and good exercise for Americans, spoiled, climbing forty flights of steps in a swift, noiseless elevator!

"*Madame Germaine, Chapeaux Distingués!*" And on the fifth floor, too! It is a rest at last to sit before one of these little mirrors and watch Madame and her assistants show one chic hat after the other—each the distinctive line of Paris! Buy one or two, then down the long stairs, to the street, followed at this hour by hurrying little *midinettes* on *déjeuner* way. All around from shops and doorways the busy stream of Paris workers pours out on the Rue St.-Honoré.

PARISIANS HURRY HOME

Much of the pulse and vitality in this street escapes the average shopper—the little restaurants and sidewalk cafés—for Parisians—all classes. Tempting fruiterers—pastry shops—*boulangers* (bakers). This is the minute just before *déjeuner*—when French lads in black school pinafores are scurrying homeward with the last-minute baking. Loaves of French bread, crisp and a yard long, are carried through the streets *comme ça*. Nobody cares—we eat it too!

Try now at this moment to get a taxi—ask the driver to take you more than three blocks. "Sorry, Madame!" the bells are tolling twelve—not in time but the hour for *déjeuner*. French workpeople are very early risers!

The Paris world is hurrying home—we marvel—but how free and relaxing to be oneself for two mortal hours! Refreshing indeed! The traveler accustoms himself to the locked door and sign reading, "Will re-open at two or two-thirty." Gradually it sinks into one's consciousness and we, too, enjoy that hour and relax with thoughts above petty things.

Sauntering down the Rue de Rivoli, we caught an inspiring picture of La Madeleine, sunlight slipping through the trees, touching gray, classic columns to beaming, brilliant glory. Flower vendors— You know the picture; it never leaves the senses or memory! La Madeleine—flowers—flowers piled high or in pails of water. Women of all types selling and arranging. The busy square—crowds and more crowds. And you glimpse, down the Rue Royal, the glorious Madeleine—and flowers—flowers—flowers! This, too, is Paris! Paris!!

Part the silken, deep red curtains, enter for a few minutes—the quiet interior for this cathedral is also Paris! Paris!!

A LOVED MASTER IN MUSIC

One afternoon we called for our friend Medea, a charming Russian, living in a new garden apartment on the Avenue de Versailles.

"You look very well, after a strenuous season," said my Pal, as graceful Medea joined us on our way to Montfort l'Amaury, a short distance out of Paris.

This afternoon we were taking tea with our friend, M. Maurice Ravel, whom we had not seen since his visit to New York several years ago.

"You'll have news of America!" smiled Medea.

We climbed a hill into the picturesque little town nestling among trees. Here is Le Belvédère, the charming and modest home of the great composer. The moment we entered the welcoming, restful atmosphere, quiet yet impregnated with the spirit of one of the great musical forces of our day, we were at ease. Through the house is stamped the character of its owner, small in actual physical measurement yet inspired by lofty mental stature!

We are ushered into a low-ceilinged reception room, homelike and inviting. Our host comes, greeting with a wave of his hand and welcoming glances from arresting dark eyes, that look so directly to you. Perched on his shoulders, purring against his neck, is a large Siamese cat, one of the composer's several pets.

Up the stairs to the music room, looking across the balcony to blossoming gardens—flowers, indeed, bloom everywhere in this charming house! There is little in the music room save a piano, a few comfortable chairs and old music chests. Yet it lives vitally. You are held by the portrait of the musician's mother, hanging above the piano—an inspiring and interesting face, this beautiful Spanish lady! "*L'Heure Espagnole*," for a moment—In an opposite niche the portrait of M. Ravel's father; luminous, dark eyes filled with the haunting, poetic heritage of Spain and the Orient. Sitting here, we vision a fragment or two of "*Daphne et Chloe*," or mayhap a musical fairy tale for kiddies, or a dancer and "*Bo-lero*."

"You'll be ready for tea," smiled our host, leading the way to a balcony, where comfortable chairs, a tea table and flowers welcomed. Lazily we gazed over tops of

trees, a pleasant country picture with a steepled church peering inquisitively through leafy vistas.

There was much to discuss over the refreshing cup—M. Ravel's impressions of our own city, his love and admiration for the American poet, Edgar Allan Poe, whose genius inspired so much in the composer. In New York he had visited Poe's home. Recalling that happy afternoon together, my Pal softly quoted:

"Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!—"

What greater hope for a poet, I thought, than to have his dreams live again in superb and exquisite music!

Trinkets were brought out, little souvenirs and knick-knacks, each memento chosen for its association. And the garden! M. Ravel shows a favorite corner and berry shrubs, a small orchard, lawns with shade trees and garden chairs inviting a quiet hour of conversation with artist neighbors living in the charming homes about.

There are many mutual memories of this wonderful afternoon, the secluded garden, our friend M. Ravel, the distinguished head in the sunshine. At his feet, a proud white Siamese, who bids farewell in the imperturbable way of a cat who knows she is a queen! *Au revoir*, M. Ravel we'll meet again in a sunny clime!

CHAIRS! LAMPS! OLD BOTTLES!

At the top of an old house, not far from the Sacré Coeur, Charles had his studio apartment, a pleasant spot with windows looking over trees toward the centre of Paris.

It was dusk when we arrived, the large studio lit by

many quaint, old-time lamps and lanterns. We visioned dusky images haunting the shadows, flitting from one dim corner to another. A tall floor lamp whose exotic design conjured memories of an eastern palace, stood guard over the fireplace, while beside the piano hung a swinging lantern that would have seemed more at home on a hook in a seaman's cabin! But in Montmartre, what matter?

"Come," said Charles, "and see the bargains I picked up a few days ago in the Flea Market!"

He was an enthusiastic collector of lamps and old furniture. Sinking into one of his latest 'finds,' a large, upholstered chair with carved lions on the arms, I thought of a royal Louis or Philippe who sat in it. Today it almost collapsed in this Montmartre studio.

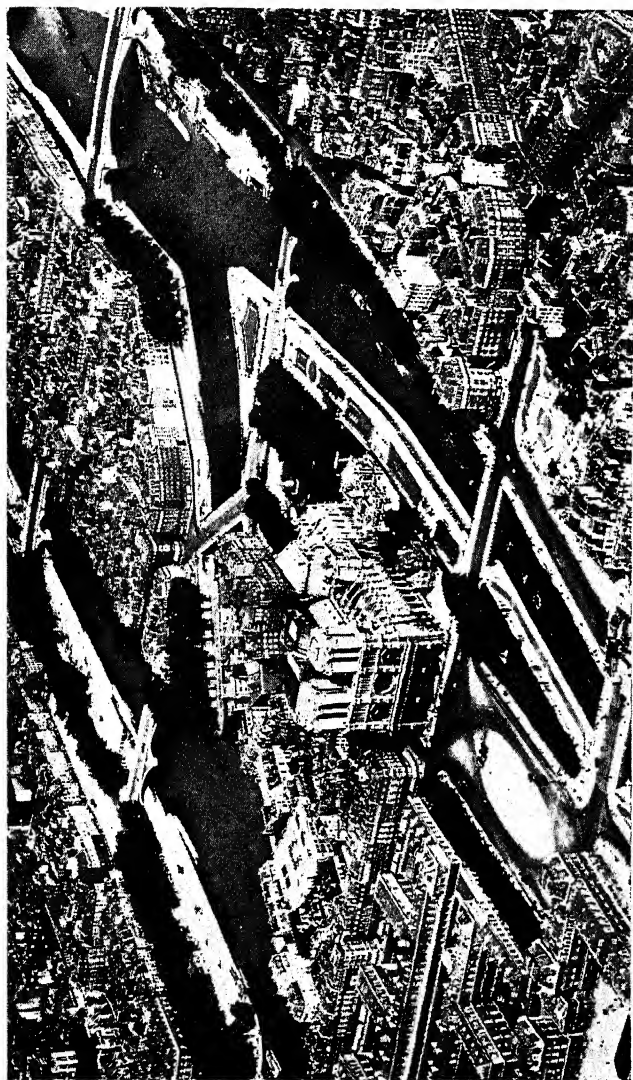
A simple, well cooked *dîner*, served by the old domestique, who had been with Charles for almost twenty years. Liqueurs and coffee, neighbors dropping in— young musicians, sculptors, journalists—all good fellows, ready for a good time. And we had it! Charles or one of the others at the piano, all gathered round for songs and choruses, drinking and witticism, lasting well into the night.

On serious affairs, Charles is one of the recognized exponents of modern French music.

"All's well with the world," on a sunny morning in Paris! Jeanne and I sauntered the length of the Faubourg St.-Honoré, toward the centre of the town.

"Now," said Jeanne, a *boutonnière* of fresh, sweet-smelling rosebuds on her coat, "how about some real food?"

"Real food," I retorted, "where—?"



Paris Trails Through History

"Oh, for corn on the cob," sighed Jeanne, "and what's more I know where to get it."

We dived into a side street opposite the flower market, across a little square to a corner. Not looking the most fashionable spot in Paris but popular at noon. Here is a small shop-restaurant, run by two French women, who are coining a little fortune on the supposition that in Paris, American appetites occasionally want American food. They provide delectable, simple fare at reasonable prices, with corn on the cob as a specialty!

Look into the kitchen where three cooks are busy preparing well-known dishes—yum'y—yum'y—sigh no more!! We secured a table in the window just before the rush of Americans. The French, too, like this new idea.

I amused Jeanne, telling her of another interesting little café I had found. "We were taken by Lloyd and David, two young Welshmen, musical students now in Paris; they have become greatly attached to their new habitat.

" 'I'd like to settle here for good, there's no place like Paris,' nineteen-year-old David told me. 'Everything is so different; even in the cheap little place where we go for meals you meet dozens of new types, all interesting!' "

"We walked to 'Chez Jacques,' where the genial proprietor greeted his young clients by name and waved toward a clatter of many tongues. Lloyd secured four places at the end of a long bare wooden table, while David joined the line waiting for napkins. Fresh clean ones for guests and their own from pigeonholes in the wall cabinet. For a few sous you hire a napkin, use it until it is soiled and then hire another! They are large;

put one end on the table for your individual cloth, and use the other as napkin.

"Twenty or twenty-five cents pays for an excellent meal for hungry students; soup, meat, vegetables, sweet and jug of red wine! Wonderful cooks and managers in these small restaurants! The real fun is watching the people. The boys knew the regular customers by reputation—sculptors, artists, musicians, some well known, some who were, and others who will later dance the road to fame."

"You must have had a great time," murmured Jeanne.

"We did. One gray-haired man in an antediluvian cape, Lloyd told us, was Professor Henri Remarque. He got on very well with the ladies and had a smile for all the pretty young students.

"He's well over seventy," said David, 'and the parties he stages are the talk of the student colony, dear old rip!'"

Jeanne's luminous brown eyes made me promise an honest trial to find that restaurant again. Faint hope!

"You know, we have moved from our hotel," I said. "Come, visit us up in the square near the Trocadero."

She nodded, "I'd like to, but what made you change?"

"Well, we had heard so much about these comfortable apartment houses—many of our friends live there. So we decided to give it a trial and are very happy, indeed."

WHEN THE TAXI STOPPED

The taxi stopped at the Parc du Trocadero to let me off, while Jeanne went further to meet friends. Did I hear voices as I strolled through the gardens?

"And my brother, Monsieur, is André."

"And you are?"

"Yvonne, Monsieur," said a little Parisienne of ten. Picture her in frilled summer dress, bare legs, sandaled feet, pink organdie hat, eyes smiling into the face of my Pal. Standing beside them was André, taking the responsibility of big brother seriously. In this beautiful Parc du Trocadero, sloping down to the Seine, my Pal was wont to spend a quiet hour. A bench under the trees made an ideal place for gathering world's news in papers and letters, gazing over the Pont d'Lena to the old Quai d'Orsay through the Eiffel Tower.

Yvonne was wrinkling her smooth forehead. "Monsieur is either American or English—American, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"And how can you tell?"

"I learnt the difference from Mam'selle, our English governess. What tales she tells of our 'istoire, Monsieur would never believe."

My Pal chuckled aloud at this charming little French girl, so completely at ease.

"You have buildings with great 'istory, too, Monsieur?" she queried politely.

"Yes, we may not have a Louvre but we have many very fine museums. Some of our buildings are eighty stories high. The highest and largest could hold over twenty-five thousand people. Just think of it, Yvonne, a whole city in a single building! You step into the lift and, presto, just like magic you fly through the air—one *étage* after another. One, two, three—thirty, forty and eighty—you catch your breath, at the top of the world, and step out on a balcony. There, all around you are the fairylike gardens and skyscraper pagodas of New York!"

"*André, vite, vite!* Monsieur is telling of the buildings in America that really touch the sky—do they, Monsieur?"

"Well, they sometimes seem to."

The little girl had one arm in my Pal's, listening excitedly.

"There is one building you would like, Yvonne. The top is like a silver flower with large petals and a tall spear that catches the sunbeams and sets them dancing like pure gold."

"Oh, Monsieur!"

"And others are shaped like Chinese palaces with curving roofs. At night, with a light in every window, gold against the black sky, they seem to be suspended from heaven, just like dream houses. One very high new building has a mooring for airships and planes!"

"Perhaps Maman will visit America soon and take us!" sighed André, eagerly.

We thoroughly enjoyed a sense of really living in Paris. American and French friends in musical and literary circles made ours a perfect summer.

MODERN APARTMENTS

Our square, modern apartment, six stories high, was within a short walk of the old green Bois and the winding Seine. A central office looked after household management; you rented apartment, cook, maid and three good French meals a day. A lift, to a cool, comfortable place where life slipped easily. Rooms with high ceilings, convenient set-in windowsill-ice boxes—nothing had been forgotten in the way of comfort.

A smiling *domestique* brings fresh rolls and coffee

when you will. *Petit déjeuner* on the balcony amid garden scents. What fun, mornings, to peek into the neat *office* (kitchen)! Marie, your *cuisinière*, sits at a sunshiny window, whistling to her canary, hulling strawberries for dessert. You glimpse a huge basket filled with fresh vegetables, groceries and fruit, the day's portion. If perchance, you order fish, ten minutes before broiling time Louise or Marie slips up the back stairway for Madame to sense the freshness of the catch before it is cooked. These French *domestiques* are women of culture in their own right, tending your wants almost before you are conscious of them!

Picture us at eleven at night or a good deal after! The sleepy *concierge* comes to the door.

"*Bon soir*," we say, creeping into the lift.

"*Bon soir*," he grunts.

We reach our door, forgetting all worries in the care-free atmosphere of this quiet section of alluring Paris.

Yvonne and André came often, delighting in the self-starting lift. Eager little voices sounded in a half-hour of fun with my Pal; a nice, homey feeling.

One evening a concert at the Salle Gaveau, a young tenor presenting a programme of modern French songs. An audience composed of many interesting music patrons, internationally known. The tenor caught the spirit of Paris in gay mood and sad, finally singing from manuscript a *berceuse* echoing peaceful rhythms from a Normandy shepherd hut.

Our little party of musical friends, including the young singer, came to the apartment—more songs, wine! Madame Camille, noted pianist, played exquisitely from modern French composers; fragments of Debussy, sensuous and poetic, dreamed through her slender fingers.

Cordon Rouge, sparkling Trocadero gardens, music, a summer moon, eerie shadows, the Eiffel Tower, a balcony and Paris! *Bonne nuit!*

Early next morning we motored through the Bois, passing early riders cantering over the wooded paths.

MOTOR INTO DREAMS

"Let's stop here for breakfast," suggested my Pal, as we halted in front of a small café. Dew still clung to the grass and a chorus of birds added an idyllic touch. Coffee, nectar for the morning after, was hot, delicious; the day well begun!

Past the famous race course of Longchamps, artificial lakes with cascades bursting from a grotto—even the swans were gracefully awake. Old mansions, tree hidden, border the Bois; Château de Madrid hazy, mazy memories, dreams, dances! A Gala here!—a Gala there! Pre Catalan, too! And *le minuit* at Les Ambassadeurs! The "Show" and a garden to trip the hours away. We rode on to the Château de Bagatelle.

"Why 'Bagatelle?'" I wondered.

"There's an old story," began my Pal, "that in the eighteenth century Comte d'Artois wagered Marie Antoinette that he could build a fine home in a month. The Queen was unconvinced but the Count worked wonders, built his château and called it 'Folie-Bagatelle.'" Beautiful gardens reminded us of courtly romances.

Reaching Versailles, curiosity led us to the Amsterdam diamond-cutting factory there, where stones are changed into polished gems of all shapes. Millions of dollars' worth of diamonds are cut in this factory and

jewelers from all the world over come to view the large and precious gems. One day recently President Doumerque honored the diamonds!

As far back as 1492, at the time when Columbus was figuring out a new world, Ferdinand and Isabella lost the profitable diamond-cutting industry for Spain. Many skilled artisans came north to Holland. A plucky group established a diamond business in Amsterdam. Their descendants own the factory at Versailles. Spinoza, the great seventeenth-century philosopher, was born of one of these, while others spread all over Europe toward the Orient, taking their age-old culture with them.

LE ROI SOLEIL

Down the streets of Versailles, here history lives in memories of the days of *Le Roi Soleil*!

The wrought-iron entrance gate of the Palace is crowned with the royal arms of France. Here Louis XIV ruled with imperious hand and France provided funds for lordly magnificence, whose fame has rung down the centuries. Mesdames de Maintenon, Pompadour and Du Barry—finally the young girl queen, Marie Antoinette—so history's pageant passes before you in Versailles.

"*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*" said my Pal, pointing to the clock that proclaimed a king dead, welcoming his successor. On this balcony Marie Antoinette and her children begged for life in 1792.

Versailles was built about the hunting lodge of Louis XIII. His son came to follow the chase and dreamed of a magnificent summer court, finally building his palace for the pursuit of pleasure and frivolity. A hundred million dollars was the cost, it is said, including the loveliest

gardens in the world. Thirty-six thousand men were employed for years in building these grounds that inspire through mellowing centuries.

Galleries and corridors, the history of France in pictures, tapestries and marble. Stop and catch the secrets these old walls harbor. Gaze from the window over the gardens of Versailles. Crystal chandeliers mirror brilliant scenes, when thousands of candles sparkled in sconces and satin-gowned ladies and gentlemen flirted their flattered way through the court intrigues of Louis XIV. They flit before your fancy, ghostlike through the Hall of Mirrors. On march the centuries to 1919, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed in this same *Galérie des Glaces*.

"To Versailles!" In the eighteenth century every pretty girl in France, every small *Duc* possessed an insatiable desire to find favor with the *Roi Soleil*. Otherwise, why live? Molière himself was maker of the royal bed—any sacrifice to be in the limelight about the dazzling figure of Louis.

The Marquis de Dangeau, a brilliant satellite, wrote his famous "Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV." A rare book to muse upon the fair ones flitting across a king's path!

Softly—you are in a painted, circular boudoir, one of those leading to the apartments of Madame de Montespan. Little cabinets around the satin-wood paneled walls hold treasured gifts. A case of jewels under lock and key, a tiny gilded spinet, cupids revolving about the throne of an Egyptian Queen on the ceiling! Everywhere the scent of roses, heavy, exotic.

Ah, Louis, *Roi Soleil*, surely you were the greatest



Sculptured Magnificence—Versailles, Paris

Don Juan of them all! But what is this? Scents are gone, brushing of satin skirts stilled, the room empty? A few sightseers stand beside an old cabinet while you dream your dreams of romances that flowered in the romantic days of a Sun King!

Through the long Gallery of Battles. We discovered we were hungry. Not far away a sandwich booth and a bottle of Barsac revived flagging steps, as we wandered through gardens worth a king's ransom. Over the greensward, past formal beds where blossoms grew in patterned designs. Everywhere statues, fountains, pools, avenues of trees shading graveled paths.

ROCKEFELLER'S MILLIONS

The glory of Versailles, France's treasured museums, much restored by King Louis Philippe. Today a famous American has recaptured the wonders of old gardens and Versailles for all time. Roofs have been strengthened, steel reinforcements added, exquisite colonnades repaired. Fountains, that long added beauty to Versailles gardens, have been thoroughly cleaned. New concrete, now fitted with electric motors, allows the same volume of water used again and again. No longer need Versailles consider waste. At small cost the loveliest fountains in the world, electrically operated, can play often, instead of confining their beauty to fête days, as of yore.

Picture wonderful jets of water, rising seventy-five feet into the air, falling in a million rainbow drops, sparkling against the trees. Happy crowds pour out of Paris to see this spectacle, of which all France is proud. The Bassins du Dragon et du Neptune have the highest sprays, especially beautiful when blazing skyrockets are

seen through the water and flaming stars shoot heavenward from the terrace. Sculptors, inspired by ancient myths and romances, designed these fountains—dragons, bronze river gods, dolphins and tritons; Diana and Apollo rising from a circle of gilded lizards and sea creatures!

The Grand Trianon was built for Madame de Maintenon, whose retiring nature desired a life far removed from the glare of the court. The Petit, one of the most enchanting, faerie spots in France, rings with the memory of Madame de Pompadour and sparkling Jeanne Becu, Comtesse du Barry, whom a stray wind of fortune lifted into the royal limelight. These exotic favorites wandered through these gardens.

The Musée des Voitures is the Open Sesame to all Prince Charming tales. Here are sedan chairs and gilded state carriages. The court Cinderellas are gone but they have left their fascinating carriages, sledges with golden harness, delicately painted by Watteau.

Muse awhile over intrigues of the kings, the perfumed atmosphere of *petits soupers*, strictly *tête-à-tête*. Little tables, already spread, appeared through trap doors in these thickly carpeted floors. You can see it all, living again in eighteenth-century romances.

"Rousseau's famous 'Village Soothsayer' set the fashion for simple life," I said, as we passed Marie Antoinette's mill, farm and dairy. This imperious little queen insisted that her court take the rôle of peasants, while the king shouldered his sacks of grain, climbing rustic steps to the old mill house. In the dairy the Queen instructed her ladies in the arts of creaming milk and making butter!

Through the gardens, still musing, while sunset blazes a kaleidoscopic trail of fire across the western skies. Into

the auto and away before evening draws shadows over the old woods and palaces of Versailles. Back to Paris! Stop in a moment at Harry's American BAR!

ADIEU FOR THE NONCE

Days and weeks roll by. Paris holds us in the charm of a thousand phases. One never tires and returns often. On the morning of Bastille Day we relive again the excitement of this great fête day of France. We are leaving Paris. *Déjeuner* in an old house behind the Palais Royal, in a restaurant where Napoleon weaved schemes for glory. Every street alive with the same happy excitement; pianos out on the sidewalk again; our car stopped by dancing couples. We willingly detour until the waltz is over. Everybody enjoys this holiday of celebration in the gayest city in the world. The whole populace is thrilled with wild enthusiasm again; we catch it, too, joining the cheers as we drive toward the Bois and the outskirts of Paris.

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH THE SAVOIE TO CHAMONIX

AN open landaulet under decorated arches; flags, streamers and flowers; Paris smiling through! We drive slowly on the Rue de Rivoli. Suddenly two young men jump on the running board, in holiday mood, check trousers, black coats, flowing bows and opera hats—everything!

"What in the name of—" I begin, as a large bunch of violets flops into my lap. Hats are flicked off; David and Lloyd, our two Welsh singers, bow.

"Leaving Paris today! Of all the unforgivable crimes!" said David, pointing a finger of scorn at inoffensive bags. "Oh, lady, lady, what a crying shame!"

"Oh, we'll be back!" from me.

"Since your auto is making such record speed, catch it at the next corner and drink a health to Paris with us!" So once more we sat watching holiday crowds drifting along the boulevards, while champagne cocktails in our glasses winked and blinked like summer sunshine.

The Spirit of the Bastille followed the highways, echoing in every town and village, where martial bands and soldiers paraded. In every market place old peasant songs rang with quaint folk melody, voices, rattling of drums, the call of trumpets guiding dancing feet. France had abandoned herself to genuine rejoicing!

Along the road softly falling summer twilight melted into a warm, star spangled night, that tempted lazy

dreaming. Tinkling cowbells sounded from pastures stretching down to the river. Trees, strung with colored lamps, lit a night's festivities. A huge tent, a miniature circus and the evening performance begins as delighted youngsters ride quaint animals on the merry-go-round.

A peaceful village, where women gather in the market place near the centuries-old wash-house, with pumps from the days of William the Conqueror. Uneven gables overhung crooked streets, leading to a small inn, where we found a comfortable bedroom and balcony, flags, red, white and blue, reminders of the day's import! We could hear the village band; men, women and children singing as they marched.

Ah! *Dîner!!* No Paris chef could have served better. Around sat beaming countryfolk, the Spirit of France! one with each other and the whole world on this joyous fête day! Bare wooden tables were crowded; sitting opposite, an old farmer and his good wife, who had driven twenty miles to celebrate in this quaint town—their annual dissipation.

Gravely they discoursed on Paris, Bastille Day, the crops, their farm, lingering over *potage*, river trout, roast goose stuffed and a compôte flavored with brandy! *Vin à la Maison*, light conversation, for the two old people had joined us as a golden Chablis was recommended by the *propriétaire*. This had a subtle aroma, an exquisite flavor, a warmth of sunshine, and was redolent of the rich and generous earth from which it sprang. Afterward things went very well indeed and around the gables of the old wash-house, the Marseillaise poured from a thousand throats! See the belles and their swains in peasant attire. Wide skirts and embroidered shawls; boys in short black breeches, blue

linen blouses, tapping heavy shoes for the dance. Sets of eight, breaking into circles now and again, stepping with simple and easy grace through intricate dances of their forefathers.

At the Hotel de Ville American movies pleased and excited cries of children proved that our cowboys and Indians can hold their own!

COUNTRYSIDE LEGENDS

Through the tranquil valley of the Yonne tall poplar trees like sentinels wind their way into distant forests. Château estates of old France; an imprint of Roman days and little towns; fortifications hide legends of old conquerors. Sens, whose ramparts are boulevards now, has a twelfth-century Cathedral built by William of Sens, who later migrated to England, there creating the famous choir of Canterbury.

Old houses and stories tempt a lingering search. We speed through sunny hours, passing rolling, vine-clad hills to Joigny, the Joviniacum of Rome, where the Côte St. Jacques yielded priceless treasure, a rich vintage, for centuries.

"Roman colonists decided on the name 'Joviniacum' after a glass or two of this old Burgundy, a nectar truly mete for Jove!" I said to my Pal, on the balcony of one of Joigny's quaint inns. "Watch the river crowds along the quay! Behind us steep streets up the cliff, towers and gables, truly a picture of medieval France."

A sense of age, unchanging with centuries, follows curves of the Yonne that winds peacefully under vine-clad hills; a barge horse ambles along, its easy gait con-

trasting sharply with the rush of a train crossing the bridge or a speeding car on the road to Dijon.

Enough of quiet dreaming; into Auxerre at eventide, as golden light was ebbing over the river. Auxerre smiled down on us; walls, fortifications, gates, picturesque houses massed about the old Cathedral and abbey; the town being one of the most attractive in France, scarcely touched by the casual traveler.

Stay a night at the comfortable Hotel de l'Épée, drink of her famous vintage, Château-du-Pape; your memory will be happy and generous. Auxerre has been aging long to this mellow perfection. Since the third century Huns, Saracens, Huguenots and Germans have cast envious eyes, for this strategic position commands the river flowing from the Mountains of Morvan to the Seine.

"Vézelay—why Vézelay?" said my Pal, consulting a short-cut map as we sat over *petit déjeuner*. "I think a straighter road would be—"

"I've always longed to go to Vézelay, see its ancient Benedictine Abbey and hear haunting tales of a thousand years ago." A little town of eight hundred inhabitants that keeps watch, amid rugged hill scenery, with towers and buttresses of a splendid old abbey, a strong monument of medieval faith. Here the fiery St. Bernard preached his sermons. At his words thousands started on the long trail, dying of starvation before sighting Jerusalem the Golden. Philip Augustus and Richard Coeur de Lion banded their followers and marched off to adventure in the East.

The countryside is historically rich; little villages, often crowned by medieval castles, battlemented and gray, silhouette the skyline. Along the romantic valley

of the Cousin river a party of young students from Grenoble swung into step. Baggage strapped to their backs, they were off to Avallon, following a picturesque walking route through the hills. Behind spurs of the Morvan hills is the Burgundy canal, broken by quaint lock houses.

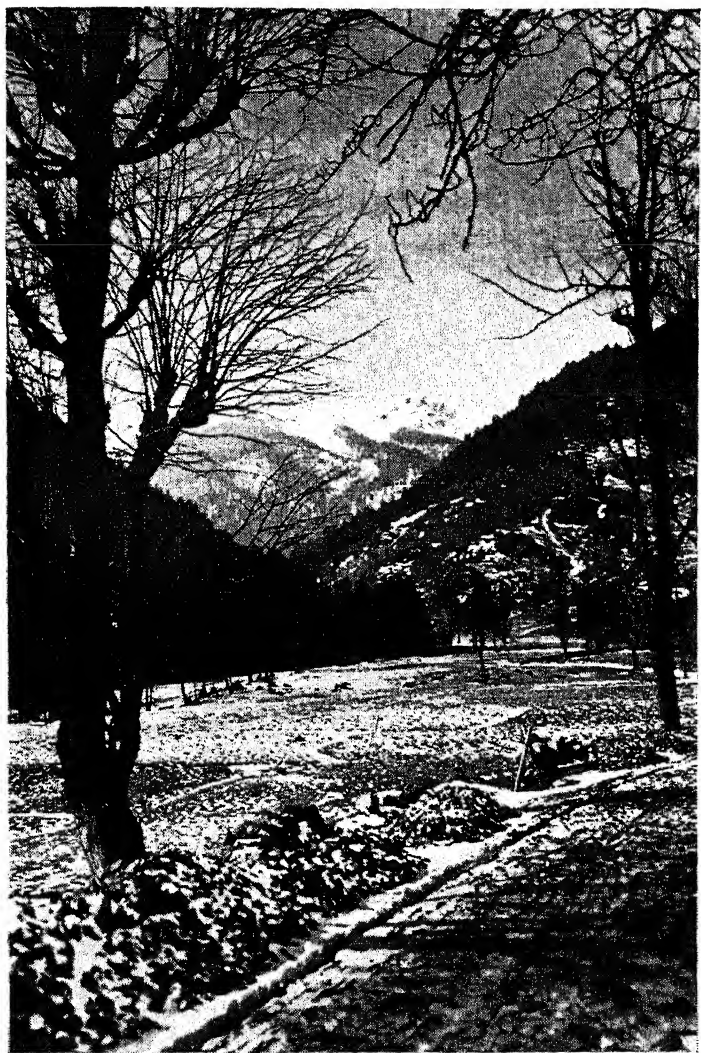
Wines and *Ducs* are the "why" of Burgundy. Dijon, smiling on you with wines dating back to the days of these old heroes—a collection of ancient and noble names in lordly procession—"Philip the Brave," "John the Fearless," "Philip the Good" and "Charles the Bold!" Dijon had men of learning as well as valor, Bossuet, Guyton de Morveau, the famous chemist, found inspiration in this old fortified town in the foothills of the Côte d'Or.

Late dinner at the Cloche, a nice comfortable hotel. Baked river trout, *la spécialité à la maison*, to the accompaniment of old Burgundy poured from dusty bottles; we hardly believed all the *Ducs* were gone!

These famous *Ducs* lie in the fourteenth-century Palais des États; nothing but a memory of medieval greatness, though their mailed feet once trod the very floors of this museum.

On narrow winding streets of Dijon old churches intrigue; some are now stables and storehouses. Notre Dame, richly adorned with old friezes above and below a double row of arcades; strange gargoyles look out over the city, and a fourteenth-century clock of Jacques Marc strikes out time.

A provident package of Dijon gingerbread in our car blended in our memory with the wonder of old buildings and tombs, as we made our way on excellent roads through the magnificent Savoie toward Chamonix.



Vistas to Snowy Peaks of Haute-Savoie

Around us tower green mountains of the Haute Savoie. Valleys with little towns, gray walls, quaint houses and gardens sweet with summer blossoms; vistas rise to higher realms and snowy peaks. Perfect roads pass mountain huts, where cowbells mingle with the murmur of insects and the song of tumbling streams. Nature revels in this wonderland; the Savoie country, prodigal in beauty, breathlessly magnificent, grows immeasurably grand as we glimpse the wonder of Mont Blanc!

Visitors come to Chamonix in all seasons to worship at the snowy shrine of Mont Blanc, gazing for hours. Every waking moment, treasured in God's paradise-out-of-doors! Mont Blanc and the peaceful valley of Chamonix; mountains, range on range; the Aiguilles, the Brevent, rising above national boundaries into the heavens! I was dreaming on the balcony; my Pal downstairs learning wonders through a telescope; he caught climbers, roped together, following guides up curving paths toward the peak.

Chattering voices, hobnailed shoes clatter the stone floor, as mountaineers came in after a day's hike. English, German, French, Italian, all nations, dropping into chairs. "*Garçon! Café, thé, cognac, s'il vous plaît.*" Then, "Gee, that was some climb!" "Say, did you manage to pick up that—?" "Yes, indeed, I snapped it twice!" "Did you tell Pierre to be ready for us at seven tomorrow morning?" "Fine, we'll make another good day of it!" Sunny, smiling goodwill greeted friends and strangers; quite impossible to be out of that party! Evenings see these girls in flimsy chiffons like exotic flowers, bronzed faces kissed by the mountain sun. On with the dance—one, two, mayhap three o'clock—ready to greet an intoxicating morning at seven for another Mont Blanc exploit!

CONQUEST OF MONT BLANC

Mountaineers pause a moment at the bronze group of their distinguished predecessors, De Saussure and his companion, young Balmat, an international tribute from Alpine Clubs of France, Switzerland, England and America to these dreamers who achieved. The epic story of mastery was evolved first in a little Benedictine Priory of the eleventh century; in those days peasants feared sudden storms and avalanches that swept disaster into Chamonix, calling the peak, "Accursed Mountain!"

De Saussure gazed across the misty peak from Geneva, offering a reward to him who blazed a trail to the pinnacle. In 1876 Jacques Balmat saw France, Switzerland and Italy from this stupendous and superb height. De Saussure, learned scientist, after years of longing, realized his goal. Joseph Vallot erected an observatory high on the mountain, discovering astronomical wonders.

Summer mornings, sunshine dancing on glaciers, turns rushing streams to rainbows. Sunset sheds rosy lights on snowy peaks. A moon rises from the dusky valley, casting an eerie, other-world charm upon this mountain chain. How easy then to dream dreams and lend credulous ear to legends old peasants weave around their mountains!

Boulders and caves, age-worn into strange shapes; quiet, bent trees; snow-forests avalanched. They tell you, a treasure was hidden in the icy grotto, that opened on Christmas Day. Who would dare venture down for gems, fabulous as wealth of India? The search was begun but the mountain, growing jealous, closed the rocky crevices forever and the blue grotto faded into the mists of fairy tales.

Le Brevent, across the valley from Mont Blanc, brings tales of Ruskin and his wanderings. He would sit here musing upon wonder revealed. Coming up footpaths behind the English Church to a clearing over five thousand feet high, our poetic philosopher Ruskin sat reverently before Mont Blanc.

MUSIC—INSPIRATION

Chamonix has environs with picturesque châteaux where artists live in blissful tranquillity. Climbing a twisted road, blue Alpine flowers and strains of rare music greet us. A famous violinist summers here, peacefully content, facing Mont Blanc, inspired, playing to infinity and beyond, spellbound—an ideal spot for repose and study!

Madame Jeanne from an upper balcony under the peaked roof waved a greeting. It had been a stiff climb; we paused a moment, opening the door as our friend Josef welcomed us. Jeanne, a tall beautiful blonde, in whose simple, aristocratic bearing you sensed descent from kings, like their little Ninon of ten summers, had artistry, beauty and unusual character.

These three treasure summers together in the mountains. Artists must make a livelihood and successful seasons abroad separate parents and children. Each summer dearer, when Chamonix or a like place calls. Little Ninon and her big St. Bernard dog have made friends with mountaineer peasant neighbors; simple Swiss families, these.

My Pal and I spent happy days with our friends; books and music, lounging outdoors, the glowing Mont Blanc sky blue as little Swiss gentians that carpeted val-

leys at our feet. Fantastic shadows, the everlasting wonder of Mont Blanc, as through valley mist we glimpse roofs of Chamonix. Life is very simple yet almost too great; we sit musing on exalting beauty before us. Pure mountain air across fields of Alpine growths, blows softly as simple yet delicious dishes are set before us by a quiet Swiss cook.

"Perfect, perfect!" said my Pal, lifting his glass of wine, summing up beauty of scene, bouquet of the wine, charm of our hosts in one of his famous smiles. "This peace and restfulness are simply soul-satisfying!"

A very contented house party dreamed these days away under the protection of old Mont Blanc.

Chanticleer and his train, crowing at five; peasants going to fields to gather a short-lived summer crop, returning late with huge bundles of hay; we could scarcely distinguish man from donkey, as heavy masses of produce were carried down perilous inclines.

Half an hour's motor drive through rugged scenery brought us to the boundary between Switzerland, France and Italy one afternoon. Smiling little Ninon chérie pointed to each country, as my Pal lifted her high on the sunny tri-rock. Both arms outspread, curls flying, face flushed, she symbolized the joy of beauty! Blonde, with delicate skin like the Swiss, fire of Italy gleaming in dark eyes, charm of sunny France in her dainty form and witty laugh, a constant delight, full of keen interest—botanist, mountaineer and geographer, this dainty little girl!

Back to the chalet for iced tea this warm afternoon. American jazz for the little fairy, as she two-stepped with us among Alpine plants on nature's own porch. Cigarettes curl smoke into the air, as we listen to

Jeanne's musical voice reading old Chinese poems, a page of Maeterlinck's fascinating "Vie des Abeilles" or Andre Maurois' "Byron."

Later a starry Mont Blanc night; music, Beethoven and Bach, inspired lofty tones reaching the heights. Dreamy, romantic Chopin—Mendelssohn—Debussy—Ravel—Bartok—scale the summits in never-dying music through the centuries. Modern, melodious, mystic, sometimes from far-away Gypsy folk, who themselves invented melody, in whatever land. Strings of a violin, deep purple night and music atune! Peasants gather about, enthralled by earth's exquisite harmonies, re-echoed until caught by the spirit of music, mountain darkness, dream melodies made real by the touch of a master.

Chamonix! A mountain morning! Misty lakes in valleys; giants, gnomes, elves, fairy folk of eternal, spiritual snows, clearing the mysterious aerial byways 'midst dawn and morning sunshine. "*Au revoir, Swiss châlet! Au revoir Josef et la petite chérie!*" Jeanne is with us on journeys southward!

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Mont Blanc floated by like a misty dream, as the road wound high through the picturesque Savoie. Soon we reached Lake Geneva, perhaps capital of Europe, maybe capital of the world, Calvin's old city in Switzerland. The *Palais des Nations*: here leagues work for peace; eminent thinkers, patriots from every nation, strive and achieve world brotherhood, the doctrine of Woodrow Wilson. "*Woodrow Wilson, Président des États-Unis, Fondateur de la Société des Nations!*" Every visitor thrills as he reads this memorial on the façade of the famous pa-

lais. Geneva and the League of Nations live to accomplish lasting world peace. Summer schools and League workers are happy in this international atmosphere. Mystics from India, a Chinese Confucianist with placid brow, a brilliant Spaniard, a serious American with broad outlook, a poet from New York pass—drawn together in bonds of humanity.

Dumas, Voltaire, Byron drew inspiration from these mountains and blue waters of Lake Geneva.

Fashionable villas overlook the lake and wild swan take flight, reaching the heights. Musing on the beauty of the scene, Jeanne and I strolled out of the Hotel Metropole along the Grand Quai facing the Jardin des Anglais. Bent on a shopping tour, we walked into window displays, one of which was a large jewelry store filled with Geneva watches, keeping world's time.

A little further on Jeanne stopping suddenly said, "Yes, this is the place I am looking for. I found beautiful Paris models here last summer—hot off the griddle—I mean, just from the great *ateliers*."

"Label and all?" I chimed in.

Why is the smile so knowing when a dress bargain is struck? Our expression told its own story, as small packages of chiffons were stealthily submerged in our motor grips.

A region of snowy peaks, the Haute Savoie. Lakes and church-spired villages lead to the mountain town of Annecy, a place of other days, with ancient streets twisting about an old château. Arcades and vaulted passages, blue canals, a leaning tower and ancient turrets; charming lake, mountain-framed. Oh, Annecy! A spot to touch the heart of romantic travelers! In the

Cathedral of St. Pierre, Jean Jacques Rousseau was a choir boy; his house is marked by a tablet. Little old houses with wooden galleries and quaint outside stairways, attractive low doors, surely tell any old legend, you think!

An old woman of Annecy surveyed the street calmly. Her daughter took the step below, granddaughter came too, with three balls of coarse knitting wool and needles—black for grandmother, white for mother and red for herself. Needles clicked in warm stockings. Three quaint knitters of Annecy! We, southward through the hills of Savoie.

Chartreuse! In reflective mood to the old monastery where a dream came true. We're carried in a trice from any dinner table to the lonely monastery of the Carthusian monks, an empty shell now, denuded of soft-voiced brothers, chiming bells, chants.

Grande Chartreuse, literally out of a dream! In the eleventh century the Bishop of Grenoble visioned a star pointing to a lonely spot in inaccessible woods above the Isère river. Nor would the dream leave him; his old teacher, St. Bruno, sought solitude and meditation; the Bishop led him to the silent forest where St. Bruno and his followers built their monastery, a place for silent meditation and prayer.

The making of Chartreuse dates from the seventeenth century, when monks concocted rare nectar from mountain herbs. Chartreuse had but local reputation until the nineteenth century. Then visitors spread the fame of the precious elixir throughout France and the world. A perfect blending, Chartreuse—memorial of the lonely mountain haunt and silent monks.

Silence, St. Bruno's conviction, the power of quiet! Each cell a small two-storied houselet above a kitchen, a room for study and prayer, a bed hidden by an alcove. Below, a carpenter's bench and tiny garden, the secret of Mother Earth and growing things. Memories, old monks, white robes, lay brothers who follow on sandaled feet through forgotten refectories. The empty library, where much time was spent in illuminating wonderful old books, treasured in Grenoble.

EGYPTOLOGY

Grenoble, venerable old walled city, is famed for its university founded in 1339 and second only to the Sorbonne. Students of all nationalities are welcomed to this renowned centre of learning, where for centuries great names have appeared in every branch of study. Legend and history meet in the work of Champollion, who unraveled secrets of hieroglyphics, carved on ancient tombs and historic "Cleopatra needles." As a young lad study of oriental languages fascinated him; at the early age of sixteen, in 1807, he claimed Coptic as the ancient language of Egypt. Despite the fact that even after his death scholars vigorously questioned his claims, Champollion is today recognized as the great founder of Egyptology.

In Grenoble, Hector Berlioz dreamed grand symphonies, inspired by the beautiful Savoie country, where he was born in 1803. He wandered down the intriguing paths of musical legends in his Italian compositions, "Harold in Italy," and "Romeo and Juliet."

In medieval days Grenoble, ruled by bishops, passed

to the Dauphins du Viennois. In 1349 they deeded land to the King of France on condition that it should always be the property of the next heir, who thus acquired the title of the dauphin.

There is a rare old legend of Charlemagne, passing through Grenoble on his way to Italy with a vast throng of soldiers. As he sighted Grenoble Charlemagne's ire grew apace. The crescent of Mohammed blazed over the towers.

"Infidel city; we'll halt seven minutes to tear down the crescent of the prophet!"

"Seven hours it will take, O Charlemagne!" was the reply.

"So be it!"

The battle ended in Charlemagne's victory. "Seven days wasted," he cried.

"Seven weeks," responded his captain.

Even as they spoke Christian bishops took up their work again. Charlemagne was growing irritable and nervous. "Seven weeks torn from our precious journey," he cried.

"Seven weeks?" came back the roar, "seven years!"

"Can this be true? The truth, the truth!"

Bishops proved it to Charlemagne, scribes bringing books of the city, recording the seven years of Charlemagne's stay.

"Begone!" ordered Charlemagne, calling together his army. "Begone, I say, lest we are found in this enchanted city with the Day of Judgment upon us!" And the cavalcade slowly wound on up the mountains across the border into Italy.

Despite mountain breezes, the July day was warm as

we sauntered along old streets of Grenoble, and chanced upon a sign that gave a homesick thrill. "Real American Ice Cream Soda!"

In a moment Jeanne, my Pal and I were seated on a balcony built over rocks, where we could hear the stream below rolling down the valley. Out came a smiling *filles de la maison*.

"Have you real American Ice Cream?" I asked.

"Oui, Madame; *fraise ou chocolat, s'il vous plaît?*"

All three decided on *fraise*.

As she placed the tray on the wooden table, my Pal's voice rang in happy anticipation, "Welcome, little stranger!"

Three glasses of America's creamy nectar; *pailles et tout*, how we enjoyed it!

We lingered in the lovely old city that Louis XII called, "the most beautiful garden in France," with fruit trees planted along the hillsides above the winding Isère. Grenoble's factory chimneys tell of fame the world over, for perfect fitting *suède* gloves—eight hundred thousand dozen pairs a year!

Student groups abound in cafés and museums, or stroll through old streets, where the scent of Grenoble's roses brings trellised memories. During winter ski-ing down the mountain slopes makes life happy and gay in this ancient city of culture.

LE DUC DE LEDIGUÈRES

Golden sunset on dark cliffs, shadowing a steep and rocky ravine in the romantic valley of the Dauphiné, where the River Romanche cuts deep through gorges. We are gazing into dark waters a-glitter with the multi-colors that cast long streaks over hills, all swept with



The New Woman: Savoie

some unearthly glow. A Master scenic artist has prepared the stage for a thrilling drama, performed since olden days in this picturesque, myth haunted region.

Here is Vizille! And the Château of Lesdiguières, on the site of an ancient Castle of the Dauphins, set against the skies. The old château and town once echoed to marching Roman legions and the centuries have woven many curious tales.

The Duc de Lesdiguières, known as the "wise old Fox of Dauphiné," was a Catholic who won the coveted title of Constable of France. This Dictator of Dauphiné in 1611 built his stronghold in Vizille. Tales tell how the château rose so quickly from the ground, it seemed miraculous to the townsfolk. The Duc's heralds came to the church of Vizille and after every service blew trumpets, proclaiming that the Duc commanded everyone to help.

Men, women, old and young came. But hatred for tyranny grew, until folk believed the duke in league with the devil, one cruel deed following another, proving satanic alliances. The story goes that, invoking the devil's host, the duke in a single night put strong walls around the château. Next morning people cowered low in their houses, shuddering—malign influences were thus revealed! Satan himself visited the Wise Old Fox, who was terrified by his Satanic Majesty and court of swarming devils. To horse he leaped, in a mad endeavor to escape. But whatever way, the magic walls of his château followed; they possessed the satanic witchcraft of their devil builders. On fled Lesdiguières; closer and closer pressed the walls about him. In a desperate dash for freedom, horse and tail were snapped in two by closing gates! What happened afterward, in the im-

aginations of medieval peasants, gives an idea of powerful, heartless rulers and superstitious, legend-haunted days of the Middle Ages.

The hated Duc de Lesdiguières rests these many moons north of Grenoble, in the village of Sassenage, at the foot of a precipitous rock.

Drive with us into enchanted legends—a short way from Grenoble, through picturesque country to the Gorges du Furon.

In misty days of once-upon-a-time, a fairy called Melusine became mortal woman and loved a shepherd living in these lonely hills. The shepherd-wife, a charming, elusive creature, with an aura of mystery, once every week escaped, becoming again a denizen of the sirens' fairy grotto for a few hours. The shepherd and his children called in vain; for answer a faint laugh would echo through the hills. During many years they grew accustomed to these lapses—she always came back, never aging.

The curious shepherd decided one day to watch his wife at the moment when her lovely form changed into the spectral, floating outline of a fairy. Dismayed, Melusine was gone, never to return. Over the hills he heard her ghostly voice, seeming to come from a cave in the Gorges du Furon. He haunted the spot by day and by night; lost she was to him forever. When death or disaster threatened the shepherd or his descendants in centuries following, a faint mournful voice would sing sad dirges in the Grotto of Melusine.

When curious people of the Dauphiné came too close to their legends, disaster befell those prying into secrets of another world. The peak of precipitous Mount Aiguille, near mineral springs of the Monastère de Cler-

mont, was the home of gods and goddesses exiled from Olympus, so legends sing. Atop this huge rocky mountain, nearly seven thousand feet high, on a grassy plateau, the lordly ones disported themselves. One brave human hunter, climbing to see these revels, by a glance from the eyes of Venus was changed into a stag wandering through forests and hills for all eternity.

Tea leaves visioned our tales, as we sipped orange pekoe in the tiny garden of a mountain inn.

Jeanne chérie, how sad! we're to lose your charming company on the morrow! The Taverne des Dauphins; our dinner under huge maples, where we drank to friendship and poetic souls in a Chamonix villa. Wine of the Rhone valley, French cuisine, coffee; a perfect night in the Savoie. Jazz by an orchestra and saxophone; around us stepped the lively, intensive, youthful American students of the university.

Next morning began our southward way toward the Maritime Alps. Briançon, an ancient Roman-fortress town, lured us. Twelve forts and three old walls protect the Haute Ville; and a single-span, ancient bridge links town to mountains. Ancient *gargouilles*, stream water along the steep narrow streets of old Briançon, cool on this hot summer's day. Voices of singing peasant women add melody to cries of gay Chasseurs des Alpes, whose bright uniforms romance old walls.

Crumbling fortresses tell of days when these hills rang to combat, when knights in colorful procession wound their way in cavalcades of long-lost pageantry. Blue Alpine flowers reflect the sunlit sky, peasants stroll over old stone bridges across mountain torrents.

A deeper azure through the hills visions the blue

Mediterranean, now seemingly near, now lost to us again. Another dip; the sea gleams like a jewel. Mountain roads twist; good company these great trees—an occasional motorist—countryfolk carrying great bundles of brushwood. White villas appear, gleaming through fig and olive groves. Shadowy houses, lost again, once more the high road; we hover over Nice and the lower Maritime Alps. Nice, that ancient City of Victory! Greeks and Phoenicians sought this sheltering coastline in the misty days of five centuries B. C.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOLDEN RIVIERA, VILLAS AND PERFUME

QUEEN of the Riviera—sunshine, villas, gardens, sea walks, palms; majestic hotels built about the beautiful Bay of Angels. To the spirit of Côte d'Azur; come, drink a toast to the Riviera! The fascinating boulevards, this infectious gaiety after daydreaming in the Savoie, along legend-haunted valleys of Dauphiné!

Drive eastward, skirting this golden coast, beside the Quai du Midi, where graceful yachts from Monte Carlo shelter on their way to Cannes, or set sail for Corsica, that storied isle where vendettas still flourish.

Along country roads oxen and mule carts shuffle heavy loads; above the hills eternal sunshine sets windows afire, blinking. Occasional fishing villages, half hidden in little bays; over all serene calm, a perfect Riviera afternoon, as we approach the peninsula of Cap Ferrat.

Overlooking the blue, among flowering gardens and olive groves, is the quaint old town of St. Jean, like a jewel.

A friend's artistic villa offered charm of antiquity with comforts of modern civilization. Villa Les Embruns, in the delicate flush of early morning, with swishing waves upon rocky shore, one might well imagine a fairy palace built of sea mist. Les Embruns offered royal

welcome, as our young friend, Don, opened the door! We joined a merry cocktail rendezvous on the terrace!

Don, an artist from a noted American family, handsome, enthusiastic and progressive, popular in artistic circles the world over. His sister, Emilie, gracious hostess (whom we had last seen in Venice), two good looking young Americans, a dark-eyed, vivacious girl reclined in comfortable wicker chairs. And Lily, a charming French singer, enjoying relaxation at Cap Ferrat after a busy season in Paris! The two bachelors, George a playwright, Richard, painter and composer, traveling much together, seeking inspiration. Conversation grew desultory; we watched sunset flaming across the bay, cigarette smoke curling into the twilight; another round—peace of early evening.

Upstairs I had a very real thrill; Emilie had given up her own room, that I might sleep in a genuine Catherine de' Medici bed! A long mantel brought from a Roman palace supported an antique mirror and old Italian pottery. Rest would be sweet in this charming room, wide terraces overlooking the beautiful bay.

FRIENDSHIPS—A RIVIERA VILLA

Lazy days followed one another as old friendships were renewed in the intimate setting of Les Embruns. Don and Emilie had many inherited treasures from connoisseur ancestors and those gleaned on their travels. Curious antiques, culled from the ages and the four corners of the globe, graced spacious salons and halls. A wonderful old twelfth-century tapestry, colors mellowed with years, in which we distinguished beautifully worked

figures and historic names—Renaud, Aymon, Charlemagne.

The dining room, of rare beauty, with priceless Chinese panels from the fifth century, antique rugs upon which it seemed sacrilege to tread. Fourteenth-century French primitives hung on rough plaster walls. Candles cast a soft light on a table of carved rosewood, reflecting rich ruby wine in decanters and delicate crystal goblets. A large antique Buddha had traveled a long way from Tibet to smile his blessing, from a throne atop a sixteenth-century Provençal mantel.

Evenings we gathered in the salon; circular Gothic windows looked out to the incoming sea. Luxuriant couches invited dreamy repose. The silvery slant of an inspiring moon lent eerie charm to Richard's playing—ever so softly.

"Do sing for us, Lily," Emilie would beg.

"Yes, please," I echoed. "Have you any of those interesting Provençal *chansons* we heard two years ago?"

Don and my Pal drifted in from the terrace as the beautiful soprano voice awakened fifteenth-century melodies. Music, always music's charm, soothed these nights of perfect rest after long days in Riviera sunshine.

"*Bonne nuit, mes chères amis, dormez bien!*" The Medici bed, and more peaceful slumbers than often fell to the lot of that ingenious, tempestuous queen!

Sea bathing tempered heat of midsummer. The beach pebbled to a rock wall at the foot of terraced gardens. Gay pyjamas gave informality as we sought nature's sun cure and warm blue sea; then a favorite book, dreaming in a shady, palm-arched corner. Along palm-

shaded walks the call of tropical birds lent strange notes. Jasmin, roses, oleanders exuding rare perfumes, while a tall cactus, blooming once in fifty years, sang its swan song, opening exotic yellow flowers. A large aviary of songbirds furnished melody in this sunny paradise, where brilliant-hued parrots and canaries hung in the trees, flirting with proud peacocks strutting along terraces.

Days drifted into musical moonlit nights, as we enjoyed tranquil existence, like carefree lotus eaters! Motor runs along the coast, to all the fascinating Riviera resorts, Antibes and Juan-les-Pins, where modern hotels attract artists, musicians, lovers of the four arts, seeking quiet, inspiration and storing up health for ensuing strenuous seasons.

Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, in summer—how delightfully cool, as breezes blow across the blue to the terrace of the comfortable Hotel Provençal at Juan-les-Pins! This little town, picturesquely situated on the Golfe Juan, is very popular in summer; a golden mecca for sun worshippers, lying on the sands or drifting the bay in little boats.

My Pal and I enjoyed interesting groups of visitors, meeting many old friends. The terraces were radiant pictures, gleaming against mountain backgrounds, shaded with trees. Tropical flowers painting gaudy colors, fountains splashing marble basins, as fashionable sunbathers in gay outfits with brilliant cloaks strolled up from the beach for cocktails before *déjeuner*. Laughing girls, bronzed faces glowing with health, locks bleached to pale spun gold; young sea gods, tingling with health, while the Mediterranean breezes, sunshine and a string



Where We Motored from Les Embruns

orchestra sets feet tripping in beach sandals—an interlude of American Jazz.

Small groups of tired faces, hurrying back to baize tables. I whispered to my Pal, "They seem to have a life contract to play contract!"

He laughed lazily, watching cigar smoke over the garden. Surely he had found the secret way to enjoy the Riviera—with time to "sit and stare," as Robert Louis Stevenson found when he lived here, dreaming dreams and storing up memories. Emilie and George soon joined us, taking the run from Les Embruns.

Antibes conjured up gardens of eastern splendor—show places, a little paradise built by some artist sun worshiper. At the very tip of the peninsula is the loveliest, Villa Eilenroc, not far off Villa Thuret, whose gardens supply the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The sea has sculptured successive pools, ideal for bathing. Set atop Eden's Rock, a magnificent pile of natural stone, the modern casino-restaurant commands glorious panorama and fairy visions of beach and sea.

Roads lead in every direction to private villas, where you enjoy the gay life of a resort or seclusion for study and relaxation. One charming villa hidden by tall palm trees, the summer home of a friend, an attractive Titian-haired artist, Marie. Under a favorite tree, where we glimpsed the ocean, through a tête-à-tête tea, an hour of quiet conversation, welcome after the warm drive. Marie sang for us and the sea folk melodies of her far-away land. By a sheltered wall apricots and lemons grew; Marie recounted the legend of the Riviera lemon tree:

"When Adam and Eve left Eden, Eve plucked a

lemon to take with her. Their wanderings led them to the Riviera; loving the beautiful shore, Mother Eve dropped the lemon into the soil, since when it has flourished here abundantly!"

"I should imagine the original garden is not very far off," smiled my Pal.

We invited Marie for a few days to Les Embruns. Her statuesque beauty and brilliant coloring tempted Richard, whose fingers itched to capture her on canvas. Marie laughed good naturedly. The initial sketch was charming.

George brought out a manuscript, reading an act from his new play, a brilliant, modern comedy; thoughts flew to New York's "Great White Way!" Music again sped the evening; later priceless rugs were thrown aside, we danced over marble in reflected moonlit brilliance.

The Riviera roads are picturesque highways. Vision the blue, blue sea, mountain background and sunny villages, where gardens riot in blossom and color, reflecting the happy nature of this paradise.

With Don through quaint corners Lily, my Pal and I motored to Nice, across the River Paillon to the old town Garibaldi loved, where little streets circle the picturesque Cours Saleya, reminiscent that Nice was once Italian. Dark-eyed, comely peasant women sell flowers, fruit and chickens under trees in the market.

Afternoon crowds the Promenade des Anglais, and palm-shaded tea gardens are filled with the smartest dressed women in Europe. Bands play as you lazily enjoy your favorite infusion, pastry and crystallized violets—*la spécialité de Nice*.

"Why not go to the park?" suggested Don.

A hill road led through pine groves and cypresses where an old château watches over gay-hearted Nice. Sunset touched the coast a vivid beauty, the Baie des Anges melting into an enchanted sea; gold—green—rose—purple—dancing breakers foaming like rainbows.

"The Château of the Savoyards is no more," sighed Lily, as we wandered through the beautiful park, where a ruin of Tour Bellanda visions ancient splendor, guarding the cypress-shaded cemetery where Garibaldi used to roam.

The easy atmosphere of *le dîner en plein air*, a masterpiece of French cooking from intriguing *bors-d'œuvres* to *bénédictine* and *café noir*! This is Nice in her most enchanting evening mood. This city of sunshine, carnival, capital of the gayest strip of coastline in the world, lulls you to happy hours, forgetting workaday problems. The Côte d'Azur dons her nightly garb and woos you with soft strains of sea music.

Glittering lights along fashionable esplanades led to the five-million-dollar Palais de la Méditerranée, pet of a New York millionaire. A fairyland for artist, gambler and beauty lover, who wander up wide marble staircases, adorned with priceless tapestries, into gaming rooms touched by Aladdin's lamp. Hidden orchestras added a haunting charm to gardens and terraces as we danced out under the stars.

It was almost break o'day; we skimmed along the coast to Cap Ferrat; a gray mist enveloped our château and gardens. "Villa of Sea Mists," whispered my Pal, as the car halted at Les Embruns and four sleepy but contented roysterers tiptoed in.

CASINOS AND CASINOS

La Grande Corniche! The sea-mountain route to Monte Carlo and beyond is part of the old Genoa road built by Napoleon. You glimpse the romantic village of Eze, a château-topped cliff that has been a lookout since the days of Saracen invasions a thousand years ago. History whispers of savage attacks by fierce tribes on Greek, Roman and Phœnician colonies along this coast. They came in hordes—Corsair pirates, Saracens, Turks, beaching ships and spreading trail of terror inland—thrilling escapades of Mediterranean sea-raiders in the once-upon-a-time.

Amid strains of music the mistress of Monte Carlo holds you with her spinning wheels, her promises and her "*Faites vos jeux!*" In sporting mood we were ready to try this temperamental goddess of luck, hurrying to the Casino entrance. Ah, here came two pretty girls in dainty chiffons and a young Spaniard from the Café de Paris; into a world of romance through swinging doors—the world meets here—while Monte Carlo thrives!

Lily and I quickly took a chance; revived by champagne cocktails at the Café de Paris. Little tables, grassy lawns, a breathing place to hope! hope! for better, or continued, luck, watch one's fellow beings, wondering!

"*Garçon, dépêchez-vous! Encore, champagne cocktails, s'il vous plaît!*"

Monte Carlo, stretching to the heights up the rugged promontory of Monaco. Living in the shadow of the world's most famous gambling house, its citizens and Casino employees are forbidden to play. For years *roulette* and *trente et quarante* tables have paid all taxes in

Monaco, though of late profits have not shown a satisfactory balance. (Where have they?) There is even a rumor that Monaco will be taxed in future. A sad state of affairs in merry Monte Carlo, when there are not enough visitors to pay the bills! Political disagreements, too, loom on the horizon and Prince Louis has assumed dictatorship.

"Did you hear about the mountain prophet, Jean Buvais?" asked Richard, breaking into my thoughts.

"Oh, this seer who calls unfortunate gamblers to a prayer retreat?"

"Yes, he's creating a stir among peasants; so successful forecasting, many believe every word to be inspired."

"I know," I broke in. "The latest rumor is that old Atlantis will rise again and swamp us with more difficulties! Mythical Atlantis, sunk centuries ago for its sins!"

A merry party drove through romance and legend, along the coast to Mentone, a charming town and tropical gem at the end of the beautiful Promenade du Midi. Carnivals, fêtes and the battle of flowers, pelted through every spring, attract visitors.

From the once-upon-a-time, mountain caves secrete relics of prehistoric man, skeletons of elephants, rhinoceros and reindeer. The Princes of Monaco have long been interested in the history of early Riviera dwellers, encouraging investigations. Look up these finds in the old Musée on the Place des Carmes, gaze from the heights to real marines and hills that call you back again to the Riviera and Maritime Alps!

A summer villa in Mentone, for dinner; a perfumed night, as Mediterranean tides sweep us gently into dreams of yesteryear.

A TROPICAL GROVE PICNIC

The blue sea, crooning endlessly on the rocks beneath Les Embruns, a caressing rhythm. Two small yachts, like great butterflies, flirted on the horizon. Peace and a continental breakfast reigned on my balcony, as thoughts drifted to the wordless beauty of this azure morning.

Into half-dreams voices came up from the rocky shore; Don and Richard reached the balcony.

"Hello, you two, I thought you were in bathing."

"Hours ago, dear somnolent lady," replied Don, "now we are off to Grasse. Emilie, Lily and George are waiting."

"In ten minutes, if you please!"

Tropical groves, olives, almonds, oranges, lemons greet us in the fertile valley toward Grasse, picturesquely situated on the slopes of the Roquevignon. Protected from cold winds, this is a winter resort for those who cannot abide the sea. A floral paradise, miles of mauve, rose, delicate blues and yellows. Scent incomparable—orange blossoms, roses sweep by—roses, roses, every variety, bushes, tall standards, rambling red and pink, too.

A feast indeed, amid idyllic surroundings! The picnic basket provided melon, cold chicken, salad, fresh black figs and almonds. We lingered over a bottle or two of Barsac, then into the town. A funicular joins the railroad station with the Place du Cours in the centre of Grasse, and a steep narrow motor road connects with the Promenade, commanding sweeping views of the Mediterranean Coast.

Come on cobble walks to the twelfth-century church with houses leaning toward each other in the older part

of the town. You find, too, up-to-date merchandise in windows of ancient shops with here and there a medieval tower. Perfumes from Grasse cross the seven seas to all climes and peoples. Visit one of these at Bruno-Court, a perfumery built in an old convent on the Rue des Cordeliers.

Pierre, our guide, told of the days of long ago, when gentle-faced nuns chanted through the convent. Imagine this important industry, of thirty-five huge perfumeries. Sixty thousand acres for flowers, flowers—they must happy be! Orange blossoms, two thousand five hundred tons a year, roses over two thousand tons! A trifle sad, these enormous crates of exquisite petals, torn ruthlessly apart for fragrant oils—your thoughts wander in scent from queen to beggar.

Pretty Provençal girls, waist-deep in rose petals, smiling through. From Grasse attar of roses ships its extravagant way, even to the Orient. Seven million roses a year choose this exotic essence, costing about two hundred and fifty dollars per pound!—miles of roses—perfume drop by drop! Nightingale-haunted gardens of the East and songs of an old Persian singer, through the spirit of attar of roses:

“And look—a thousand blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scattered into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.”

The homely pig, too, has its share in rare perfumes! Crates of flower petals are pressed in tanks of grease, more blossoms added month by month; then the crop is exhausted; alcohol added; the essence strained. Think

of it—Mother Nature's own heart and soul! We watched final processes for marketing; ribbon bows and leather caps protect.

"*Qu'est-ce que—?*" began Don, picking up one of the bottles.

"*C'est 'Madinette,' Monsieur,*" and the girl pulled out a glass stopper.

"Enchanting!" I decided. The perfume caught the French atmosphere of its title, in the black glass bottle was mystery.

"Rue de la Paix," laughed Don.

In another flower industry in Grasse, violets, roses and orange blossoms are crystallized, *bonbons délicieux*. Grasse's flowering valley, artistic, beautiful—flowers—flowers! Little wonder that the famous son of Grasse, Fragonard, eighteenth-century artist, inspires today!

Les Embruns, this evening of music in friendly atmosphere. *Au revoir!* We meet again, somewhere! Friends always pick up that thread—next morning my Pal and I furthered adventure along the sunlit roads of southern France.

GOLF AND THE SEA

Leisurely we drove to Cannes, discovered a century ago by Lord Brougham. Since 1831 the tiny fishing village has developed into a beautiful city, hotels, casinos and villas hidden through parks and gardens. Summer reigns all the year, sunshine, cooling sea breezes and semi-tropical growth tempting the visitor to while away days in matchless surroundings. Excellent golf courses challenge your skill; and world-famed tennis

courts, where our own champion, Helen Wills, met the brilliant and temperamental Suzanne!

Mont Chevalier. An old-world atmosphere still clings to the weather-beaten houses of Le Suquet district in Cannes, circling a ruined château, with an eleventh-century tower, overlooking the harbor. My Pal and I strolled through forgotten scenes along picturesque Quai St. Pierre, past low-ceilinged cafés redolent with the aroma of wine.

The visitor lingers over wine, watching the sun climb the misty Esterel hills. Musing on this peaceful vista, thoughts drift to Golfe Juan, where Napoleon landed for his final struggle for France at Waterloo. In the Allées de la Liberté, old trees shelter flower markets. Fresh-cut flowers are carefully packed each day for Paris and London.

The romantic Îles de Lerins jut out off Cannes; you explore old ruins half-hidden in pine woods. Prisoners have been held here, the famous "Man in the Iron Mask," whom some believed to be a French prince. For eleven years he was confined on beautiful Île Ste.-Marguerite; Louis XIV at last grew weary and into the Bastille went another heir to the throne.

On St.-Honorat ruins from the fourth century interest the traveler. A monastic settlement flourished here; St. Honoratus giving his name to the island in 410, founded the Abbaye de Lerins, where Cistercian monks to this day follow his teachings. I visioned brothers hurrying hither from field and cloister, pattering by on sandaled feet, when the first warning of a Corsair raid reached the Abbaye.

Away with dreams! A glass of *vin du pays* at St.

Honorat's one café ere the approaching steamer carries us back to the mainland.

The Corniche de l'Esterel to San Raphael through hills covered with pine woods, untouched save for an occasional village; the blue, blue sea, vivid! intense, like liquid sapphires!

The harbor of San Raphael on the Golfe de Fréjus. We wandered down the roads of history to an ancient church where fisherfolk of old took refuge from Saracen pirates. A young general landed here in the flush of victory after a glorious campaign in Egypt. Fifteen years later, Napoleon left San Raphael for weary banishment on Elba. A simple fishing village—nature's tense drama!

Stroll down these old streets to a magnolia-scented garden. Dream awhile here. You will catch strains of sweetest love songs; here Gounod wove inspired melodies into the story of Romeo and Juliet—how could he help it! Oleanders add beauty to the coast, blossoming in bunches of rose and cream. Everywhere you are greeted by nature's color, exquisitely blended by incomparable Riviera genius. We turn from these sea jewels toward a green outline of hills and away into romance and La Provence!

CHAPTER VIII

LA PROVENCE; THE WAY OF THE SINGING TROUBADOURS

THE green Argens valley trails old troubadours to thirteenth-century France; the golden countryside changes little with years; more villages perhaps, the same fragrance, as you motor under blue hills, touched to silver in a grove of olive trees.

Old Provence, land of happy memories! A singing troubadour rides slowly over the crest of a distant hill—to which medieval fête—we wonder? Follow this golden-throated minstrel mayhap to an ancient castle with gray, rounded towers. A lady awaits her troubadour lover, who sings her beauty. Mingle in legend and history, unravel delicate threads time has wrought in this lovely land of Southern France. Dream awhile in the courtyard of an old inn, as sunlight sifts through plane trees.

My Pal and I lingered over *déjeuner* in the little town of Brignoles, where the Counts of Provence used to spend the summer. Our ride had been a hot one and we welcomed this hour of relaxation. Mushrooms and truffles added flavor to baked pheasant, while wine from the sunny Côte du Rhone caressed our palates, as true worshipers of Bacchus.

M. Bertrand, *le propriétaire*, expressed in his eyes the

romantic spirit of old-world Provence, and over *café noir* he invoked our keen interest in troubadour heroes whose fame first sounded in the eleventh century. Guilhem de Caliestrauh, Bernard de Ventadour—versatile warriors, poets, lovers of medieval France! A thousand tales tell their prowess. Taillifer sang battle songs as he brandished the sword of William the Norman. Troubadours, of gentle birth, fashionable court favorites, sometimes, too, men of lesser rank, expressed the spirit of troubadour brotherhood. With minstrelsy and love-making, eager in battle, they walked warily through intrigue and rivalry, ready to face death rather than allow a breath of scandal to touch a lady's name.

M. Bertrand brought his own special liqueur and together we toasted medieval Provence! "*Au revoir, au revoir!*"

Through sunny fields, along winding roads, remnants of old civilizations spring to light in unforgettable pictures. Phoenician, Roman, Visigoth, Christian, each influenced learning in the Provence. Stupendous Roman walls and bridges live through the centuries; a verse, hidden in a village proverb, even the profile of a passing peasant face stories forgotten culture.

A party of horsewomen galloped by, as we left the little town of St. Maximin, following the River Arc. Backward through the years, we saw fair young travelers, velvet skirts sweeping the ground. To sounds of ringing laughter, each lady tossed from gauntleted wrist a falcon. Ladies and squires, kings and men of valor, haunt the hilly roads of southern France, riding over old bridges out to lost cities. Knights on adventure bent, the rays of the setting sun glancing their armor! A wonderful sun-

set of opal and jade conjures up countless pictures, now lighting old-world Avignon.

PONT D'AVIGNON

Past a triple arch, work of a Roman general, marvelously preserved through the years, near Avignon. In the sunset miles of ocher-colored walls glow like some fabled city of the East. Long shadows touch crenelated heights and thirty-nine towers rear proudly. Since these ramparts were built in the fourteenth century, old outworks and moats have disappeared, some walls been cut down, for Avignon, a medieval city, had to expand.

Gazing on the famous twelfth-century bridge of St.-Bénézet, or the Pont d'Avignon, we recaptured school days and trod old-world measures. Immortal Pont d'Avignon! Children of every nation sing for "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon, l'on y danse tout en rond!*" Four of the original eighteen piles are left, on one the double-storied chapel of St.-Bénézet broods over the Rhone.

The Dominion Hotel welcomed us. On the terrace groups of visitors, sipping apéritifs in the early evening.

"Hello, hello!" called an old friend, hands outstretched in greeting—Hélène, a gifted artist, whom Paris applauded in her songs of medieval France. With clever sense of interpretation, her sure sweet tones dreamed back centuries, as she found in archives and missals minstrel lays of yore.

"*A votre santé!*"

"*Et la votre!!*" In Châteauneuf du Pape, a delicious Rhone wine, diners greeted neighbors.

From Avignon's progressive atmosphere of modern

hotel and town, we muse on the history of this Provençal capital. Under Rome, Avignon thrived as a Gallic centre. Its dominion during seven powerful Popes, Clement V to Gregory XI in the fourteenth century, was an extravagant one. This religious centre attracted artists and sculptors. Frederic Mistral! The very name conjures up wonders of old Provençal literature. Under the spell of his enthusiasm, there has been a revival in the ancient language of Provence, the *Langue d'Oc*, the Félibrige Society awakening a wide interest in legends, poems and old customs.

Along rampart-shaded boulevards we wander through Avignon, built at the foot of the Rocher des Doms, towering two hundred feet above the Rhone. A high plateau tops the rock with a beautiful promenade behind the Cathedral. Here townsfolk throng on summer evenings to enjoy the panorama of blue Rhone and distant Cevennes hills. We found the bronze statue of a Persian, who gained fame and wealth in Provence by introducing madder dye, for centuries used to tint the scarlet trousers of the French Army!

THE POPES OF FRANCE

High on the plateau, the Palais des Papes, medieval fortress guarding highways to the Mediterranean. Stand in the shadow of giant walls, thirteen feet thick, dream down the dusty byways of history. One pope after another added battlements and towers, until the palace was a mighty stronghold. The great Clement VI added the beautiful façade, the Salle de l'Audience and the Tour St. Laurent.

French popes lost and the Palais, their glory, reverted to barracks. Avignon, awakened to the import of relics from past ages, has restored lost splendor. You wander through old salons, decorated with sumptuous frescoes and fine Italian carving. Lives of luxury and comfort amid exquisite surroundings was meted the medieval popes of Avignon! Beautiful indeed is the vision of the Palais at sunset from the opposite shore of the river.

One evening we drove along the ramparts to the Pont Suspendu that crosses the Rhone to Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, making our way slowly by the old walls where gypsies have camped. Women cooking supper over open fires, a gypsy couple singing Romany songs near. One minstrel wooing the night and his lady, with haunting accordion strains, while ragged children scuttled away as two soldiers marched briskly down the Rue du Rampart! All seemed old, a relic of peoples gone—gone.

The old Porte de l'Oulle once welcomed armies; now the new bridge carries us to a small country inn. We dreamed across the river to Avignon! A toast to the Popes and their old Palais, now dying in the golden sunset! A wonderful sight as the last rays fall across towers and massive walls, reflecting all in the river! The ancient Pont d'Avignon crumbles perfect circles in the shadows. Capture for a moment the spirits that haunt the walls of ancient Avignon!

VISIONS AND RAMPARTS

Historic Nîmes by moonlight!

My Pal and I joined the party of two young American couples met at the Dominion, to vision historic

Nîmes by moonlight. Leaving behind the Rhone hills, we romanced, inspired by a glorious night, the fascinating countryside and, maybe, the *vin à la maison* of a wayside inn.

"I have a true legend about this Rhone valley," I ventured.

"Spun out of clouds?" they asked.

"No, quite true," I said, "about an old hermit of the Rhone hills.

"When the Romans staged their nightly entertainments in the arena of Nîmes, one poor Christian escaping the lion's jaw hid himself in these hills. He dared not live near the river for fear of capture, so he wandered the woods and grew extremely hungry."

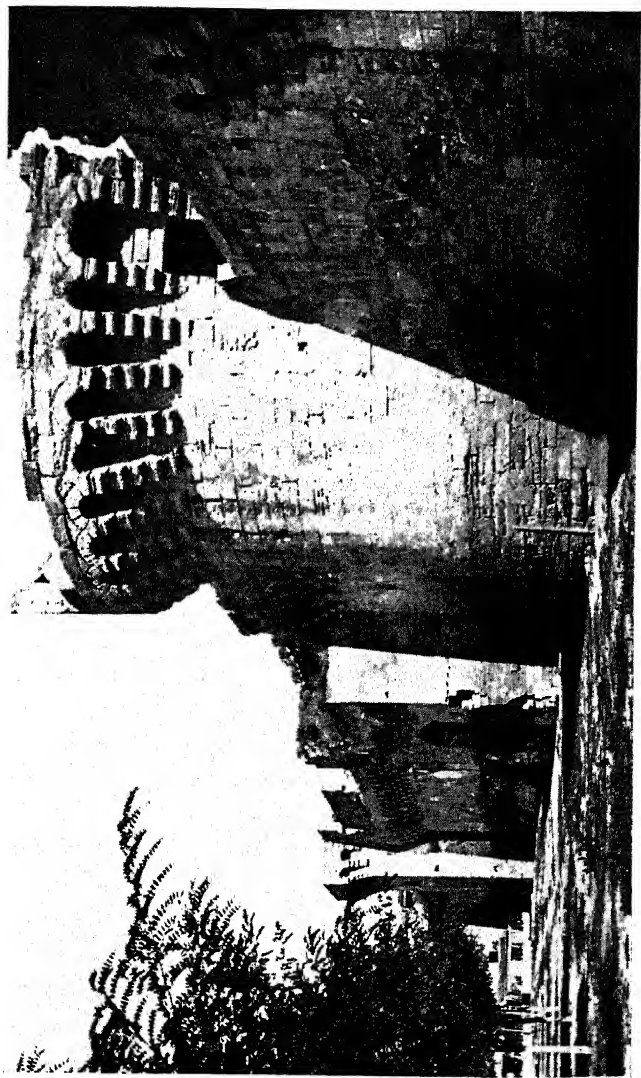
"H'm, a good start!" interrupted my Pal.

"Hush!"

"And it came to pass," I continued, "that a pack of wolves and lions chanced by the hermit and prostrated themselves. Listening to his tale they ran to a neighboring village, coming back with food for the starving Christian. Morning came, the sun rose high; he was parched with thirst and began to pray and pray!

"That night the hillside was miraculously planted with vines bearing luscious grapes. The hermit was thirsty and hungry no more! Since when Côte du Rhone wines are among the best in France," I added.

The old Roman town set us dreaming. A moon slowly pierced gray clouds, flooding the valley and river with silvery light, etching hills against a sky of deepest indigo. In this world of enchantment we came upon the ancient Arena of Nîmes, massive walls, double-storied, gleaming arches.



Historic Crenelated Walls of Avignon

A soft bugle note shivers the air. Are these ghosts pouring through gateways into the vast amphitheatre? Silently, togaed men fill rows of stone benches. Below spectators in sumptuous garments, above plebeians and slaves. Conversation murmurs through the centuries, as we gaze upon a superb spectacle. The air echoes cheering of thousands; daring gladiators prove their skill, wrestling, running, racing—dust flies in the Arena as chariots speed by. Piteous cries mark the entrance of hapless prisoners, as crowds shout, louder and louder, down the years! But—this night, Avignon-bound—we really think of the peasant families we almost trod upon, fast asleep, tenting on the ground of the old Arena.

Nîmes in the light of day and the Arena! Where bull-fights and dramatic performances are staged today. We explored the wonderful old amphitheatre, with a hundred and twenty-four exits, wandering down gigantic passageways of huge stone blocks, eighteen feet long. Marvel at the skill of old designers, who planned a colosseum that could be emptied of twenty thousand spectators in a very few minutes!

After Roman occupation, the Nîmes Arena became a fortress, later a peasant settlement with three hundred little homes; then Napoleon removed all this and restored the amphitheatre to its one-time nobility. Twenty-five B. C. a Roman bath brought fame to Nîmes, the springs still feed park fountains by the old Temple of Diana, where Romans bowed to pagan deities and nymphs.

Music, the afternoon concert band follows while you wander through the parks, past foundations of houses two thousand years old!

A PERFECT ROMAN COLONNADE

The Maison Carée centred the old Roman forum. Delicately sculptured friezes, perfect Corinthian columns, a temple in the style of the Parthenon. Through old rooms, musing over the changes of this temple to a Christian church, a warehouse, a stable, now a museum of cherished antiques.

Ghosts hover over southern France, none more powerful than the Roman conquerors, whose mighty achievements have kept the world a-wondering ever since. At a bend in the valley above Nîmes stands perhaps the greatest feat of engineering ever built—the ancient Pont du Gard. Twenty years B. C. the Emperor Marcus Agrippa ordered his men to bring water to Nîmes from springs twenty-five miles away. These mighty conduits of solid masonry, a gigantic framework of triple arches, cross the Gard.

The Pont du Gard has withstood ravages of twenty centuries and will, I dare say, live into eternity. Climb to the top, study the architecture; now gaze back from the river valley—that stupendous aqueduct where eternal blue skies color, through triple arches, masses bright in the sun over hills and river.

We noted a touring car at a little inn in Remoulins, where we halted at tea time on our way; there, under the trees, a party of New York friends making for Avignon! At dinner that night on the terrace of the Dominion, the traveling threads of fellow wanderers were tied over liqueurs and cigarettes. Dorothy and James decided to follow on our trail; then they too drank deep of Roman influence in the Provence. List now to other tales of old:

ARLES—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Follow the Rhone with us from Avignon almost to the sea. A magic quality in the air of La Provence! Along excellent roads, one with the sunshine and happy mood of carefree wandering, to Arles—"Gallic Rome"—here plans bold, of Julius Cæsar and Constantine, changed the history of the world.

The harbor where Cæsar built his conqueror's fleet! Men of Arles still fashion boats here. This great Roman had dreams of a magnificent capital; Constantine, too, determined to make Arles first in Roman colonies. To Constantine's palace came St. Hélène, his prophetic mother, whose inspired dreams located the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We, too, muse among ancient treasures, old Roman baths and bits of pavement, excavated from the dust of centuries.

Arles, always known for the beauty of its women! We discover in the cobbled market a comely, laughing group, balancing baskets on their heads. Lustrous eyes, grace and traditional classic beauty from Italian, Roman, Spanish, Greek and French ancestors inspired the composer Bizet's ravishing tone poem, "L'Arlesienne."

In the ancient Arena, one of the largest in France, twenty-six thousand spectators still applaud the prowess of Provençal matadors. Here we met two elderly brothers we had known, one a professor of ancient history in one of our own western universities. A welcome, unexpected encounter; we sat in seats occupied in the long ago by lordly Romans and relived fascinating history and romance.

Occasional performances of the classics are given even to this day in the ancient Roman theatre. Since the fifth

century the beauty of this theatre has been despoiled, pillars and sculpture, columns of rare workmanship, taken for churches, etc. A perfect colonnade that once rose upon this stage is no more. A prize, too, the Venus of Arles, may be seen in the Louvre!

"Have you been to the Champs-Élysées yet?" asked the Professor, bending quizzical gaze on me.

"Not in Arles," I replied.

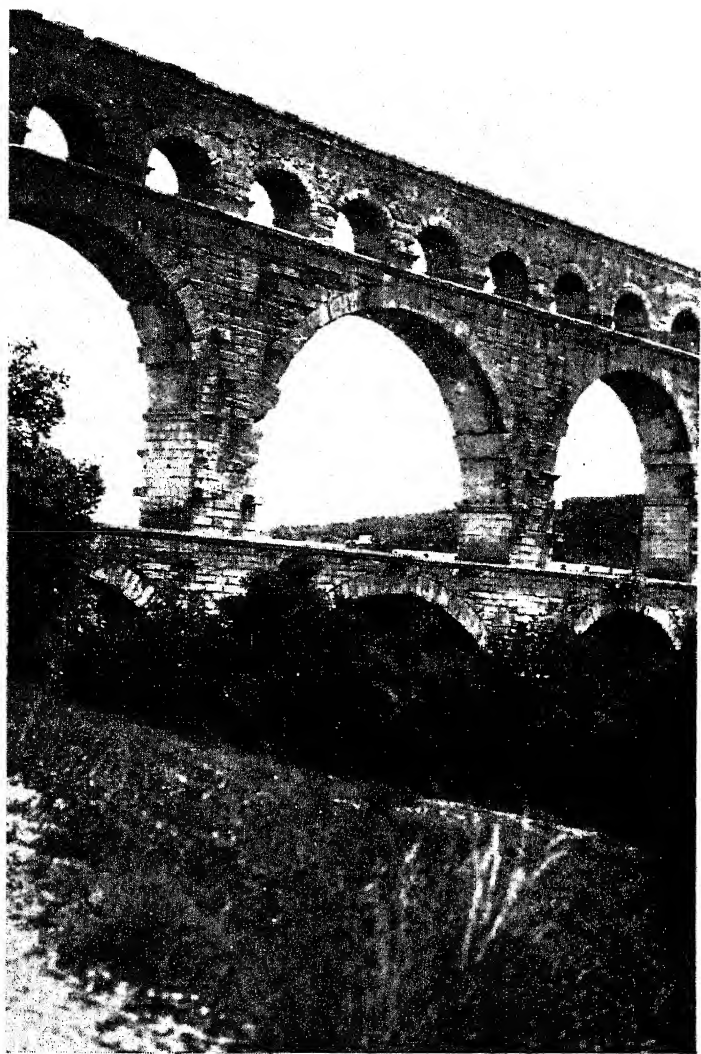
Grasping my Pal by the arm, down winding streets he sauntered to an old cemetery. Here a saint of the early church, Trophimus, came with St. Paul on his wanderings. Arles Cathedral is dedicated to St. Trophimus; and here too, Barbarossa was crowned and important medieval ceremonies took place. From ancient sculptured galleries built about an old court, we wandered into the quiet of the cloisters and gardens.

"Arles seems favored through the ages," said my Pal. "Strange how you sense it in these old streets; through and from them came Frédéric Mistral, a great poet singer of our day."

He died in Arles in 1914; his memory is sacred.

Mistral's poems are filled with the fire and beauty of the Provence. With the Nobel Prize money awarded Mistral in 1904, he restored the ancient Palais de Laval in Arles for his collection of Provençal relics. In the Palais Musée you wander through the Provence, Roman relics, Christian sarcophagi, costumes and industries of medieval days, found in quaint corners by the poet. The Mistral room with priceless manuscripts and pictures; a tiny cradle, too, used they say by this beloved Provençal. Poet's musings disclose shadowy vistas through which you glimpse the picture of this romantic soul.

One idyllic Provençal tragedy of Mistral's unfolds the



Roman Viaduct near Nîmes—South of France

tale of Mireille, unhappily separated from her lover, a penniless country boy. Despairing, she wanders through the valleys of La Provence, seeking consolation, too late, at the old Church of the Trois-Maries. Mistral poetically dreams the imaginary death vista, seen by the dying Mireille:

"This is not death! I drift upon a sea
 where every wave is a shining ecstasy,
Light upon Light, a dream of luminous rays—
 —upon such radiant ways
Might angels walk into the realms above—
 —'tis music too;
With every wave anew
 comes slow sweet melody, ah! this I know,
Into new life I go
 borne by this singing, radiant flow
Of mystic water bearing me
 into new joy—Infinity!—"

An open air concert in the Jardin de la Ville, well-known airs drifting pleasantly through the trees, as glow of evening falls gently on the old Roman city.

LES TROIS MARIES

Next morning motoring along the country road; gypsy echoes around a turn. A large band led by a swarthy-faced giant clad in faded velvet with torn béret, beating a loud tattoo on an old drum; they march singing on their way to the sea-road and Saintes-Maries, where an old fortress church drowns by the Mediterranean.

Follow the gypsies to the little town named after three sacred Marys who visited this spot, ages ago, from the

Holy Land. Watch the unfolding of an old Hebrew story. Mary Magdalene, Mary, mother of James and Mary of Bethany set sail along the Mediterranean. With them St. Maximinus and the brother of Mary of Bethany. Stay, if legends be true, this is Lazarus, destined to preach Christianity in Marseilles! A black servant, too, Sarah, she whom the gypsies of Provence honor.

Dream winds of mythology sweep the Mediterranean, piloting the saints in their frail craft, landing finally on the golden beaches of the Provençal coast. As they walk inland a fountain of pure water gushes forth and here the tenth century saw a church built around this fountain, with battlements and towers. Pilgrimages fill the church with thousands of visitors several times a year. The crypt is the gypsy mecca, where they stand in reverence before the tomb of their black Sarah!

Through centuries the people of Provence wove legends about their beloved Saintes-Maries and their romantic wanderings. Near Salon, on the road from Arles, we found two slabs of rock that have lain against the hillside since Time. Peasants call them "*Trenzaie*" (Three Maries) believing they played a part in the mythical lives of the saints.

Now vision this legend of the votive altar of a Roman general, Marius, encamped with his legions. Look! Out strides Marius to the altar. A short distance back, in long white cloaks and goatskin sandals, are two women, lost in thought. One is Julia, the beautiful young wife of the general. The other, Martha the Prophetess! In a lonely cavern in the hills she searches past and future through the centuries. The waiting Roman legions tell their own story in the Provence.

Stone pines, bending before the storms of centuries,

line the roads where Dante used to wander. There is no end to romancing along these highways of Provence; we go slowly through this country loved by poets and halt near Fontvieille at the old mill where Alphonse Daudet wrote his "Lettres de mon Moulin."

Romantic Provence! A sunset, caught for an unforgettable hour, rolling over the hills in a glory of rose and jade; or an early mist swept along the valleys by a rising sun. Nothing can steal these from your wanderings, when names and places are long since forgotten. They will be the glowing background to thoughts, inspired by a line of song from the lips of a troubadour singer, teasing memory with haunting insistence. A breath from dim, legendary chambers, forgotten rhymes, fill you with sweet longing, for you have grown to love Provence, weaving into sunny days historic patterns, embroidered with the colors of mythology. You feel this is still the land of the troubadours!

Inhale the fragrance of gardens in passing. A pleasing landscape of hill and valley, the waters of the distant Rhone shining silvery and ribbon-like in the sun. We had been musing on the Roman occupancy of the section, and marveling at the splendid state of preservation of the many monuments of Roman art and culture still of stupendous interest, when about twelve miles out from Arles we greeted a strange sight.

COURTS OF LOVE—LES BAUX

It seemed to us that an island of rock was rising sheer from a green sea of olive, mulberry and peach orchards, to stand frowning in the midst of a sunny valley. A nearer approach disclosed the old and almost deserted

town of Les Baux. Here in the days when knighthood was in flower, hundreds of men, concealed in the sharp rock crevices guarded the singing seigneurs and gentlemen of Les Baux. These with their lovely ladies graced an isolated Court of Love.

How easy as we gazed up the rocky hillside to people crumbling ruins with toiling peasants, bearing in their hands, on their shoulders and heads, huge wicker baskets of pigeons. For the lords of Les Baux received payment in these birds from their peasant tenants. Thousands of hollows in the walls mark the homes of pigeons, who died with the passing of the Grand Seigneur from the sunny land of La Provence.

Children clambered up the rocks before us, hiding in the shadows of deserted streets, like flitting ghosts from time long sped. Up here we found a hoary relic, ancient even when Les Baux was the thirteenth-century capital of the most powerful barons of Provence, with seventy-nine towns and castles among their possessions—an old Roman wine-press, cut out of the rock, still braves the years. It will probably live on through endless cycles in this little town.

Today only a handful of peasants make their home in the quaint dwellings hewn out of the high, limestone rocks, wresting a wretched existence, farming and working in quarries near Les Baux. From these are taken quantities of Bauxite, that reddish rock from which aluminum is made, and which takes its name from Les Baux. How interesting and romantic these ruins! One ponders, thinking of Les Baux and its one-time five to six thousand inhabitants. Today less than sixty persons climb its streets, each year taking toll.

There are not likely to be newcomers. Not a sprig

of vegetation nor a blade of grass graces this rock fastness, no woods nor bushes. In its austere rock-ruin grimness, it has a forbidding welcome. Not even water, excepting that gathered from rains—almost dead, it yet lives—and has lived a long, long time. In those same caves primitive man has left his mark. Many of the crude fireplaces, windows and chimneys were shaped by hands of prehistoric man. Greek and Roman pottery have been found, left by Marius, who marched that way to subjugate Jugurtha. The troubadours of Les Baux themselves claimed a line of descent from King Balthasar, one of the Wise Men from the East, who followed the Star to Bethlehem. For this ancestral tradition we find a star on the crest of Les Baux. It is related in troubadour songs how, when Lady Alix lay dying, a sixteen-ray star shone down upon her through the ceiling of her chamber, disappearing gradually as she, the last of the line, faded into death!

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

Peer cautiously with us through the centuries—parting the woven and embroidered curtains of a medieval tapestry to look upon a rare scene. Gently and softly, draw them aside—noiselessly—not to disturb the gowns of the gentle ladies who are assembled in state under a patriarchal tree. Their gallants hover anxiously in the background. They have cast their lot awaiting decision—for although these are no bewigged judges, although there are no quill pens poised in the air, no black gowns nor yet square hats—this is a tribunal!

Judgment is pronounced in flutelike tones from soft, red lips, but it is none the less inexorable. A weighty

question is before this court and it is doubtful if an ultimatum can be reached before sundown. Breezes rustle and whisper and sigh and the silken damosels put their delicate white fingers to their brows and shake their pretty coiffed heads. Their leader and chief, the stately, beautiful Countess of Champagne, seated on a raised dais, listens intently and thinks long before she allows her silvery voice to announce decision.

The important and burning question is: If a lady listens to one admirer—presses the hand of another—touches with her toe the foot of a third—which of these three is the favored suitor? This is in the Middle Ages and in the Provençal—and here, a Court of Love. The matter in hand is one requiring delicate handling and adjusting, capable of arousing much anguish among the lords and ladies of the time and country.

The Court of Love, an ingenious and suggestive phrase, well calculated to pique curiosity. Who founded it; where did it exist, and for how long did it exert its influence, shedding its peculiar exotic fragrance upon society?

From old records it has been gleaned that in medieval France, during the Crusades, say from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, such courts did flourish, especially in Provence, at Tarascon, Romain and Avignon. They were founded by noble ladies, illustrious for their high birth and brilliant talents. Among the prominent was she who was called the Sappho of the Middle Ages, Countess of Die. There was also Laura de Sade, celebrated by Petrarch, and Queen Eleanor of Guienne, who rose to greatest fame through the indomitable personality of her daughter, Marie de Fauce, Countess of Champagne.

These dainty, flowery courts held sway over all questions of chivalry and gallantry and at all times wielded an iron hand covered with a velvet glove. These were the days of the impassioned troubadours, when each sought to immortalize his proceedings in beautiful verse. These songs of the lordly minstrels, as well as their wooings, were subject to inflexible decisions. Subtle institutions, these Courts of Love, transcending conventional morality, for their basis was on the principle of troubadour etiquette—ultimate *joi*—the Provençal word for free-love, which originated under the glorious, warm, sunny skies of the Provence, and manifested itself by an impulsive disposition of the soul.

NOBLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

It seemed like a draught of perpetual enthusiasm, forever bubbling over, offering itself upon a self-created altar of devotion, an ingenious loop-hole for escaping marriage, which latter convention had been reduced to terms of gross necessity, and into whose dismal atmosphere the singing troubadour never thrust his voice! A woman could only feel her significance when she offered a free gift or a favor. However acceptable her company might be to her husband, this was only his due, and therefore proved no variety nor excitement. My lady preferred fiery wine, to be tossed off at a draught.

Just prior to these days of the troubadours, men were haughty and had been exploited as "Ironsides," "Wolf," "Hammer" and "Devil." Now all had only one ambition, one thought—to be distinguished as a gentleman. One had to be recognized as a noble in these affairs of the heart! These were not like the ultra-marital relationships of today. Free-love, delightfully regulated and

formal, took on the guise of correct living and beauty. A quick judgment, for the domestic tyrant or disagreeable neighbor, might almost sanction such a tribunal in any age and the social system, which delighted in such independence, was naturally the one to devise and foster the Court of Love.

A royal chaplain, by name André, drew up a code of thirty-one articles, called "*De Arte Amatoria et Reprobations Amoris*," which although they legalized gallantry, insisted on unswerving fidelity to a single lover.

Once, during the sway of the Countess of Champagne and her court, a lover, already engaged, abandoned his mistress to sue for another. When after a few days they quarreled, he would have returned to his former love. But the judging countess like an avenging angel said, "Let the wretch be condemned to lose both sweethearts and from henceforth let no honorable woman listen to him. He is possessed of an ungovernable will, which is the enemy of true love." The countess also believed in moderation and discouraged extravagance in love. She even had the temerity to regulate the nature of presents which might pass between lovers, declaring they be limited to "rings, gloves, ribbons and trifles."

MEDIEVAL COURTS OF LOVE

A dame of Avignon, unfortunate and greedy, accused of taking a trinket too costly, was ignominiously expelled from the town. We do not know, however, that the Countess of Champagne gave judgment in the historical case of La Belle Paule.

At Toulouse there lived a lady. She was called La

Belle Paule. Her beauty was amazingly golden, and admiring fellow citizens haunted her in crowds. Occupation was scattered to the four winds on the instant of her appearance. Trades people exhibited their wares, preachers exerted oratorical influence in vain, and the beaux came out in droves, as the whole town paid its homage to La Belle Paule. Finally, weary of so much attention, she confined herself to her own house. Immediately, so the tales run, the gentlemen began to pine, growing meager, wan and wistful as ghosts, until the entire townsfolk looked and felt ill. Individuals, sometime favored and now deprived of hope, gently lay down and died of "*les angoisses de leur regret*"—

Then the distracted governing body of Toulouse, compelled to do something, resorted to the nearest Court of Love. Mayhap it was the Countess, whose good feminine sense forbade her to veil so exquisite a picture. In any case, it was decreed that La Belle Paule should appear at her window for a daily half-hour session, so that her enamored townsfolk could drink deep of her beauty! Can it be that this same exquisite lady was the inspiration of Folquet of Marseilles, Bishop of Toulouse, who exclaimed, "Love—thou wouldst ruin all the world. How can my heart contain so vast a thing? It is like a great town reflected from a small mirror!"

The simile holds good for the Court of Love, which also was like a great town reflected from a small mirror, a most delicious conception. At times this august gathering would include only wives and daughters of insignificant squires and again it might be composed of the most brilliant women of the age, with always a prominent man for its presiding officer. Although held successively in the town halls or within castle walls, we like to think

of the summer-time meetings under the trees! There is a picture so brightly painted that we can hear the soft voices of the fair judges, see the flutter of their trailing skirts and smell the jasmine in their wavy hair.

No secret society ever had more coy nor more long drawn out initiation rites. There were four degrees before the fond and suffering lover won his case. The first was called "Hesitating" on both sides, the second "Praying" on the part of the gentleman, the third "Listening" for the lady. The fourth was "*Druderie*" or undisguised "Gallantry." When the lady consented to enter the last degree, she granted her swain his very first kiss, on her neck. This was equivalent to a marriage ceremony, from which there could be no withdrawal forever after.

THE FATE OF THE CASTLE

We'll close the tapestry curtains for a space, as we climb up to the castle of Les Baux, with its natural rock towers rising upwards of a hundred feet, cut out of the limestone rock—cut rock and natural rock so intermingled in the chambers, vaults, mangers, vast halls and staircases that it is with difficulty man's work is distinguished from that of nature. Part of the structure dates from the eleventh century. Hovering close around the base of the castle, ready to fly to its rescue in troublous times, was a little city of wealthy and prosperous people. Shortly after the castle had been blown to bits by the order of Richelieu, the people of Arles, filled with Republican ardor against the high-handed aristocrats of Les Baux (The Summits), sacked the city.

Now the doors of once exclusive houses stand forever open, shutters are gone, stairs and roofs have fallen in, but the carved façades still bear witness to the glory which was here in the Middle Ages. There are about two hundred of these houses, set along three or four steep, narrow streets, which mount straight up the rock without sidewalk, ditch or ruts, simply long, smooth, narrow slopes of rock.

A SWEET, SEQUESTERED PLACE

At the end of one of these lanes is the little old church of St. Stephen's. What a sweet, sequestered place! How soothing the atmosphere and how intensely holy! What this must mean to the few who will not leave and still cling to the Rock City! The simple, rich tomb of the princess—the old floors and windows—ah, well—this is one of the real spots in a traveler's life—remain long in the memory. We lingered and dreamt of the ruined city's past, for under the altar of St. Stephen's lies buried one of the Les Baux's fairest, clad only in her golden hair.

This lovely creature was the heroine of Frédéric Mistral's poem, "Cabelladero d'Or." Mistral himself has carved his name in the stone beside the church door. The great Provençal poet is well known and loved around Les Baux. This cluster of interesting ruins has been visited by many famous men and it is credited that Alexander Dumas took a little wooden image from old St. Stephen's. Rumor also has a tale of an inspiration for Dante and his "Inferno" from the rugged scenery, and certain it is, as one looks down into the abyss from the summit to the fierce effect of the

boulders, fifty and sixty feet high, that the name of "Vallée d'Enfer" is most appropriate.

The troubadours sang a sweet tale of a lovely Princess of Les Baux—for here in these Inferno depths was the story ended of Tricolinne Carbonnelle, the Princess of the Citadel of Les Baux. She was loved by Guilhem de Cabestan, who came as a serving man to her husband's castle. This jealous knight, Raymond de Seillans, discovering the affair, killed Guilhem, cut out his heart, and served it to his wife that night as venison. The poor, unfortunate princess, when asked how she liked it and apprized of the truth, replied: "I have found this morsel so exquisite that, lest I should lose the taste of it, I swear I will never again eat any other." She then sprang up the battlements of the castle and cast herself into the abyss below.

LES COMTES DES BEAUX

Come back through the years—again part medieval tapestry curtains, and see Les Baux's Court of Love, for here it is that Jeanne des Baux, Phanette de Gautelair, Berard des Baux, Alix and Claviette and many more will live forever in history through the songs of the troubadours. In Browning's "Sordello" the story is based on lives of Berard des Baux and Rambaud des Baux. There still stands the ruin of a little summer-house, delicately carved, which was one of the four which cornered a garden of a Lord of Les Baux. Here he was wont to sit and read his verses to his beautiful wife, while courtiers hovered about, ready with flattery and smiles. Life did not always run smooth, as we know, at Les Baux. One of the seigneurs, William des Baux, for example,

was flayed alive and his body cut into pieces by the Albigenes. There is in Les Baux today a window which bears the inscription "Post Tenebras Lux, 1571," a mute reminder of the horror and heroism which marked the days of the Albigenian Huguenots.

The Court of Love, Les Baux, that stupendously interesting pile of medieval ruins—we glean a bit of normal light from it all, for while the tenets prescribed that love between man and wife could not exist, it provided that it was still possible for a husband to become the accepted gallant of his wife!

Away we whisked in a motor; the peasants were gathering crops of grain, the peaceful valleys and beautiful country told naught but contentment to inquiring minds, while the stuff that dreams are made of clings in our thoughts—around the Rock Island of Les Baux. Adieu! Adieu!

WINE IN MONTPELLIER

Montpellier! Shades of schoolday geographies, such names sent thoughts dancing the highways of romantic travel. Montpelier, capital of Vermont! Had the early settlers in this corner of New England traveled from their own Languedoc? Did the name of their state bring visions of sun-swept southern France?

Linked with our own shores are the grape terraced hills and dales through which we pass. In the nineteenth century a devastating plague of vine parasites destroyed all vineyards of the fruitful, sweet-flavored muscatel grapes. The director of the Jardin des Plantes in Montpellier sent to America for new vines, which quickly yielded rich crops, as the grape vine is literally the staff

of life along this part of the Mediterranean coast. French Burbanks for centuries have perfected horticultural science in the botanical gardens of Montpellier, oldest in France, founded by the brilliant King of Navarre, Henri IV—then gazing into thrilling vistas of medieval France and the wine industry of Montpellier!

Along the old Boulevard Henri-IV, you almost believe the old legend, relating to the last flower in gardens of earthly paradise. Once in every lifetime, so the story goes, The Gardener allows a faint breath of perfume from the mysterious flower to escape, so men may sense for a second immortal fragrance!

A glass of *vin du pays*; dreaming under the trees in the old square—Montpellier for the moment forgotten, while my Pal pulls a bundle of mail from his touring-coat pocket. A restful interlude, broken only by the rustling of newspaper pages, the welcome Paris Herald.

"H'm, Montpellier!"

I look up. "What about Montpellier?"

"Listen to this. 'We have a celebrated colorature soprano coming to New York from the south coast of France. Born in Cannes, she has sung with great success in Montpellier,' perhaps in the theatre over there (and he nodded across the square) 'and many other important cities.'"

"That's interesting. What is her name?"

"Lily Pons, from accounts a charming personality, too."

Montpellier and the romantic Provence! We are sure she will create a sensation when she arrives in America. "Maybe her beautiful voice is a precious heritage from a troubadour ancestor," I mused aloud, "one of the singing poet minstrels!"

My Pal smiled and together we strolled toward the Tour des Pins, part of old ramparts that have scented pine air to Montpellier for ages; old boulevards where we picked out history in ancient Provençal inscriptions. The tree-lined Peyrou, seventeenth-century promenade with huge gates flanked by mythical bronzes, sirens and guardians of the underworld and atop the reservoir of Château d'Eau you gaze, where winds blow from the distant Cévennes to the blue Golfe du Lion, rolling waves of misty blue-green shadow vision snow-capped peaks of the Pyrénées. History shaded a thousand poetic tales, passed from one singing knight to another, down the ladder of centuries.

In Montpellier University, founded in 1289, Petrarch studied law and medicine. The old Institut de Physique, grown out of an ancient medieval monastery; many famous scientists came to Montpellier for study in the still atmosphere of the University Library of priceless volumes—an old Horace of the ninth century, a Virgil of the tenth and a precious old atlas, painted on vellum, flash one back to the days when quiet-faced monks bent low over illuminated scrolls.

In a patter of rain, Montpellier behind us on the way seaward; haze-blurred sloping fields. Everywhere were peasants bending low, while a mist of slanting rain turned the whole scene into a lovely old Japanese print, lacking only the sacred Fuji to complete illusion.

An old stone farmhouse with mossy walls, tiny village, cobbled market square and a unique red-roofed inn. You've seen them often—always new. Thirsty and hungry we pulled up for *déjeuner*. We made our way through the court to the dining room, opening on two sides to the garden. The proprietor himself served our

meal, tasty and well cooked; we expect this in these southern villages. Vegetable soup, Madame's own cooking, chicken and salad, Brie cheese, a basket of fruit and a bottle of red Rhone wine. In this spirit of old-fashioned hospitality, we started on our afternoon run.

ALL IN A DAY'S JOURNEY

Our chauffeur, Harry, we were tempted to address as "'Arry." In fact, after conversation with 'Arry our own aitches were uncertain. Today the car wobbled from side to side in the country road, finally coming to a halt beside a little bridge.

"Harry," I cried, "whatever is the matter with the auto?"

Harry turned a beaming, complacent face; he, too, had enjoyed the convivial hospitality of the *auberge*. Slowly and deliberately he got out of the car and began an inspection. We watched him, amused; as he reached the wheel again, he saluted, delivering his ultimatum. "Whenever I feels a bit drahsy," (thanks to generous drafts of good French wine,) "whenever I feels a bit drahsy, I jest stops the car, walks arahnd 'er a bit, and it's all over!" Very solemnly and without further adventure we were landed safely in Cette.

Lying between the Mediterranean and a salt lagoon at the foot of beautiful Mont St.-Clair was the fishing town, touched with late afternoon sunshine. Fisherwives along the quay awaiting with baskets and trays the day's catch, chattering away until their ships came in. In voluminous skirts, colored aprons and wooden-soled shoes, they stood in rows, just as their mothers and grandmothers years before.



La Provence—Fisberman's Lace

"Ai-ee ai-ee!" fishermen drone across the blue, as the picturesque fleet approaches. Lines of white-sailed boats float gracefully homeward, bending in the breeze, curving to the waves. The clatter and noise of arrival, furling of sails and dumping of fish! Stalwart men and strong, dressed in blue jerseys and faded trousers. Hefty young women run barefoot to help their men unload, heaving out enormous baskets of cod and small fish. Men and women of Cette are kept busy in the fishing season. Nets dry in the warm air, a hundred yards in one; woe betide a careless break through these meshes, for torn nets mean hours of work for patient wives. The nets should last a lifetime.

FISHERMAN'S LACE

The sunset reminded us of an unforgettable picture we had driven through, inland a little from the sea. An enchanted vision in a hidden back-water of the Midi! A river lit by the glowing colors of sunset and, just escaping the surface of the water, suspended from four poles, a fishing net a-drying. But is it a net? The magic of sunset turns fine mesh into a web of sheerest gossamer lace on which a few drops of water glisten like dew on a frosty cobweb.

Driving to the opposite bank, we saw a bunch of fishermen sitting smoking, gesticulating in friendly argument over village politics. Here were wanderers from every nation drifting along the Mediterranean, enjoying an hour of rest after the day's work. Youngsters, cleaned up for the evening, little boys in neat cotton pinafores, played at the water's edge. A savory aroma of dinner drifted out from the chimneys of

simple huts and little shanties, pieced together out of wooden planks and sacking.

Gazing back; the picturesque scene, as sunset slowly colors the way for the pale light of a new moon.

Each year fishing tournaments are held in Cettè, fleets distinguished by different colored sails. Martial bands along the quai provide stirring music as the various contests take place. A country dance usually ends the day's festivities, the entire fishing colony gathering to applaud.

The prosperity of this fine old seaport dates from 1666, when the ancient harbor was reconstructed, the outlet of the Canal du Midi. Pierre Paul Riquet, brilliant engineer of Béziers, dreamt a canal across southern France—the great Canal du Midi, completed in 1681, that has served France for two and a half centuries. This hundred-and-fifty-mile waterway is used for simple traffic between small towns. Joining the River Garonne at Toulouse, a mighty water link between Bordeaux, washed by Atlantic breakers, and Cettè, dreaming in Mediterranean sunshine.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

From Béziers to Carcassonne, a land of vineyards in the sunshine of the colorful Midi. The land of fire, romance, storied legend, that bred such sons as reckless d'Artagnan, musketeer hero of a thousand romances; Cyrano de Bergerac, sweet dreamer and luckless poet, whose flashing rapier was quick to defend the proud names of ladies he dare not, in his ugliness, approach. The romantic fire is still here, singing through vineyards, hovering over old cities lost in the hills. But on

the surface the Midi dreams contentedly, languorous with sunshine. From a hillside come the shouts of peasants harvesting around the walls of a forgotten château; the canal again, men irrigating, washerwomen hanging laundry on bushes by the water's edge.

Under arched bridges we catch pictures breathing peace this sunny day, a line of oxen slowly on their way. Wandering after them is a dark-eyed daughter of the sleepy Midi, with a tall stick and a moving picture magazine. So she, too, has her day-dreams of fame; a picture herself in a setting five centuries old.

I turned to my Pal, "Asleep?"

"No, only enjoying stillness!" The peacefulness and quiet of that drive along the fine roads of the Midi were indescribable. Very few travelers passed us, we wound our way through villages, enjoyed a roadside luncheon in a hidden bend of the highway, where a little stream trickled past us through the trees. My Pal chooses picnic spots for beauty! A very simple meal this, with nothing but rolls, ham and Roquefort cheese, picked up at Narbonne; cherries and, in the thermos, hot coffee; eaten in the lazy fashion of two happy wanderers living only in the peaceful and unexacting present. Conversation drifted in desultory fashion over the stories of the Midi and the lives of its occupants.

Following the green-bordered canal, lured by the picture of mountains slowly drawing nearer to us, the blue afternoon melted into a summer sunset, on whose golden lights we floated into the stream of medieval pageantry that was drawing us to ancient, towered Carcassonne.

CHAPTER IX

CARCASSONNE CITADEL—FROM OLDEN ANDORRA TO LANGUEDOC

CARCASSONNE! Stately Carcassonne! Many times these peerless towers have lured us in dream and reality; now in misty reverie and hushed expectancy, we approach this Citadel. Drums resound through the years—two thousand—Carcassonne alive, celebrating!

Can this be Carcassonne drawn against the sunset sky, conjuring its radiant colors up the hillside, across the ramparts and bastions of medievalism? As in dream pageantry old fortifications take shape, climbing the hill, crowning its mighty crest with massive, battle-mented walls a mile long, with towers and old gates. All mellowed two thousand years into an artistic vision, covered with pure gold by the setting sun.

Man knows not the exact age of Carcassonne; far back does it slip into the dim twilight of forgotten history. Carcassonne is welcoming the world to her towers and turrets, opening her gates with rejoicing, so happy after centuries of drowsing undisturbed since the days of Romans and Visigoths. We, fortunate visitors, enjoy pictures of flag-decked, latticed arches in the lower town, music of townsfolk, as our auto climbs the hill to the Cité through the famous Porte d'Aude. We pass interesting peasant groups, carts, mules, donkeys making their way across the Pont Vieux, that since the thirteenth

century has crossed the winding River Aude below the fortress.

Within the citadel walls rises the comfortable, modern Hotel de la Cité; the gardens and terraces, backed by solid ramparts of the Middle Ages, give a sense of soaring battlements looming massively, impregnable strength and antiquity. The simple beauty of shade trees on the terrace, very welcome after the glare of the Midi; dream with us awhile over our cigarettes in the twilight quiet. Below, melting toward the horizon beyond the limpid Aude, lies Carcassonne Ville Basse, the thriving lower town, busy too with many visitors.

THE LADY OF CARCASSONNE

The Cité has held interest through the centuries, carrying us back to the heyday of romantic chivalry. How did this old fortress come into being? Search as you will, there is no answer, save that in all probability, even before historic records, there was a settlement here to guard Pyrenean passes. From echoes of dim mythology comes the suggestion that "Carcaso" of the Roman era was built by Carcas, that clever eunuch of the great Oriental Hebrew Queen, Esther!

But how did Carcas acquire the suffix "sonne"? A quaint legend slips from ancient history. Just outside the Narbonne Gate is the strange effigy of Dame Carcas, the Lady of Carcassonne, heroine in many adventures. In the eighth century the Saracens, powerful raiders of the East, took Carcassonne and held it half a century. These fiery Orientals brought a passionate Eastern strain into the life of Carcassonne. Their descendants, with dark, languorous beauty and a love of glowing color,

link with Dame Carcas the mighty Charlemagne, who was determined to wrest the Cité from Mussulman and the Orient.

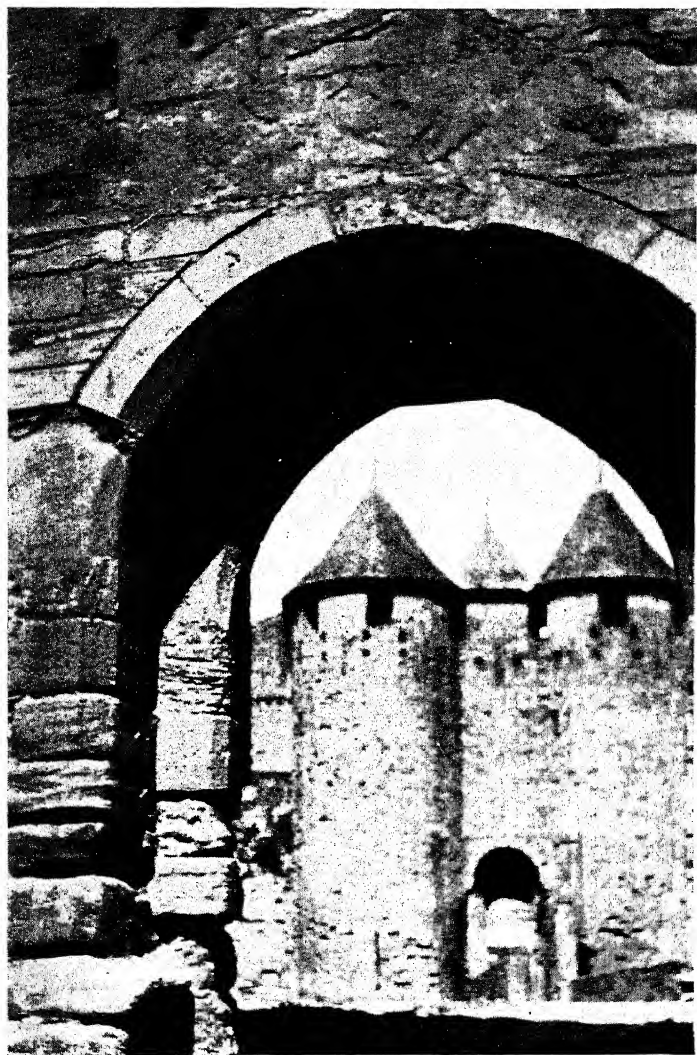
A FATTENED PIG

With a huge army Charlemagne besieged the city for five years. Finally starvation ended the siege, the few remaining citizens dying from sheer exhaustion at their posts. No one was left alive in the great fortress but Dame Carcas. Alone she shot arrows from the towers, with superhuman strength pitching down enormous cauldrons of boiling metal. Futile efforts; no hope, battling the mighty Charlemagne!

Dame Carcas, racking her brains, bethought her of the last animal left in the city, a fine pig she had fattened for weeks, just munching his last grains of corn. Dame Carcas left tumult and turrets and got her pig. Struggling up to the ramparts with Piggie, she, despairing, tossed her last friend over, aiming straight at Charlemagne's feet! In his flight some of the grain scattered. The astonished warriors, seeing the vast proportions of the animal, realized how hopeless to go on besieging a city that, even after five years, had stores of grain to feed and fatten pigs on!

Charlemagne decided to lift the siege and strike camp. The sun was setting, falling in glowing colors on the bright accoutrements of his army, winding its way along the Aude valley. So dazzling a picture that the Tour of Pinte bent over to honor the Emperor! And so it stands, leaning, today!

As Charlemagne crossed the plain, suddenly the bells of St. Nazaire, the old Cathedral, rang out in jubilant



Fortress of Carcassonne—France

chimes, through the long summer evening. "*Carcas sonne!*" cried the warriors, "*Carcas sonne!*"

But to Charlemagne peals were crying "*Carcas te sonne,*" and he turned back to make terms with Dame Carcas, very much in her favor! She became a Christian and later married a wealthy nobleman called Roger. Charlemagne honored the counts in the old city, whose bells had called him back.

Under Rome Carcaso had become a "noble" city, with self government. In days of Visigoth rule in the fifth century, Carcassonne was the most imposing fortress in southern France. Softly we brush away the cobwebs of the years, striving to disentangle truth from fiction. In the Middle Ages the powerful Trencavel family ruled, bringing prosperity to Carcassonne.

The old château still stands; how easy to dream of days when proud lords of Trencavel filled these spacious halls with rugs and tapestries discreetly bargained for from Oriental traders! Here they sat in regal splendor amid courtiers and noble ladies, listening to wandering troubadours bringing news in tales and songs, delighting the lovely Adelaide de Trencavel, proudest châtelaine of the château. *Jongleurs*, too, entertainers, acrobats, played their parts. Press more closely and hear the twanging of lutes, the bark of a hound lying by the huge fireplace. Torches are lit around long trestle tables groaning beneath weight of tasty viands.

VIOLLET-LE-DUC, A MASTER

With the passing of great conquerors, time laid a decaying hand on the towers of Carcassonne and the château declined, sometimes a storehouse, then barracks.

The nineteenth century produced a master architect, Viollet-le-Duc, who dreamed and restored this priceless relic of medieval France. Under his masterly direction the ancient citadel was repaired and stands today serene and proud, the most perfect example of a medieval fortress.

The lights of Carcassonne are being lit, for evening is stealing upon the old city. We make our way to the lounge, where many tongues prove that all the twentieth-century world is interested in ancient Carcassonne. Many Americans gather here; this evening we join old friends and wander about the streets of the Cité. Inhabitants live in tiny houses huddled close to the stout walls of their Visigoth ancestors. Quaint lanterns reflect scenes and streets from an old book of medieval prints. Quite in keeping with this atmosphere is the old inn across a moat and bridge. A little group of visitors from the New World stop awhile for a late supper and some wine to toast the ancient city with a modern cabaret.

In the courtyard one of the party, a New York architect, turned to me and said, "You'll get a surprise; some of the players in the anniversary celebrations stop here. Watch—glimpse them in full regalia of medieval times."

QUEENS AND NOBLES

To wooden tables were brought the convivial wine bottles, where swinging lanterns cast shadows. In one corner some languishing ladies, obviously from a medieval picture—were it not for cigarettes between rouged lips! With courtiers they sipped wine and *café noir*, as long golden ringlets trailed over lace ruffles and velvet

collars. Living ladies of Carcassonne discussing a day's events! Fantastic pointed shoes tapped the floor, a vizor was pushed up, helmets discarded and swords scraped the boards, as actors relaxed.

The Hotel de la Cité carried in decoration the traditions of old Carcassonne. Our days were to be active, the long drive through warm hours made sleep come easily; we were undisturbed by Visigoth battling. Dawn brought sunshine kissing turrets and battlements, as for two thousand years. A knock, a murmured "*Bonjour Madame, M'sieur,*" coffee, *croissons* and marmalade!

Stepping from the door of our hotel, we were transported back hundreds of years by a band of burghers parading in the old square. Attired in quaint medieval costumes, they climbed the hilly streets of Upper Carcassonne to the Cathedral, playing strange folk melodies on brass instruments. We listened, intrigued. The music, picturesque garb, striped doublets and plumed hats! The square! Windows thrown open, eager visitors and townsfolk gazing upon an old-world spectacle! Scores of little boys and girls marched in a procession of by-gone days, winding its way through old Carcassonne.

ANTIQUE SHOPS OF YORE

This quaint square opposite the hotel has small post-card shops, carrying etchings, too. The main, winding, one-way, hilly street is so narrow that only one auto can pass. On either side old, old shops tempt you for a few minutes to grope among valued treasures. Here are quaint souvenirs of Carcassonne and beautifully decorated porcelains, bearing the royal crest and imprint of the wonderful citadel. Antique jewelry lures us into

a dim interior, built half below the level of the street. A Spanish bracelet of unique design, worn by a famous countess of the Middle Ages, recalls extravagant troubadour entertainments in the days when Carcassonne was the centre of culture in the gracious, sunny province of Languedoc!

Is this a vision passing through one of Carcassonne's most ancient squares? A lovely lady of the seventeenth century greets two old cronies seated on a stone bench. She lingers at antiquated booths presided over by Frenchwomen in medieval costumes of the pageant.

This pretty American from the Middle West is so fascinated by ancient costumes in these old shops that she has donned one! A fitting memento of Carcassonne. And what a picture! The dark-eyed, up-to-date young woman, now a shy gentle lady of provincial France! Her full skirt of faded apple-green taffeta reaches to sandaled feet. A tight bodice is adorned with a falling shawl of delicate lace and a small, round bonnet of sheer linen frames a dimpled face. Through the hotel gardens and along the battlements we watched her stroll, a charming picture to win hearts, just as girls of Carcassonne have ever won in their fortress rendezvous.

Afternoons and evenings the wonderful pageants, and Carcassonne! Morning hours to explore the heart of medievalism; under the spell of these romantic walls the living history of the tourneys became real and vivid. The outer wall of the defences follows the line of the hill and behind it run the inner fortifications. In the wide space between, tournaments of old took place. Over these walls proud lovers were wont to climb to keep tryst and many an olden tale of treachery tells of unwelcomed knights climbing upward, winged with

thoughts of love, to find an angry dagger awaiting, hurtling them downward into despair. These walls are a place to dream and, gazing at the ancient battlements, you feel that no phantasy is too remote, tales of amorous princes really true.

Between the walls huge towers rise a hundred feet and more, sometimes spanning both outer and inner defences. Heavy and enduring as the fortifications are, there is yet a strangely unreal atmosphere about the pointed towers and crenelated walls, which, before the days of gunpowder and heavy guns, were well nigh impregnable.

Now you wander on top of the ramparts, dreaming battles, clanking armor, prancing steeds, bugles ring in your ears. Picture an old keeper of the tower, gazing over the Aude with its vista of hilly ranges, shading into distant peaks lost in the brilliant azure of a summer's day.

In a mile stretch of ramparts only two gates and two posterns in the outer defences have corresponding inner lines. The Narbonne Gate is the only one that admits wheeled vehicles. These low arches and frowning towers have watched a ghostly cavalcade. Knights and kings, barbarians, Moors, Crusaders pass in motley array, chasing each other through the dim corridors of centuries.

My Pal, looking back a moment, remarked. "We must hurry on!" Could not be done. Turrets, dungeons, ramparts too fascinating; how could time count in this city of antiquity? Yet, we had to hurry for *déjeuner* before the afternoon's pageant. Flowers, happy fellow travelers, woke us out of dreams of the past. Souvenirs for the ladies this day; delicious *Nougat Labadie* with an imprint of the historic Cité on the box! When Car-

cassonne will be but a memory, fading into the background of a precious summer, we'll remember charming attentions from the gracious *propriétaire* of the Hotel de la Cité!

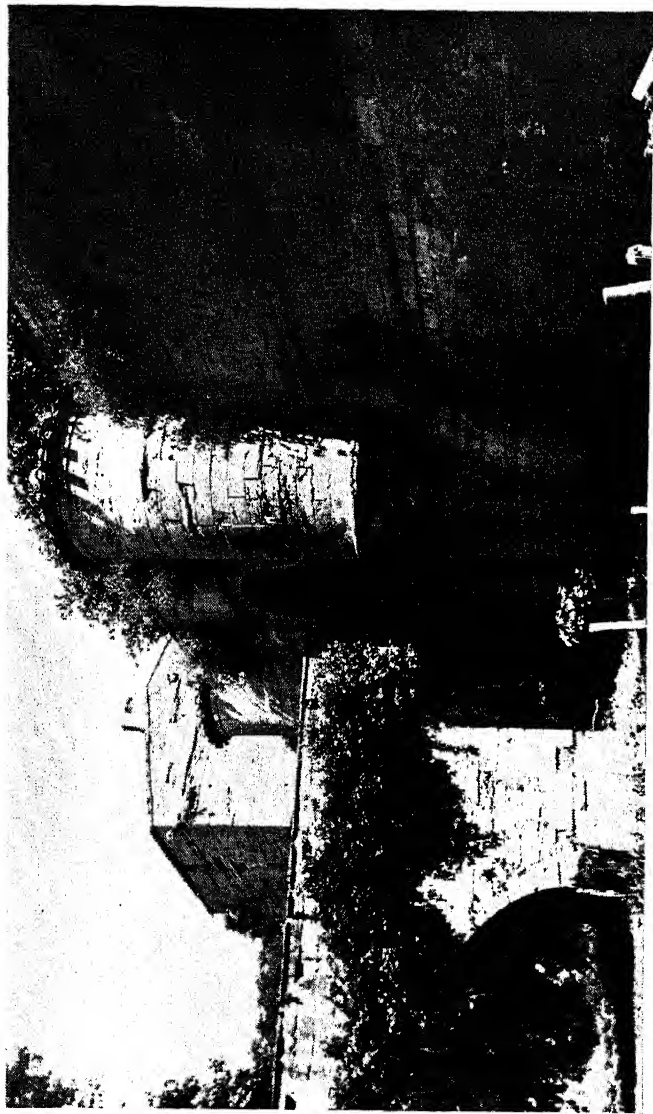
A MEDIEVAL PAGEANT

France had been preparing many years for this great celebration, one of the most elaborate ever staged, for the soul of the country was stirred. Carcassonne etchings in Paris windows, capitals of Europe took up the tale, blazing forth pictures of the ancient citadel and knightly pageants. Rich imaginings of modern artists and poets combined with authentic history made Carcassonne relive its ancient splendor. Gorgeous page from the days of chivalry when knights were bold—1565. The heart of Carcassonne overflowed! Cheering people, martial bands and the flower of France's army, crack regiments, honored Carcassonne!

But "The Play's the Thing!" and the wide plaza before the old Narbonne Gate is a perfect setting, as the hot afternoon sunshine pours over the gaily decorated Arena. The cries of visitors, faint sounds of music, decorated posts and colored flags bearing the insignia of distant French provinces. Hundreds of excited spectators.

THE QUEEN

An extravagant tournament of the sixteenth century had been introduced into the romantic story of Henri de Rogier and the fair Isabella Ginori, now the historic "Le Tournoi dans le Cité." Celebrated French and Italian



Château de Henri de Rogier

screen stars took part in this superb fête, caste as Catherine de' Medici, François de Baynes and the King of Navarre.

A sudden wave of silence spreads over the audience with the first clear trumpet call; we are back in the year 1565 with chivalrous knights of old. Through the massive stone gateway a lordly figure rides in rich attire. "*C'est le Roi, Charles IX!*" A murmur runs through the crowds, quickly hushed as King and escort proudly circle the Arena, to halt opposite the royal box and view the manoeuvres.

A superb display of expert horsemanship has been prepared by the officers of France's finest cavalry regiments. These knights of today give a true picture of medieval pageantry. Prancing lines of black and white horses, decked out in gorgeous trappings of velvet, heavy with cloth of gold; criss-crossed leather shines with burnished brass decorations. Gauntleted knights in full armor, with floating plumes, white, black and scarlet.

Lines of fours, eights, sixteens, in perfect formation, each hoof marking the beats of inspiring military music, that breaks into a furore of sound as knight meets knight in royal combat. The winner of the tourney rides proudly to the royal box, spear raised in salutation, the populace applauds, hoarse with shouting! A company of lancers sweeps by, sunlight setting spears afire.

The old plaza literally flames with the dazzling uniforms of helmeted soldiers and colorful groups of forgotten picturesque pages. Each boy is a medieval cameo in his ankle-high, leather sandals, knee breeches and blue or scarlet cloak. Again and again the knights ride on, showing off their splendid accoutrements and marvelous

skill. Attention! Before the Queen, while the superb horses rise on their back legs, prancing proudly and begging recognition!

Catherine de' Medici sits in royal state amid her spectacular ladies in their brilliant gowns, flaming with jewels and flowers. Side flirtations between ladies and gallant knights add romantic color. At last the Queen grows restless and decides to leave the royal box, mounting a snow-white palfrey decorated with the arms of France. Round the Arena she circles as an impressive cavalcade led by Charles IX and the Prince of Navarre follows, with a proud line of plumed warriors, marshals and cardinals in flaming scarlet. Trumpets and drums fill the air with loud clangor, while the procession winds back through the old Narbonne Gate amid the tumultuous applause.

Soon we, too, were on our way with a party of friends to a quiet corner of the old town, there to live through impressions again, fortified by the stimulating nectar of Carcassonne, flowing freely during the celebrations!

The historic pageant was presented on alternate days with performances of the classics, open air dances and fireworks. Many of the celebrations took place in the outdoor theatre, against a striking background of soaring turrets and cathedral spires. On this stage Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin had often displayed their genius. For the two thousandth anniversary, the Odéon players came to Carcassonne, providing a feast of Molière and La Fontaine. Artistes from the principal theatres of Paris made old legends live for us in the poetic "Cour d'Amour des Songes." Moonbeams cast a spell, mingling with artificial colored lights, on a ballet of Loie Fuller

dancers, dream creations in fantastic chiffon, against the old gray walls of the ancient citadel.

One afternoon we watch an orchestra of Bruges minstrels on the open air stage with its untrimmed, grassy bank. Quaint, old-world costumes, with blue linen blouses over baggy trousers, and broad-brimmed hats with multi-colored ribbons. The picturesque little company has a master with a be-ribboned baton for effect only, since the musical ensemble is perfect. Plaintive folk melodies of forgotten days drift into the air, played on strange instruments, half mandolin, half bagpipe. This music, with the instruments, has been preserved for years among the peasantry, heirlooms from one generation to another. My Pal, talking to one of the musicians, gathered that his particular instrument came from the son of the immortal George Sand, Bruges' most famous daughter!

PICTURESQUE BRUGES WOMEN

A company of pretty Bruges women joined them, each dressed in a long, full black skirt, tight-fitting bodice, lace-bordered cap framing comely faces. They stood in a row, colored aprons and shawls blowing in the breezes, while they chanted *chansons* of their forefathers. The music changed; half the musicians sat down against the gray wall, the rest joining the women in sets of four for old traditional country dances. Gracefully they moved, hopping and turning, forming circles and squares, twisting in and out, blue smocks and voluminous skirts billowing in the summer breezes. What natural charm; what rhythm and grace to music—music— We are loath to go, so charmingly have they

brought back pictures of happy medieval life. But we're off to another phase—

Among the hoary battlements of the Cité you capture hundreds of years, when the awestruck people of Carcassonne looked upon the lordly Bishop's Tower and the Tower of Justice looming over cannon-ridden walls. Memories of the dread Inquisition still linger here for down in the dungeon vaults you may find the iron hooks where ghostly Inquisition records once hung. An ancient well within the citadel is haunted by legends of the days when the Visigoths ruled Carcassonne. The people believe that mighty treasures are hidden, thrown into gloomy depths when Visigoths fled before barbaric invaders from the north. Dig deeper into old myths; find tunnels leading to fairy grottoes of enchantment! Nothing is impossible in the old hill city, where peasants go leisurely about their business in twisted streets, selling vegetables, washing clothes or milking goats and cows in the shadow of historic walls!

CATHEDRAL WINDOWS

Across the square to the eleventh century Cathedral of St. Nazaire, blending perfectly into the picture of venerable ramparts and fortifications. Here amid delicate, lace-like sculpture and tall columns, gargoyle-topped, are hidden many precious relics of ancient Carcassonne. The glory of St. Nazaire is its old stained glass. It seems the entire church is glowing with wonderful, transparent pictures. The sunshine falls through these perfect windows, designed by master craftsmen of the Middle Ages, whose secret blending of pigments

was lost with their passing. These old artists felt a lifetime well spent in producing a single perfect gem; century after century finds willing pilgrims marveling over the patience and devotion that accomplished such exquisite results.

Keats' immortal lines flashed across my mind, expressing as no other words could the meaning of St. Nazaire windows—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

You wander from the Cité with its small population of but three hundred down the hill into the modern, vigorous life of Carcassonne—the Ville Basse—a charming French town, full of activity and a thriving population of thirty thousand. A cheerful atmosphere enlivens the crowded sidewalk cafés and wide boulevards shaded by lovely old plane trees. Modern Carcassonne! In comparison to the Cité and Citadel, its history dates back to 1247 and the days of St. Louis, King of France.

In the Square Gambetta and the charming old Place Carnot—old trees circle the Fountain of Neptune. In a flower and fruit market friendly peasant women smile at you, wine carts rumble over cobbles and schoolchildren dart in and out.

The Cité has its age and its history but Ville Basse has individual and vigorous charm. Long there was competition and envy; now age, legend and activities have joined, the city arms are combined in one attractive shield, bordered by fleurs de lys, centering a lamb and the Cross of the old Crusaders.

HISTORY'S TRAIL

Still living in the atmosphere of medieval fêtes, my Pal and I motored out of Carcassonne along the old Roman road toward Toulouse. Down this historic highway in 1566 wound one of the most picturesque processions in the history of southern France. The Queen Mother, Catherine de' Medici, and King Charles IX, followed by a brilliant assembly of knights, ladies and pages, left the citadel of Carcassonne on the way to the venerable Château de Ferrals, where the young Baron de Ferrals, François de Rogier, had prepared a magnificent reception.

Tales of extravagant medieval splendor pass down the years, giving life to the grim walls of the château, standing amid extensive gardens, now restored to their one-time perfection of long vistas, rippling cascades and tree-bordered walks.

A fanfare of trumpets, the deep notes of the dungeon bells, drawbridges fall and the long cavalcade enters the Château. Under a triumphant arch of purple draperies fringed with heavy gold, Queen Catherine dismounts on a rich carpet embroidered with the standard of France. In this medieval setting of flag-decked towers, brilliant flying pennants and cheering populace, Catherine and Charles receive the homage of young Baron de Ferrals and his brilliant entourage.

A MODERN INTERLUDE—COCKTAILS

On the terrace of the Hotel de la Cité, where the old Bishop's Garden invites a quiet hour, sip cocktails, gaze across the ramparts! The Citadel, against a radiant sky,

primrose, green and purple, deepest crimson and fiery, molten copper. Summer zephyrs sing through treetops, the call of vespers from the old Visigoth Cathedral gently sounds approach of eventide. We linger over this entrancing picture, watching church spires and battlements fade into darkness, like faint etchings from an oft-told, well-remembered tale.

Skilled electricians add to the glory of a Carcassonne night in illuminations directed from the city below. The fortress glows, as lights play on tower and turret, one blazing shower of colors following another until Carcassonne is silhouetted in full medieval splendor, blazing, fiery red.

We could behold no more inspiring vision in the world of reality or fancy, the two so clearly intertwined in the darkening night. Our ways will guide us hither again to clamber over these ancient ramparts, dream across the hills and, perchance, the old Norman Gate will swing open to the gorgeous spectacle of medieval pageantry—the two thousandth anniversary of Carcassonne!

SOUTHWARD, TO THE BORDER

Adventure! Adventure! How alluring the word! Every traveler a discoverer, imbued with trying just once, somewhat off the beaten track, a new place of interest where there are no de luxe hotels. This morning we find ourselves just wandering, on a quest. Perhaps, adventure? Southward, toward Ax-les-Thermes.

Busy harvesters work in the fields; cows, sheep and pigs graze by the roadside in charge of peasant women in gray woolen dresses and bright cotton sunbonnets.

On we flew through scenes of picturesque rural life, thoughts busy with past and present.

"I wonder," I said at last, "if there is any place in France untouched by the casual visitor, where life drifts as always!"

"We're on the way, my dear," my Pal replied, "to Andorra, the little republic of five thousand inhabitants under the protection of France. They have no convenient railroads and only one or two fairly good motor roads. Think of it! Mule trails through the mountains are the chief means of communication between many villages."

"Can we make it from here?"

"I think so."

A consultation of maps, roads, etc. We're on our way!

The charm of the unknown wrapped itself about Andorra and a few days among the lonely Pyrenean peaks of this unspoiled little community intrigued! Picturesque Andorra, that little country only nineteen miles across and fifteen from north to south. Difficult to reach, with few luxuries or conveniences, it seems unlikely that Andorra will become popular. We do, however, hear rumors of a movement to establish fashionable hotels and casino. Selfishly, we cannot help wishing the day far off; that the little republic will keep seclusion untouched by the march forward of modern society.

Quaint Andorra, a series of pictures, a background of towering peaks, gorge-like valleys and bare, lonely hill ranges. Thermes, or Ax-les-Thermes, as it is called, we reach from Carcassonne. This Pyrenean resort has not lost its old-world character. For centuries healing springs

have bubbled from the ground, bringing health to visitors and wealth to the old town.

During the season the curative thermal baths are crowded and numerous cafés in the Square add life and gaiety. We had an *apératif* at one, then wandered to the old square pool, that St. Louis built for his soldiers, returning from the Crusades—men who had contracted leprosy during adventures in the East.

Many tales circle about the old church of St. Vincent at Ax-les-Thermes, built over the ruins of the chapel of St. Udaut, he who was converted by a Pyrenean hermit in 422. After years in the mountains St. Udaut realized his mission to preach peace to the armies of Attila, sweeping across Europe, leaving trails of devastation. St. Udaut found Attila on the banks of the Danube; after preaching for many days he came back to Thermes, was followed and murdered by an officer of Attila.

Years later came Charlemagne, pursuing his mighty course along the Pyrenean paths, discovered bones of the old saint, placing them in the church of Ax-les-Thermes. Hardly a spot in the Pyrénées untouched by this proud conqueror! For years the old wives of the mountains used to shake their wise heads, whispering, "Mark me, there are three great voices in the Pyrénées—rushing of torrents, wind through pine trees and the stamp of the armies of Charlemagne!"

So the saint's bones rest in peace in the old church, where winds blow the scent of roses and sometimes sacred ashes, blessed in the square of Ax. Scattering these to the four winds, thus insuring a good harvest, is a belief adhered to by priests and peasants gathered to perform old rites.

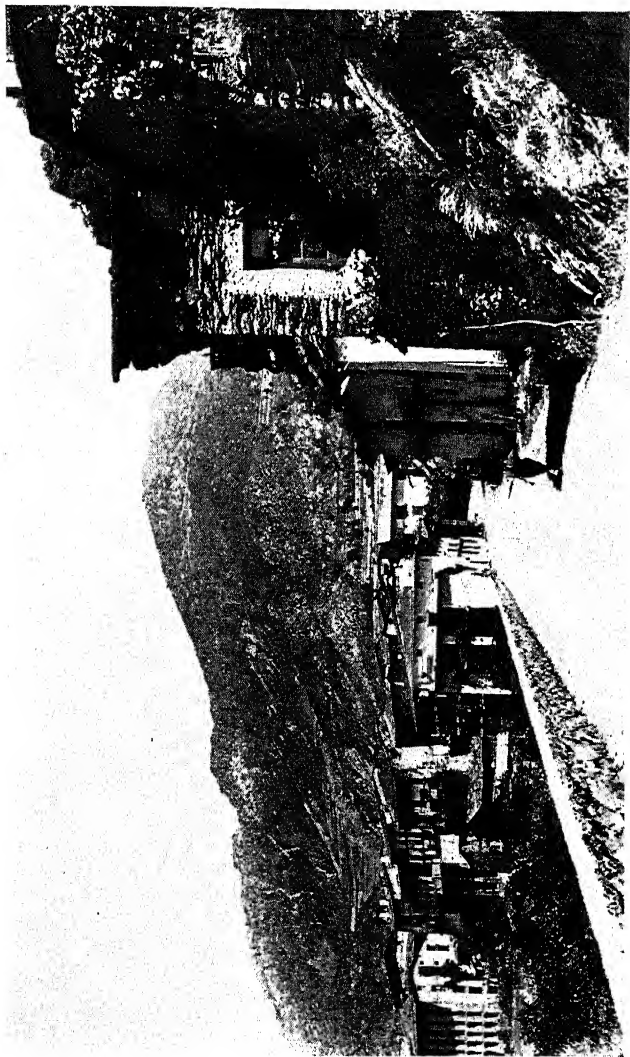
We parked our car in Ax-les-Thermes and took the railroad down to Bourg-Madame, a dizzy and breath-taking run up and down mountains, dashing through tunnels, curving in and out of peaks. We gazed breathlessly out of windows, down sheer drops, torrents rushed below, and up again to the quiet peace of a grassy stretch, where a herd of cows looked like tiny specks in the distance, childish playthings in the immensity of huge gray mountain spurs.

Bourg-Madame on the border of Spain brings a colorful picture of old customs and languorous, easy-going habits. The little town gained its title in 1815, when the Duc d'Angoulême passed through. The citizens receiving the royal *duc* decided to change the name from "La Guingette," the inn, to Bourg-Angoulême.

"Nay," said the gallant noble, "rather Bourg-Madame and honor my beloved wife." So Bourg-Madame is its gracious title!

Just across the boundary is the glowing color of La Señorita—Puigcerda, favorite holiday resort of Barcelonans. Romance lives in its picturesque market, alive with brilliant kerchiefs and shawls, dark-eyed beauties with softly falling mantillas, discreet smiles and long glances that leave their mark on the male population!

Back for a night of rest and relaxation in Bourg-Madame. An interesting motor run brought us to the old Andorran town of Seo de Urgel, a bishop's see since the fifth century. The restful spirit of this lovely old town is symbolized by the peace of its beautiful Cathedral cloisters, where ancient trees spread an atmosphere of quietude. Sculpture, low stone arches and columns, the tolling of a bell completes the spell of



*Village of San Julian de Loria in Andorra, a Tiny Republic Between
France and Spain*

this old episcopal city, bearing so unmistakably the dignified stamp of Spain.

Into another world along the Calle Mayor, where the spirit of modern Spain trips to the tune of castanets. A glass of malaga in an awninged café! A sound of tambourines and a guitar! Delighted, we watched a bunch of strolling musicians. Here was the fire of Iberia, as two señoritas danced with flying yellow skirts, stamping black heels and fluttering red ribbons. An impromptu concert gathered crowds. Up the road wandered Andorrans, clad in short knee-breeches, brilliant sashes and tight fitting caps. Women were off to the market, sitting astride donkeys, carrying bundles of wood and heavy panniers of vegetables.

In the days when Andorra was known as Los Vallas, the republic consisted of a number of tiny states hidden in lonely valleys, now joined together under the kindly protection of France and the guidance of the Prince of Andorra, Bishop of Urgel. The Bishop has built a fine motor highway from his Cathedral town to the capital, Andorra la Vella. Our auto followed this road into the mountains, passing an occasional lumbering motor coach; mulecarts, the two-wheeled, precarious *tartane* that rattle recklessly along rough and stony tracks with passengers clinging to their seats under canvas hoods.

We were conscious of nothing save the austere beauty of peaks, yellow fields of grain, busy harvesters, singing torrents and wonder fields of wild exotic flowers like gorgeous carpets. Peasants on mules climbed rough tracks up to the peaks that seemed to rise in serrated beauty higher and higher to radiant summer heavens.

In a small mountain village an old gray stone inn

provided a rough meal of bread and cheese and a bottle of good Spanish wine. Horses, mules, donkeys clattered down the street, their bronze harness shining, colored streamers flying in the breezes. A team of horses rattled ahead of us over the cobbles, looking as though bound for a fair. Long manes and tails plaited with red, colored woolen bows tied into fetlocks to shoo away mountain flies. The people of Andorra wrest a frugal living as herdsman, farmers and wine growers, living in the primitive ways of their forefathers.

Overhanging black slate roofs top the rough homes of the capital, built of native-quarried stone. The life of Andorra la Vella centers in the Casa de Vall, a sleepy old place with a curious stone turret. Here the councilors of Andorra live, sleep and enact laws. Over the front door are the arms of the republic, including the cross and mitre of the Bishop of Urgel. In a chest with six locks, the keys guarded by representatives of six parishes of Andorra, the precious national archives are kept. Here is the copy of the 1659 treaty between France and Spain, granting independence to Andorra.

Symbolic of its position between these two countries, the flag of Andorra is made up of the blue of France's tricolor and the red and yellow stripes of Spain. Spanish currency is used; an attempt to print Andorran postage stamps failed after the first issue; French and Spanish stamps are used on the small amount of mail passing through.

Picture, against the lonely hillsides of Andorra, a peasant family encamped by the side of a rushing torrent. Two women were cooking the evening meal, children chasing goats along the hillside.

"Look at those little girls," I cried, as our auto sped

by. The interesting point in their costume was not the long black dresses, trailing to bare ankles, but red stocking caps on tangled black hair. These were the only Phrygian caps we saw in Andorra; we were told they were once common among mountain folk, symbolizing independence and liberty of Andorran citizens.

Our thoughts busy with the problems of this little republic. We wonder how long it will be able to keep its serene position of unexplored tranquillity. Modern travelers will bear down upon its lonely village hill-sides and open up picturesque valleys. There is much of interest in this secluded little country, where life follows age-old patterns and customs not changed through the centuries.

We are on our way back to Carcassonne for the night, before delving still deeper into the heart of the Pyrénées. The old citadel city in the late afternoon and cocktails on the terrace of the Hotel de la Cité before dinner, telling friends about Andorra, musing on many things. There will be great rivalry, showing private movies, when we return. We discussed points in photography and made a night of revelry with friends from the east and west of our own America. I know, too, on whom my Pal places his bet!

An affectionate adieu to these old turrets on a clear, cool morning. Away, away! *Au revoir, Carcassonne!* We cross the bridge, speed on perfect roads further through the land of the troubadours.

CHAPTER X

HAUTES-PYRÉNÉES AND INSPIRING GAVARNIE

THE immortal rhymes of the troubadours haunt the sylvan countryside on a perfect summer day through Languedoc, toward the heart of the Pyrénées. Tiny hamlets dreaming on peaceful river banks, a forest where tall pines arch overhead; nature's cathedral, stamped with memory of troubadour singers. Echoes of wandering minstrels whisper in rustling trees, rushing mountain torrents and balmy zephyrs heavy with the scent of flowers and fruitful vineyards.

On our way from Carcassonne we passed lonely château perched on bare rock looming over steep cliffs. Crumbling walls proclaimed romantic history; a light-hearted wooer of the Middle Ages. The spirit of Pierre Vidal lives in the Pyrenean hills. In the sunset hour you may follow his chase along rugged ravines skirting snow-capped heights. This daredevil gypsy player, a madcap among minstrels, proclaimed himself Emperor of all troubadours in the latter part of the twelfth century, pouring out his adoration at the feet of beautiful Lady Loba of Carcassonne, vowing that in her honor he would wear a wolf upon his shield and armor (for Loba means "she-wolf!").

One of his first deeds of gallantry, as her chosen knight, was the slaying of a wolf in whose shaggy skin

he tore about these hillsides, calling upon the shepherds and their dogs to give him chase. So Pierre Vidal did honor to his lady, singing her charms all the way from Toulouse to Palestine.

Lays of love and fair ladies are in keeping with these lonely haunts of nature, but love is oftentimes a cruel mistress. Many a troubadour changed his allegiance from lady to sword, like the maddened Folquet, who is known in the historic annals of Languedoc as "the Fighting Bishop of Toulouse," although he was once the mildest and most amorous of poetic singers. Typical of the feelings inspired in some troubadour hearts is a little poem, philosophizing on caprices of a mistress:

"Chide not a woman's waywardness
for she is wayward ever—
Nor will thy most endeavor
unburden thy distress—
For as a weather vane is turned
by every wind that bloweth—
So turneth she, to gain an end
the homage men bestoweth—
Chide not a woman's waywardness
for she is wayward ever."

Lonely ladies were sometimes left weeping in their mountain eyries. Such a one, legend tells, was Queen Blanche, whose ancient castle frowns down from the rocks of Puivert. A perilous descent this, for the road below the château, down which we were flying, seemed to hang in mid air as it skirted the mountainside. In the days of Queen Blanche about the twelfth century, this valley was one enormous lake, which mirrored beetling cliffs and jagged walls of Château Puivert.

Each day at sunset, the solitary figure of the queen wandered to a favorite haunt on a rock ledge to watch the sun slowly sink behind the heights. Then glowed an aftermath of crimson and gold, flooding the lake.

This, a daily ritual, even when storms tore the narrow gorge and dislodged her rocky seat. Queen Blanche was prevailed upon to deepen the lake, sinking the level of the water. Then rocky barriers gave way, the lake burst all bounds, sweeping away every vestige of the village, leaving green valleys and the château to tell us the tale.

WASHERWOMEN AND SHEPHERDS

My Pal and I stopped a moment, intrigued by a party of plump, cheery-looking peasant women busy with washing at the side of a little stream, that trickles *chansons* through the busy village of Queen Blanche. These chattering women, of all ages, kneeling by the stones, smiling as they rubbed, strong arms bare, flushed, beaming under cotton sunbonnets. Never, I suppose, did they dream about their Queen Blanche and her melancholy sunset trysts.

An old shepherd passing down the road behind a flock of fat sheep; truly a solitary profession. Look into his deepset eyes peering from a weatherbeaten countenance, I imagined he sometimes caught the spirit of old legends as his flocks scrambled along the high slopes of Puivert.

Motoring from the Midi into the Pyrenees we fell under their spell of restful countryside, the wonder of long vistas of pine-clad hills reaching the snowline. Imagination soared with the silvery peaks, until we were dreaming in a world of alluring phantasy woven into

mountain scenes of incomparable sunlit loveliness. Thoughts drifted to the inspired music of the Languedoc composer, Deobat de Saverac, close friend of Debussy, whose smile, they say, was like sunshine. The romantic and beautiful musical poem, "Bagnières en Soleil," approves the belief of delighted listeners that Deobat de Saverac composed sunlight instead of black-cleft notes.

On through the Pyrénées, drifting back four centuries, when proud owners of these ruined châteaux trailed across the south of France. All the way to Foix our thoughts drifted back through shadowy halls of legends. We were not quite certain if the vision of Château Foix was real. Perhaps elusive, a phantom from the forgotten annals of the Middle Ages? But no, these venerable towers seemed sturdy as the day they were built, solid, steadfast, dominating the country for miles, against a skyline of verdure hills. "Firm as the rock of Foix," had been a byeword for generations; look at the rocky base; nothing short of earthquake could dislodge these ancient bulwarks!

"Welcome," says the sleepy little town of Foix, as your heart catches the silent greeting of picturesque, red-roofed houses, each looking out to the feudal castle.

Following a street running parallel with the river, we pulled up in front of an old-fashioned, comfortable-looking hostelry, a picture of restful quiet, with smoke curling lazily out of tall chimneys.

"Isn't this the place we heard about from that young American couple honeymooning in Carcassonne?" said my Pal.

"It looks so peaceful and so welcome I think it must be—" I nodded.

"*Mais oui, Madame!*" I looked round into the pleasant

countenance of the young proprietor, a lad about twenty, who was followed by "Madame," a smiling, motherly woman, leading the way into the house. Mother and son were running this hotel while father was away at their other hostelry further along in the Basses-Pyrénées.

Excellent cuisine frequently lures the knowing traveler out of his way to enjoy restful hospitality for a night. Through years the Benoit has absorbed the gracious personality of Madame, a kindly daughter of Languedoc, steeped in the lore of the Pyrénées and possessing as well a very human understanding of a traveler's requirements. Quick to sense our interest in old traditions, she told many a tale of the château, its heroic line of counts, presenting us as souvenirs two dishes, marked with historic Pyrenean names and a quaint design of the honey-sweet grape that clambers up these hillsides, bringing prosperity to Foix.

Porto Blanc, an *apératif*, soothing the soul; an excellent meal, the incomparable cuisine of southern France. Appetizing *bouillon*, *poulet-au-pot*, *haricots verts*, from Madame's own garden. Salad, cheese and a bottle of Blanquette—could man want more here below? Coffee and Chartreuse! We believed all legends by this time and were ready to meet face-to-face counts and troubadours of the Middle Ages!

THE COUNTS OF FOIX

The Château at Foix, a mysterious shadow, follows the laughing, chattering boys and girls of Foix to the Promenade de Villotte, with its fine old shade trees. A band stand; soft, amorous strains echo to couples,

arms entwined, lost in their own sweet dreams, on benches provided by a considerate town council! Perhaps the music, perhaps the romantic shadow up on the hill, or maybe simply the moonlight bathing the town she has watched for centuries—at any rate, Foix was an ideal spot for young lovers that summer evening.

Mornings, old women bring out their knitting for an hour or two in the sunshine under plantain trees, when village gossip goes the rounds. My Pal and I wandered the town, under the shade of occasional trees or out-jutting stone ledges; the sun was hot along the road of ancient timbered houses leading to the river. Some streets boasted narrow streams running down either side; the women of Foix brought large twig brooms to scoop up mountain water and brush it briskly across hot cobblestones.

Low tolling from the dungeon tower, a flock of birds circling the medieval château towers. These are all that remain of the château whose counts were acclaimed for centuries as great fighters, distinguished poets and irresistible lovers.

The first rulers, those monks of the old monastery of St.-Volusien on the banks of the Ariège, held their rank under the lords of Carcassonne. Bernard Roger was the first to be titled "Count of Foix" and in the tenth century his château overlooked the river. From him sprung a line whose fame spread throughout all Europe. The proud Counts of Foix paid allegiance neither to Kings of France nor Popes of Rome, who sought unsuccessfully to crush their pride. The Counts of Foix merely shook their mailed fists and continued fighting, feasting, love-making in their impregnable Pyrenean retreat.

A marriage between the house of Foix and a daughter

of Bearn raised a son of Foix to the proud position of King of France—Henri of Navarre!

Wander the old halls of the château, alone, or perhaps the kindly concierge will guide. His low voice will not disturb your dreaming as you conjure up pictures of fighting counts. Turn back into the dim shadows of the banquet hall; perchance you see there a grand seigneur, a chevalier to win all hearts, whom even historians have described as "*le prince à la chevalure dorée*," Gaston Phoebus, most romantic of all the noble warrior-poets of Foix!

And why should he, greatest of Pyrenean counts, renowned in battle and beloved of many ladies, be sitting alone in his castle tower? Not even his favorite hounds, nor ladies nor minstrels, can woo him from his black mood! Why, indeed? How now! He has received dire news; his favorite son plots to poison him. Count Gaston broods and broods, finally making decision. If poisoning be in the air he, Gaston Phoebus, will be not slow. The son, albeit his favorite, must be poisoned, and all accomplices, too! Gaston Phoebus calls a trusted spy to follow through!

GASTON PHŒBUS

One by one we piece together old stories that circle about intriguing Gaston, of whom it has been said no more generous master ever lived. Sixty thousand florins a year he gave away to knights and minstrels and visiting strangers. None who came left without a gift. His wealth he acquired from the countryside, each villager paying a tax of two francs a year in return for protection.

Leaving behind the moss-grown walls and the huddled red roofs of the quaint city, our comfortable car flew over an old bridge and along a country road still deeper into the years, back twenty or thirty thousand years according to scientists' conjectures. We were on the way to the famous Cave of Niaux near picturesque, old-world Tarascon. High above the road, hidden in limestone caverns, reached through long, dark tunnels, noted French scientists have found what are perhaps the oldest pictures in the world. Paintings of extinct animals, wild horses and reindeer, that roamed these hillsides when southern France was the arctic zone!! Think of it! Miraculously preserved in the stillness of hidden grottoes are clay models bearing finger prints in which you can discern lines of skin covering fingers of prehistoric artists! These men were here thirty thousand years ago! Skulls of cave bears are preserved. Pattering over the earthy floor, the untouched footprints of bygone civilizations! This was long, long before a record—or time—only pictures cut into rock caves.

A thousand years is indeed but a day. Time slips by us, legend and history made one in these inspiring Pyrenean mountains, whose wonder grows dearer each day! You sense through matchless ages of accomplishment, the vivid beauty of eternal sweeping hills, the very soul of France bared for a moment, then as quickly lost in the dazzling colors of a sunset.

A village inn, a glass of golden wine in whose dazzling bubbles, ripened by mellow sunshine, the elusive spirit of the French countryside lingers! There is no question of allegiance, you are already won over, intoxicated by nature's extravagant beauty, the charm of these enchanting Pyrenean valleys.

Troubadours again! Hear them re-echo through these picturesque mountains, the "singing Pyrénées," they are called! My Pal and I follow the curving road for Luchon, skirting peaks, burrowing through giant tunnels. Looking down on a peaceful valley stretching into eternity. A lone pedestrian clambered upward toward the road level in hiking clothes, a canvas bag on his back; he approached panting, mopping his face.

A hitch on the long, dusty trail to St.-Girons welcomed him. This rather healthily tired traveler was a brilliant French medico from Paris. Dr. Rothier proved a delightful companion during the short time he was with us. His searching found a long trail that crept down precipitously from a high ledge of rock, where an old ruin peered from dark pines.

"H'm!" ejaculated Dr. Rothier, his field glasses leveled, "that looks as though it might have been the scene of Lady Guillelma's adventures. Of course, it's impossible to place all these troubadour legends but this is a likely hillside."

My Pal smiled. "Tell me the whole story," he said.

"Charmed, would it interest Madame?" I acquiesced.

"The lady Guillelma was as fair a young countess as ever delighted the heart of susceptible troubadours. She had three knights, forsooth, as well as a husband, who, of course, rarely enters the picture. Sir Elias, Sir Savaric and Jaufre Rudel, each sought the favors of the fair Guillelma. She played the game of love according to pattern, encouraging each knight in turn, smiling on all three together when they appeared at the château the same hour.

"Behold a lady, a rose garden and trickling fountains.

Snowy doves fed by my Lady's slim fingers. She in a frame of jasmine, on a low Carrara marble bench. Sir Elias and Jaufre Rudel kneeling on either side, Sir Savaric on a lower step, these three searching her gaze beseechingly.

"The Lady Guillelma is a coquette; three languishing knights begging smiles, she carefully apportions each one his share, nods, laughs, promises all and nothing, at the same time!

"And here," continued Dr. Rothier, "I can never find out what happened at the end of a tale recounted by an old Provençal nurse when I was a small boy; I do not remember what followed."

"The husband came on the scene! Knights scampered down the hill, pursued, shot at, perhaps. End of Act Three," put in my Pal.

We fashioned a troubadour epic, worthy the accompaniment of a medieval lute. So can you, dear Reader!

Up and down this section of the Pyrénées, fascinating little valleys tempt you again and again away from the state highway into picturesque byways. We wander for awhile in the Vallée de Bethmale not far from Castillon. Just in time for *déjeuner* in a quaint little inn. The morning had whetted appetites for excellent food. A stout, elderly lady rustled up and down in a long black dress, strings of colored beads around her neck and an embroidered, multi-colored shawl.

RED WINE AND SOUFFLÉ

My Pal remarked that Madame looked somewhat festive. Bringing bottles of red wine and a soufflé prepared by herself, she told that her niece was being mar-

ried that afternoon, the wedding guests returning for a feast to the inn. She bustled with excitement as I peeped into her busy kitchen!

A rare opportunity had come our way. In the little square before the inn we watched picturesque villagers go by to the tiny church. Bethmale is noted throughout the Pyrénées for its quaint peasant costumes. This day men and women were garbed in their holiday best, carrying bunches of flowers in honor of the wedding.

Shawls were perhaps the most striking feature—brilliant in color, heavily embroidered in every shade of pink, gold, yellow and blue—over neatly starched blouses with wide puffed sleeves. Long skirts covered by embroidered aprons; peeping underneath, pointed wooden sabots, almost oriental, peculiar to this valley. High red hats, also embroidered, topped pretty faces. How picturesque! Matching legend, mountains, and lavish Dame Nature herself in these favored Pyrénées!

Ah, here comes the bride! Materials rich and colors much gayer! The bride's apron and shawl of purest silk; strings of gorgeous beads; a carven cross hangs low, and oh! her headdress! A creation of natural flowers from woods and gardens with silken ribbons. Men, too were gaily dressed, colored waistcoats and woolen bérêts.

Madame told us, while awaiting her guests, that music for the wedding is gracefully cackled from the lucky throat of a fattened hen. This barnyard favorite is also bedecked and garlanded with ribbons and flowers, heading the procession. Her clucking is eagerly listened and approved by prospective *Grandpère et Grandmère*. Our

and their future? My Pal said very aptly, "Happy is the bride that the hen clucks on!"

We toast in good red wine! Ah! Cackling heralds the wedding party! There they come, down the street, hen held high in front, head cocked on one side, happily clucking away! The pretty bride and her groom, village youngsters, singing a traditional folksong. *Père, Mère*, relatives, all in festive attire. Bunches of field flowers are strewn before the bride, a charming picture in her fascinating costume. They pass slowly, sit down at arranged tables. The wedding feast goes on—later the folk *chansons* and dances continue well through the night. The musicians are here, too, flutes, pipes and old time stringed lutes. We imagine the toasts, the singing and dancing, as our auto carries us further along the valley.

OLD WINES IN OLD BOTTLES

St.-Girons, a small industrial town close to the borders of Spain, is in the heart of a great wine district, important to these Pyrenean growers. Often along these hilly roads we slowed down to pass enormous high-wheeled carts, bearing great hogsheads of the precious juice. Peasant drivers whipped giant dray horses dragging heavy loads over a hilltop.

Bottling works and cellars in St.-Girons prepare for export to every country in the world. We watched for a moment blue-bloused peasants loading while four patient horses stood waiting, one of them glancing round to see how great the load. We counted twelve enormous casks, brim full.

The wine business continues from generation to generation in the family of the Counts of St.-Girons. Their

château atop the hill looms protectingly over the town, symbolic of the kindly interest of an aristocratic family, and adds its picturesque note to a beautiful landscape. Château-topped hill, mountain streams and water mill, part of the day's sunshine!

Within easy distance is the fascinating old town of St.-Lizier on the Salat river, where ancient Roman houses of the early Christian era crumble side by side with the old brown tiles and weather-worn timbers of the fifteenth century.

We come to another picture and the church of St.-Lizier with beautiful twelfth-century cloisters, on the heights overlooking the town. Here fiery Simon de Montfort signed a treaty, bringing to an end thirteenth-century wars of the Albigenses, a sect that first became prominent in Languedoc in the eleventh century, interfering with normal life of the day. Death was welcomed and the birth of a child, according to tenets, meant that a good angel had fallen from heaven into the clutches of Satan!

St. Dominic and Simon de Montfort both struck mortal blows at the heretics, as they were called, Simon by force of arms and the saint wooing people by kindly words and the performance of miracles. A quiet and restful place, this St.-Lizier of today, lying in the shadow of an old episcopal palace, with shady terraces overlooking the little town, fields of grain reaching to the gray shadows of giant hills.

SIMON DE MONTFORT

Follow the Garonne as far as Martres, a little pottery town. Thirty years ago the foundations of an old

Roman villa were unearthed with many interesting remains now housed in the Musée at Toulouse. Martres is famous in history as the point where a Moorish invasion was halted on its way northward across the Pyrénées by gallant St. Vidian, one of Charlemagne's noblest paladins. In the parish church among other relics is the comb with which "Sir Knight," St. Vidian, was wont to tidy long, luxuriant curls!

"There's a rather quaint legend about this comb," said I, while resting under an ancient tree. The lazy life of Martres drifted by in an old farm wagon, and cries of peasant children.

"A yearly St.-Vidian pilgrimage brings peasants from far and near along the Pyrenean valleys, some from Spain, who seek a blessing at this shrine of the sacred comb. The day is one of great rejoicing, when through the market place of Martres processions, headed by priests in gorgeous vestments, come and go to the church. Country women adore the precious relic.

"Once upon a time a woman, coming from a long distance, coveted it. Worshipers had left; she kissed the comb and under her apron slipped it! That night she and her old peasant husband, after merrymaking, drinking and dancing, started homeward on the long, dark road through the Garonne valley. The old man, walking ahead, was suddenly petrified by a shriek. Woe betide, there his good wife, arms outstretched, stood, wooden-saboted feet fast, refusing to move an inch!

"'Here, give me your hands,' and he tugged and he pulled to no avail. She was fast as a rock. A passing band of peasant revelers lent their mule carts; three teams strained and strained, yet not one inch forward. Through the night peasants passed, singing their jovial

way, while the two lonely wayfarers bemoaned their plight.

"Ah, help here? Two lines of oxen yoked in double harness tried with no better result. The wife was stuck there for all eternity! At last, hopeless and remorseful, the woman confessed her guilt with quaking lips and pulled out the priceless comb! The husband hurried back to Martres and returned with a whole procession of priests and singers bearing torches and banners. The comb was returned, wet with repentant tears. Free were her feet; the procession went back to Martres.

The country here breathes of legend and romance. We took our way onward. Toward the Haute-Garonne, further into the Hautes-Pyrénées. A ruined château crowns a forested hilltop near St.-Gaudens. Here lived the beautiful Pyrenean lady who blazed her name in brilliant letters across the gayest capital in Europe—Athénais de Montespan, the favorite mistress of the Roi Soleil. But Luchon and St.-Bertrand are beckoning!

LEGEND AND ROMANCE

There was naught to distract the eye for miles, a few diaphanous clouds lingering on peaks. Whence came this carillon through the clear air, in peal on silvery peal? More and more insistent it echoes over the sunny fields. We are nearing the little village of St.-Bertrand-de-Comminges, on the heights overlooking the Garonne, that cuts a deep valley all the way from its source in Spain. St.-Bertrand looks upward in adoration of the perfect medieval gem in its midst. The Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame, loveliest in all the Pyrénées, stands

serenely framed in cypress trees and has brooded centuries over these vine-clad fields.

The Hotel de Comminges, a quaint and unpretentious little place, is opposite the cathedral. The charm of age, fading into unnumbered years, lingers on each mossy rafter, overhanging old-fashioned gardens, where roses run riot.

Sit with us awhile and dream over the years, sip the vintage of the Garonne hillsides and linger over a tasty omelet. Linking together the pieces in the Pyrenean tableau that first took shape under the eagle eye of Rome. Once this was part of the great Lugdunum Convenarum, Rome's mightiest stronghold in the Pyrénées. Seventy years B. C. Pompey marched from Spain and established the town, later numbering five hundred thousand inhabitants.

Here Frankish kings battled and Gondevald, King of the Midi, was besieged by Guntram of Burgundy. In but a few weeks desolation and solitude unspeakable blotted out progress.

In the eleventh century St. Bertrand chose this secluded retreat for his cathedral; thus grew the little town of St.-Bertrand-de-Comminges, reawakening the Pyrenean spirit.

Numberless myths clung around his name. Holy was he; none could withstand such power, such gracious personality. Ruffians, Spanish captains, filled the village with terror but—a glance from St. Bertrand; behold, a miracle! They gave up prisoners and stolen flock and slunk back to Spain.

A shriveled centenarian, somebody's great grandmother, sat in a doorway nodding, children playing in

the shadow of a broken wall. Cute, dark-skinned youngsters, happy with naught but an old cracked cup and a pail of sandy earth. Aprons dirty and spattered but smiles and sunshine, too.

Follow the bells calling, up the hills to St.-Bertrand's beautiful cathedral. Bertrand de Goth in the late thirteenth century added beauty and art, finishing the cathedral. He won position as head of the Roman Church, Pope Clement V. Innocent VIII, too, was a bishop here in Comminges.

Peasants wandered through shadowed aisles, vanished ages enfolding all. Under lofty vaulting we gazed across a vast nave to sixty-eight choir stalls, judged the most beautiful in all France, marvels of medieval carving. One side of the choir pictures saints and biblical characters, the other a host of pagan deities and important nobles from the court of King Francis I. Here is an image of St. Bertrand, a masterpiece of wood carving, near his tomb. And, they say, he died here at his own altar.

See the beauties of this lovely old church, flickering chapelle tapers, falling through exquisite stained glass windows and panelings and scenes from the life of St. Bertrand. In the beautiful Romanesque cloisters, vision a soft footfall, an apparition of a medieval saint, walking by with shaven head and eyes raised to a panorama of beauty. Crumbling stone arches frame a vista, of green valley and snow peaked mountains, that has delighted a world for six hundred years and more.

"'Gem of the Pyrénées,' they call it," murmured my Pal, looking back as our auto turned southward once more. "I doubt if there is a rarer gem among cathedrals!

In this country so rich with medieval buildings, thrilling history adds glory and wonder to old carving and chiseled stone."

Small villages, a cluster of stone huts, an old château, with ancient coats of arms, tell tales of blue blood through the years. A herd of black mountain sheep clambers the hillside, the leader's bell clanging through the sunlit air, as flocks move on and on to pasture. Vineyards stretch endlessly, gray-green to rural wine presses; the never-failing picture of wine barrels on high-wheeled wagons paints gay colors.

Here is a smiling peasant woman, ambling along on her patient donkey. All about her are bundles of brushwood and a basket. She sits on the side, almost reaching the ground; her mule trails the dust. A pleasant wave of the hand, a smile for our passing!

Many Pyrenean villages thrive on wine-making, with odd moments for some native handicraft, wood-carving or weaving straw baskets and hats. We passed through one small place, where a family from *grand-mère* to *bébé*, seated beside their timbered home, were busy bellows-makers. Against a high stone arch, next a flight of climbing steps, was a smiling girl, twenty or thereabouts. She was holding a length of filmy muslin, embroidering. Her dress, too, had a touch of elegance. A soft, dusky beauty with deep-set brown eyes, she was maybe the pretty Spanish bride of the tall peasant bending over the smouldering brazier. How easily she fits into life on this side of the border! A little boy on the muddy banks of the nearby pond was fishing with homemade net and tin cans. Nothing but contentment!

LES BAGNÈRES DE LUCHON

Luchon, Queen of the Pyrénées! It nestles in a grassy glen with giant peaks, five and six thousand feet high, towering above.

Conjure up a vision of a mountain-like spa, a jewel in the unique wonderland of the Hautes-Pyrénées. A long river valley, with leaping torrent cutting through gorges, meanders between poplar avenues from a tempestuous beginning; the River Pique waters this sunlit valley. Narrow streets of the old town, shaded avenues, long boulevards and up-to-date shops; music floats on every breeze from a gaily decked band stand in the centre of the park. Come, feel the delights of this romantic mountain town, Luchon.

At the Pyrénées Palace we found a sunny balcony, trellised with flowering plants. Tall glass doors opened into a comfortable suite; we could easily rest here! A shady boulevard leads to a triangular garden and this up-to-the-minute hotel for a visitor who enjoys a modern resort. The Casino smiles in the sunshine, if your inclinations run to excitement at tables. In the Casino grounds old trees and flowered gardens tempt you to linger and dream.

Shops with modern merchandise, souvenirs of the Pyrénées, friendly shopkeepers who have time and a pleasant greeting. I found a replica of a smiling Pyrenean grandmother, a perfect doll, seated on a rude wooden chair, dressed in gray satin, white fichu and lace bonnet. White curls, and spectacled eyes. Who started the fine little sock she knits? Steel needles in and out, exactly as old ladies in Pyrenean villages.

Luchon's fame rests on mineral springs yielding a

hundred thousand gallons a day. The Établissement, with marble colonnades, is picturesquely situated against pine-wooded hills, a long brisk walk for your morning sip! Gay couples in the latest-from-Paris, parasols of every hue—oh, Luchon is gay this sunny morning! The orchestra plays favorite melodies, as lazily you sit dreaming, watching French children enjoy freedom, the Pyrénées and Luchon.

MUSIC FILLS THE AIR

"*Bonjour, Madame!*" My hand is greeted by a tall young Frenchman, who had married a friend of mine, a talented American singer. Henri and Florence had taken a villa for the summer. A cup of delicious mid-morning *chocolat* (for which Luchon is famed) was a soothing beverage for four. Florence had acquired a large Pyrenean dog, native of Luchon; he was a constant member of the party, affectionate to my Pal. We heard much of these fine dogs, a particularly excellent and faithful breed, similar to the great St. Bernard of Switzerland.

Against a background of music pleasant hours drift by. Henri, violinist and poet, creates dreamy melodies, floating amorously through the night. So friendship, music, dancing and laughter, with stimulating, witty conversation fill the air in this Luchon villa.

One morning we planned to climb the heights to Superbagnères. "Cardinal" (as my Pal dubbed the dog for his soul-searching eyes) was kept at home. As we took our places in the funicular, there he came, bounding, eager; we couldn't chase him back!

The wonder of that supreme journey, gliding four

thousand feet upward into the snows! Picturesque groves of beeches, colorful ferns and bushes were replaced by tall pines and mossy undergrowth. Game nestled in the brush, tempting the Cardinal to restless snortings. Clouds floated above and around, drifting down the valleys from snowy realms.

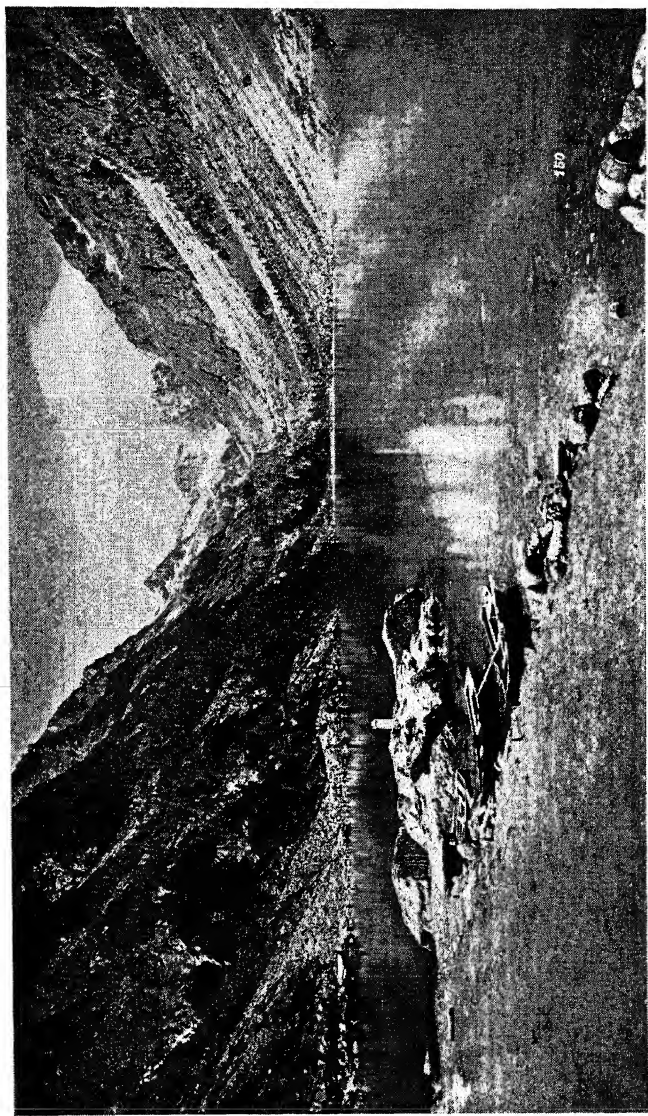
From a platform and rocky plateau a view of endless mountains, a fair line of inspiring summits, the boundary, and into Spain. We gazed over the heights of the Vallée d'Aran and the white peaks of the gorgeous Cirque du Lys. Highest and noblest, it seems, is Maladetta; snow, more snow and hanging glaciers were discernible in the distance.

"I should think it earned its name of 'Accursed Mountain' in medieval days," Florence said, passing her binoculars. "See the great terrific snowfields glittering magnificently in the sunshine."

"There's an old Pyrenean legend connected with Maladetta's 'accursed state,'" I said. "Though the peaks are now arctic, there was a time, according to storytelling, when this was warm, grassy pastureland and good for sheep.

"Shepherd pasturing their flocks here, unlike their predecessors in the Holy Land, were filled with amazement and anger when a soft-voiced stranger appeared among them. Out with stones and crooks, while angry words accompanied missiles flung at the newcomer who, according to the legend, was Christ.

"In a trice the mountain darkened, black clouds tore down the hillside, turning sunlit meadows to bare, rocky wastes. A drear land this, crowned with snow peaks, where icy winds blew boisterously. It was all over; the



Environs de Caunterets—Le Lac de Gaube

'Accursed Mount,' gaunt and unfriendly, shepherds and their flocks dead and forgotten!"

"A nice cheery story," commented my Pal; "and to change the atmosphere, what about some dinner?"

AMERICAN JAZZ

On the terrace of the Hotel Splendide, looking over this Pyrenean magnificence, we drank a toast to Maladetta in la Mothe Malaga. Sunset, never so wonderful in imagination or reality! The heavens painted before our rapt gaze. Snowy crests melted from icy gray into burnished seas of flaming gold, rose, purple, green, with floating clouds of copper. Peak after peak, King for the moment, then reluctantly changing golden silhouette to deepest rose and bronze glow in distant horizon, as a crescent moon said, "Good evening!"

Wondrous, exquisite pictures, a sunset miracle. The legend of formidable mountain ranges glorified, majestic. Born, not of man's world, this mingling of heavenly clouds and dazzling colors, but nature's supreme art! Dream again in a mountain paradise far above mundane affairs!

A jazz orchestra woos the evening with soft, alluring rhythms. Soon my Pal and Florence, Henri and I were dancing. Particularly popular are the *thé dansants*. The Splendide—what a joy to find such a perfect spot for rest. An occasional game of tennis or a hike into the mountains. Superbagnères is one of the places remembered during travels in the Pyrénées.

"Hello there, you two! Hello, hello!" A couple in front, another at the back, all smiles and laughter, a

party of New York friends; two sisters, Elizabeth and Helen, with their respective husbands. They had just completed a long and interesting Pyrenean jaunt from Font-Romeu on the borders of Andorra.

"Just imagine meeting you in Luchon again this year, what luck!" said Helen, squeezing my Pal's arm and smiling at me. "Do you remember—" a flood of mutual reminiscences.

That night we celebrated at the Casino. My Pal and the head waiter had a menu befitting the occasion. From hors d'œuvres to liqueurs and cigarettes everything went with a swing, a feeling of celebration in the air. The orchestra—Argentinean—played jazz tunes and languorous tangos.

On to Henri's villa, near the tree-bordered Pique; an interesting evening of music. A quartette echoed from the open windows as we arrived—a young Italian tenor, a soprano from Paris, a New York contralto, a baritone with Russia as his native habitat. Then a Spanish guitarist plucked Pyrenean melodies in swaying rhythm into the small hours—*Buenos noches!*

Our last day in Luchon dawned a cloudless summer morning. Florence and Henri arrived for eight o'clock breakfast, sending us off with cheery promises for a fall reunion in New York.

The shady Allée crowded with visitors strolling to the baths; we through the market place, into the Pyrénées—lovely stretches of beech trees, glimmering red in the brilliant sunshine. High along the Pyrenean road we claim acquaintance with the wonderful Cirque du Lys and inspiring Maladetta, its glaciers and snowdrifts.

The traveler appreciates the wonder-feats of engineer-

ing, motoring over these mountain highways. This road links two great seas, the Mediterranean and Atlantic. Traversing the heights, sweeping through tunneled gorges, and leaping chasms in enormous viaducts, these Pyrenean routes are favorite charabanc highways from Luchon to Cauterets. This road we later follow, southward to the exquisite beauties of Gavarnie.

Bagnères-de-Bigorre, a mountain spa along this road, popular with France since Henri of Navarre, his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, and famous aristocrats, writers and poets sang its praises. Here rises the Pic du Midi, a perfect cone, nearly ten thousand feet into the azure sky, a superb panorama on a clear day, Pyrenean giants, into Spain, sloping foothills, to the green plains of France—a wonderful vision across to frothing breakers of the blue Atlantic!

Through unending chains of mountain peaks our road twists and turns. Gray rocks above the timber line jut into purple-shadowed snowfields. Waterfalls, mountain torrents rush into deep-cut valleys, awe-inspiring—exquisite pictures this sunlit morning!

A MOTHERS' SHRINE

A quaint little town, Luz. Legends unravel one after another in this region, "once upon a time" a happy hunting ground for smugglers and brigands. Passing between Spain and France, a band of timid robbers crept through the famous Cleft of Roland, along the dim rocky gorges that surround Gavarnie. At the end of a dark, mysterious tunnel they found a gay hamlet bathed in sunshine and called it "Luz," denoting "light!"

Roland's Cleft! A familiar sounding name, this pas-

sage nine thousand feet above the sea, for centuries a trade route between the two countries. Roll back the years to 778, when Charlemagne was driving the Saracens out of France, downward into Spain. Beside him rode the hero of a thousand love tales, Roland the Brave. Charlemagne's army had marched through France, behold now this impassable range of mountains to get through, somehow; as they must give battle to the Moors. The mighty Roland, sword lifted high—one great sweep—a convenient gap cut in the mountain! The entire army rode through, singing praises of noble Roland's prowess.

The Hotel de l'Univers for a pleasant hour's respite, lingering over *déjeuner*, then on to Cauterets. There were many summer visitors. Near us sat a French grandmother. Perched on cushions were two well-behaved youngsters, obviously twins, four-year-olds, wearing starched cotton smocks. Their attention was divided between the good things to eat and two colored balloons. Surreptitiously the little boy flicked his; in a moment the purple bubble was rebounding off my Pal's head. A smile, a tap of his fingers, back to the boy with the toy. *La Grand'mère* was soon telling us all about her daughter and the children.

"Yes, they arrived just a year to the very day after Thérèse was married," she confided. "Nor did Thérèse have to visit St.-Sauveur." The good woman actually winked. "Madame, of course, knows the legend of St.-Sauveur, the little one-street suburb of Luz?"

"No," I confessed.

"Oh, St.-Sauveur is well known among the Pyrenean valleys for the Source des Dames! This is a sulphur spring; and long ago, a shepherdess was wandering about

St.-Sauveur, weeping. She had been wed four years with not the slightest hope. So she shed copious tears while her flocks wandered far down the valley. Suddenly, a nymph appeared out of the clouds and whispered in the shepherdess' ear. She immediately ran down the grassy path to a spring and plunged in. Of course, in less than a year, lovely twin boys were born to her.

"*Mais oui*, it is true—absolutely! From far and near women came to follow the shepherdess' example and every one with happy result."

The Luz twelfth-century Church of the Templars has battlements, towers and high crenelated walls in keeping with the old Crusader monuments of the East. When the order of Templars was crushed in 1306, Knights of Malta occupied the fortress, improving the citadel.

A NOTABLE SPA

A few miles further on, mountain sides studded with white villas outline the narrow valley that shelters Cauterets. It is impossible to convey the sense of this little town shut in by enormous snow peaks, incredibly high. The eye wanders over forests into the regions above bare rocks, strange gray-black shadows, with cloudy mists floating in long veils.

The Esplanade des Oeufs gave us a picture of Cauterets life, commanding an inspiring, majestic panorama of Mont Pégùère and distant, towering snowcaps. The Thermes des Oeufs, largest of Cauterets baths, is fed by six springs gushing medicinal sulphur water. A marble temple, this Thermes; swimming pools, cafés, restaurants and theatre.

Along the Esplanade interesting groups strolled, sipping healing waters, which revitalize tired vocal chords. Many singers, well known in operatic circles, summer here. One afternoon my Pal met our old friend, Marcel, whose rich baritone has delighted audiences in Europe and America. Marcel knew the little town and told how Romans discovered and Julius Cæsar drank of these waters. The spring named after him is one of the best. This mountain town has been popular since the tenth century and became a fashionable Pyrenean resort when Marguerite of Navarre, beautiful sister of Francis I, brought her court here.

Cauterets, highest Pyrenean spa, is a centre for mountain jaunts. Marcel, my Pal and I motored early one morning toward the beautiful Lac de Gaube to view the giant Vignemale. Through precipitous forests of pines, rushing torrents sang to us, as mountain vistas enthralled.

A halt by the Cascades of Cérisey; we sipped wine at a rustic inn, enraptured by the scene before us. Against walls of dark pine the cascade leaped and sprang, like a living creature, bursting from woodsy rocks. Sun rainbowed dancing visions above the water—a picture so exquisite that with difficulty we came away.

Superb waterfalls reward us, as we climb higher along the steepy bridle path and the scenery becomes wilder, more majestic every moment! Six thousand feet high this Lac de Gaube, like a blue-green emerald in a rocky setting of circling giants, astounding!

"How about lunch?" said my Pal. Marcel and I readily agreed. Baked de Gaube trout, caught that morning,

pommes frites—copious drafts of wine, refreshing as the mountain air.

The morning sunshine on the unforgettable Cirque de Gavarnie! My Pal and I on the terrace of the Hotel Vignemale, dreaming dreams across the sublime picture of a Master.

Short, sharp barks; Monsieur is exercising a big, intelligent Alsatian. Our proprietor, a pleasant, rosy-faced Frenchman, has twinkling brown eyes. He plays with the understanding animal, who follows his master down the terrace, with morning greetings to the guests.

SNOWS OF UNTOLD CENTURIES

The Cirque de Gavarnie is an enormous amphitheatre formed by glacial action. Towering mountains eight to nine thousand feet in height, with perpendicular cliffs and snowy glaciers, line toward the heavens. In a thousand tiers the dark peaks rise, like fortress walls terraced with white. Snows of untold centuries meltingly fall one thousand three hundred and eighty odd feet in a great cascade, the highest in Europe!

Watch the foaming waters in the immensity of mountain background. This cascade graduates to the Gave de Pau, from ledge to ledge it drops in wonder, like a thousand miniature rainbows. Numerous other cascades, falling lightly through the air, fill our ears with murmurs of music.

Gavarnie will never fade, in pictures unsurpassed! A great explorer, Count Russell, stands looking to the year for local guides. The Vallée d'Arazas entices crossing the Spanish border of Gavarnie, where all roads end

— Eternity begins—in snows uncertain! A statue of the great explorer, Count Russell, stands looking to the heights.

On the downward slopes from Gavarnie meadow grasses are famed since days of old Spanish farmers. In one steep field we pass peasants busily working. Comes along a charming old woman waving her hoe in greeting. She works with great vim, that speaks well of three score years and ten spent in this invigorating mountain air.

A little further on a party of barefoot children wandered down the hill, huge bunches of blue gentian filling their arms. One bright little fellow handed me some of these fragrant mountain flowers ere he skipped to join the others. We watched them greet the family circles in the fields. One of the youngsters darted into a neighboring hut, brought out an ancient concertina, on which he played a squeaky melody. It was the hour for rest; some of the natives swung into a Gavarnie dance.

Further along incomparably simple, superb scenes and the Basses-Pyrénées to the old Henri-of-Navarre Château at Pau.

WHITE PLUMES OF NAVARRE

White plumes of Navarre! They waved their gallant crests across romantic pages of French chivalry, symbolizing the generous, happy nature of Henri IV—he of the sparkling Gascon wit, the carefree gesture, the fearless bravery! Henri, the Béarnais, loved to this day by every citizen in Pau. During the reign of Louis XIV Pau sent from Paris a statue of their own hero. Louis incapable of conceiving how any but his own effigy

could be of value, sent one of himself instead. The faithful citizens of Pau inscribed on the statue of their king, "To the grandson of our great Henri!"

There are several statues of Henri in Pau. One in the Place Royale is a very gallant figure with gracious mien, the fringed scarf of Navarre, the well-known hat and trailing white plumes. In the château Henri is woven into canvases and tapestries. The idol of Navarre is imprinted deep in memory, for here was a king that France remembers with honor!

A romantic story, his birth. He came of a royal line; his grandmother, the famous Marguerite de Valois, was an ardent supporter of the Reformation, at one time sheltering Calvin in her castle at Pau. A great student and writer herself, during her rule the court at Pau became known as "The Parnassus of Navarre." In December of 1553 an heir was expected by the Béarnais people and Marguerite's daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, was praying that she might bear a son. According to tradition she followed the course of Béarnais mothers, singing an old melody to "*Notre Dame du bout du pont*" (Our Lady at the head of the bridge—help me in this hour!) a song that is still sung in the valleys around Pau.

Picture the brave young mother, chanting her thin melody, which, taken up by expectant courtiers, growing in volume, reached the crowds assembled in the château courtyard! At last, a son! Delighted, the old king, Henri II, rushed with the baby to the terrace; the people were waiting, weeping with joy and shouting. Through the gray December afternoon torches cast a flickering glow, while all Navarre shrieked its approval of the young prince!

"Here is the lion of France!" cried the king in ring-

ing tones and with his own fingers anointed the baby's lips, an ancient Béarnais tradition, with garlic and a few drops of fine Jurançon wine as grown on the hill-sides near the château. Henri was sent to the country as a child, and grew strong as a young mountaineer, mixing with the peasants, himself living the life of a young French squire.

The proud day arrived when he was to don his first suit of armor. Queen Jeanne called in all neighboring lords to witness the great event, while commoners from far and near filled the château courts, with ringing cheers. In shining armor, plumed helmet, bearing shield and sword, he was a gallant figure indeed to win a people's love, and took part in tournament processions in the valley of the Gave.

The people of Béarn love the tales of Henri's prowess, his battles and his love affairs (for his château in the mountains at Eaux-Chaudes rings with many brilliant accounts of the lovely ladies, who inspired the king's impetuous *affaires d'amour!*)

My Pal and I were thinking over this chivalrous and lordly figure, as we sat enjoying the view that used to delight his eyes, this château terrace looking over the beautiful Gave valley to vine-clad hills lost in snowy peaks. We, too, had tasted Henri's birth-wine, the delicious Jurançon. Below us stretched the paved boulevard, a mile long, running between the château and public gardens. Beautiful villas and gardens on the north side of the boulevard, below the houses of lower Pau sloping to the river.

The mild climate tempts citizens of northern Europe to spend winters basking in sunshine, lured by the healthy pastimes, golf and tennis.

A KING'S CHÂTEAU

In Pau's charming public park we listened to the band playing in the square. A delightful garden with long vistas and little arbors, a view of the Cirque and a winding river. Sunlight through the trees. We picture the garden, when a favorite haunt of the wistful Catherine de Bourbon, Henri's beloved sister, and these the walks she loved to frequent, perhaps with her lover, the Comte de Soissons. She and her ladies seem to linger in this lovely old garden—fragrant laces, jasmin-scented, perfumes—and their memory.

In "dreams of fair ladies" I hadn't noticed that my Pal had discovered our Swedish-American friend, Edward and his sixteen-year-old daughter. Over a glass of wine, he told how it came about that a son of the House of Bernadotte, born in Pau, later ruled Norway and Sweden as King Charles XIV. Swedish ancestors resounded in Edward's tale. Another drink to health and we strolled down the boulevard, over the bridge and into Henri's château.

A princely residence, worthy of old traditions. Square towers, *cour d'honneur*, a moat now planted with beautiful old trees—all hold memories of Henri and his brilliant ancestor, Gaston Phœbus, who built the enormous stone dungeon tower over relics of Roman foundations.

We wandered, enthralled by the beauty of exquisite Gobelin tapestries; fine work of Flemish looms, beautiful furnishings and lovely old porcelains. A touch of tragedy in the story of Abd-el-Kader, imprisoned in this château for five years, after bravely defending his beloved Algeria from French invasion. Five of his children died in Pau and not until Napoleon III came in

1852 was this proud old Arab released. He never forgot the kindly treatment of his French conquerors. (Courtesy is a religion with Moslems!) Abd-el-Kader won the Legion d'Honneur for his brave defense of Christians in Palestine during brutal Turkish persecution.

Henri's bedroom, supposedly the one in which he was born, has his bed and seventy-four medallions. Here, too, is a fascinating tortoise-shell cradle, one which rocked the baby prince. A velvet cloth, embroidered with golden *fleur de lys*, tells of France and the long ago. Against a background of ancient tapestry crossed flags are mounted above Henri's fringed scarf, his helmet and plumed crest.

Here is enshrined the noble spirit of Navarre. Wandering along the sunlit vistas of Pau's old park, we dreamed of the days when proud Béarnese hunters galloped along these wooded tracts. An old peasant passed us, trudging along in his wooden sabots, a sack slung over the shoulder of his faded cotton smock. He had stepped out of the days when Pau was a royal city and, looking at him, I remembered how Henri's subjects always cried, "We have a king who wears a heart as well as a crown!" All the world knows of Henri's generous boast, "I want the poorest peasant of Béarn to have a fowl for *pot-au-feu* on Sundays!"

How romance tempts us—real and unreal—in this Basque country! In Pau and all the way, people, places out of the ages, peer at us. Come now, join the wandering, delighted world—into *le Pays-Basque*.

CHAPTER XI

LE PAYS-BASQUE—A MIRACLE—LOURDES— BIARRITZ

EXHILARATED by wafts of mountain air, we drive through a beautiful summer morning to historic Lourdes. A little donkey cart jogs along the Pyrenean highway, driven by a peasant woman in frilled bonnet and scarlet shawl. As we near the fresh young face we see a wizened child on her knee. She is murmuring prayers over the wooden beads of a rosary. All conveyances, autos, charabancs and carts are on the way to Lourdes in August. The season for greatest pilgrimages is here. From all of Europe and the ends of the earth come seekers for health, buoyed up with hope, a miracle that gives them faith unshakable.

Since that day in February, 1858, when a celestial apparition brought fame to Lourdes, a yearly pilgrimage takes its way across these Pyrenean roads—special trains, excursions and private parties hurrying the sick at all hours to this sacred shrine.

The legend of Lourdes tells about Bernadette Soubirous, a little shepherd girl, daughter of a poor miller. This fragile, dreamy girl was one day gathering brushwood near the grotto of Massabielle. She caught the sound of wind rustling through a rosebush high along the side of a huge rock. Her visionary eyes discerned the Virgin, smiling at her from the dim recesses of this

misty grotto. The beautiful apparition, attired as the Mother of Christ, was pure white, just like the figure which now dominates Lourdes; a white robe and veil, with long blue sash, her shoes adorned with golden roses! Several times the Virgin appeared to Bernadette on this spot. The White Lady told the child to bathe in the miraculous fountain springing from the grotto. A second command made Bernadette seek the village priests to build a church for the Lady of Lourdes.

Bernadette, of simple faith, carried out instructions. She was the first to bathe in the healing spring, darkening the grotto wall with votive candle smoke. Millions have followed her; faith in many cases has been rewarded. There is a medical examination of patients to decide whether physical healing is possible. There have been miracles! Hope!

Lourdes is a spot of rare beauty, of quiet charm, that in itself, we feel, must lay a healing hand on a tired spirit. The little town nestles at the foot of a huge rock on the winding Gave de Pau, halfway between the enchanting Cirque de Gavarnie and Henri of Navarre's historic Pyrenean château. Green ranges stretch all around for miles, kindly natural giants, protecting the little town in the Gave valley. One is crowned by an old château that has belonged through the centuries to Roman, Moor and Visigoth; ancient empires held this great fortress, guarding fertile valleys and mountain passes, rising higher and higher to imposing peaks of the Spanish border.

In the last ten years this château has become a famous Pyrenean museum. Local color, ancient tradition and customs are preserved; old songs, costumes for historic fêtes of the Pyrenean people, from Béarn and the

Basque provinces. If ever these secluded villages lose their old-world charm, here is a perfect record of crafts, legends and stories. Even the characteristic flowers of the Pyrenean slopes and valleys are treasured in the château gardens.

° RELIGIOUS PAGEANTS

An astonishing picture fills the crowded streets of Lourdes—old, white-haired men bending to the task of stretcher bearers; patients in all states of invalidism, some in long chairs, some in hooded carts. Here is a Sister of Charity, slowly pushing an aged nun, while a young boy scout holds an umbrella over her bowed head. From every corner of the world they come—hope! hope! and faith in their hearts!! Without this what is life?

Visitors take flagons of the precious water from the grotto; cases of this miracle water are sent across Europe and over to America. There is healing in it, a property that differentiates it from hundreds of springs that gush out of the Pyrénées. The secret is in Hope! Hope! Hope!! always a miracle!!! Thousands of pilgrims a day come, buoyed by unceasing Hope! Gracious, kindly French people give their services, carrying the sick to the grotto. Boy scouts push stretchers, lead cripples or lend strong young shoulders to a halt and tottering brother. Hope, Hope, Hope! A story here of faith through hope and hope through faith!!

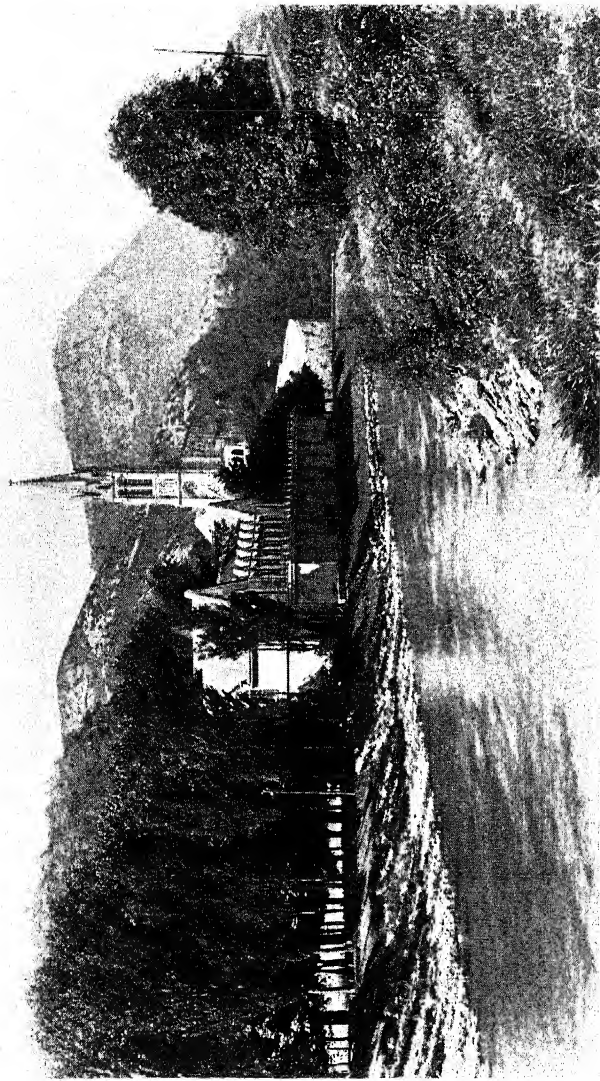
My Pal and I, musing over these things, passed along the streets, where trolley cars, autos and buses mingled with pilgrims. Hotels and *pensions* bore distinctive names, linking them with the miraculous grotto. Worn pilgrims

and visitors seek much needed sustenance and refreshment in these places. The sides of the road are lined with innumerable shops and booths selling souvenirs.

Before the grotto sick lie in rows at the shrine—benches, too, for patients, who pray to the Lady of Lourdes. The hollowed-out niche in the bare rock on one side, a trail of hanging vines, trees and bushes on the other. Below the figure—as a silent tribute to religion and faith—crutches and canes of grateful cripples, who have found relief from suffering on this spot, where flicker hundreds of votive candles. Hush! The murmuring of "Ave Maria!" the telling of beads; three priests are standing below the shrine, hands upraised in impressive benediction.

I sat for a moment on a bench, looking up to the old stones that have been kissed and blessed by thousands of faithful worshipers. Beside me an old man was sitting, his eyes raised in mute supplication. You are constantly seeing simple, devout faces on which years of suffering have scored deep and touching lines. The old man turned. "It is my second visit," he said. "It is a long way from Annecy, yet there lies my son, a cripple from birth." This simple, patient old peasant had toiled for years to reach Lourdes in the hope—that hope! hope!!—through devotion, perhaps this son may one day stand alone!

High on the hillside above the sacred grotto is the Lourdes church built after Bernadette's message—really two churches; a lower one, the Church of the Rosary, a Gothic rotunda, with fifteen side chapels for visiting priests. Services, from dawn to sunset and through the night, are held during National Pilgrimage Week, particularly on August twentieth.



Our Lady of Lourdes: Le Basilique de Lourdes

THE WHITE LADY OF LOURDES

Two flights of steps are cut into the rock before the towered basilica. Stepping into the quiet nave, you cannot doubt that this church, built against the eternal wonder of Pyrenean mountains, is in truth a sanctuary for faith. In front is a wide plaza, terminating the long esplanade. The White Lady of Lourdes on a high pedestal welcomes with her beneficence all who enter. Chapels and walls are covered with offerings, white tablets and gilded hearts, from grateful invalids. Up in the dim high vaulting, soft silken draperies, richly toned—mute yet telling volumes—emblems of hope—national and religious banners of different Christian peoples of the world.

The afternoon procession of Saint-Sacrament is followed by a great torchlight pilgrimage, winding through Lourdes, along the church esplanade and into the wooded hills. Chanting, filled with hope, sings through the air. Very impressive, in the silence which follows, is the majesty of these beautiful mountains and Nature! Above, the miracle of stars, set in perfect harmony with the fathomless depth of a Pyrenean night. Mayhap you catch a whisper of miracles that existed long before man began to dream his dreams and that will live forever when all else becomes legend. Lourdes, afternoon and night processions of hope! Singing, religious hope—we pondered, deeply impressed, on our way back to Pau, toward the town of Tarbes. Over good wine in a shady garden of the Place Maubourguet, impressions of Lourdes and the pilgrimage town grew in retrospect.

Glimpse through long vistas of the beautiful Jardin Massey a statue of Théophile Gautier, the nineteenth-

century poet born in Tarbes. Another interesting corner, towards which thousands of pilgrims turn, is the little house where Maréchal Foch saw the light of day! These Pyrénées tower no higher than the General laid to eternal rest so recently. All hail, patriots and pilgrims of hope and faith! "The sun is still shining" in these Pyrénées, as we motor onward through the romantic Pays Basque! This land of mountain and sea beckoned and recalled us many times. Its quiet, natural beauty, the dignity and charm of its people, quaint customs and old tales—we had come to love the Basque country, stretching to the beautiful Côte d'Argent. There are three provinces on the French side of the Pyrénées and four on the Spanish—seven in one, intertwined, they are bound to one another, not only in insignia but in the spirit of the people.

AN ENIGMA

The Basques are an ancient race, who have kept through centuries their own language, habits and characteristics absolutely distinct, almost as a nation. Strong and vigorous, fine-looking, agile, none but a virile people could have maintained such independence. A fascinating study, the history of this conceded oldest race in Europe. These men, who from Pyrenean strongholds watched the westward march of Aryan tribes! Whence sprang they, these Bascli, whose recorded history begins only in the twelfth century? What mysterious branch of the human family settled this sunlit corner of Europe thousands of years ago? Are they from Phœnicia or Egypt or perhaps, as is still whispered in the valleys, sole survivors of the ill-fated continent At-

lantis? Church bells from Atlantis still sound at sunset to the fisherfolk along this coast!

Many authorities think that the Basques are Pyrenean dwellers from prehistoric times. Wandering Iberians of the Caucasus, Moors and Oriental peoples coming through Northern Africa, supplied Sanskrit and Afghanistan words; thus the Basque language is an enigma.

In this land of dreams, where every rustic peasant worships at the feet of his own beautiful countryside, it is easy to believe an old legend told in Basque folklore—the story of the original parents of these peoples. From shadowy myths there emerges the picture of Maitagarri and her brave, stalwart lover, Luzaide, whose enchanted love songs swept upward toward the great peak of Mount Anhie and, meeting the clouds on its snowy cap, gave birth to a new race!

Another legend has it that the Basques are closely related to the Garden of Eden; that theirs was the original tongue spoken. Did not a child of Noah settle here before the great confusion of speech in the famed Tower of Babel? Tubal, son of Japhet, was this forefather and from his initial "T" they derive the four-headed emblem or *Lauburu* that adorns their banners today.

The Basque language is difficult enough to warrant an obscure origin; it seems to have no connection with any other. Wandering Basque tribes left traces of their tongue north to the Baltic and southward to Italy and Spain. Basques speak French and Spanish; it is rare that a stranger learns original Basque, beautiful to listen to, yet formidable to acquire. Peasants call themselves *Es-kualdunac*, (the clever people); a few words were all we could gather during our summer sojourning. It was com-

forting to know that we were not alone, for even his wily and clever Satanic Majesty of the Middle Ages could learn little more. So goes this story:

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY

Satan fell in love with the sunny Basque provinces and stayed for seven long years, in all of which time he learned but three words, for tobacco, women and wine. Imagine his rage, when stalking across a holy bridge in Bayonne, to find his hard-learned words eluding him! The story doesn't tell whether he stamped with his cloven hoofs, perhaps encased in Basque *espadrilles* (rope-soled shoes). He gave it up as a bad job and left the country forthwith. That is why the Pays Basque, travelers think, is such a delightful vacation spot!

Peering back again to the point where legends become history, we mused over the story of Basque courage, Basque pride of race, denoting a power that Cæsar himself acknowledged. The deeper you probe the more mysterious the origin and early history of this great race, now numbering about a million people altogether.

In Spain you catch their trail in the story of the Vascones who, torn by Visigoth and Saracen raiders, were forced northward over Pyrenean passes into France. Here they faced fierce Frankish soldiers, under one great leader after another; finally Charlemagne himself. It was the Basques, they say, who captured and killed Charlemagne's mightiest paladin, heroic Roland, hero of medieval stories.

Menaced on every side, these plucky Basque fighters were pushed further and further into the mountains.

Never did they lose their inborn spirit, great inheritance through ages of unknown ancestors and the vital spark of Basque liberty. For centuries they served only whom they pleased, acknowledging no master. In later generations their adventurous blood found an outlet in hazardous sea raids—you hear Basque yarns sweeping across the mighty oceans of the world.

Driving through the outskirts of Pau we were held enthralled by a beautiful figure of a woman drawing water from a fountain. Strange how still she kept, how quiet, how bewitching her smile! Within a few feet we realized this remarkable and life-like form was but a marble statue, a vivid, beautiful work of a local sculptor.

We wandered slowly seaward, enjoying the picture of peasant life in lonely Basque villages, often clinging precariously to steep mountain sides. Our road passed through a sheltered valley, where we were greeted by the fragrant odor of hay tossing in the sunny air. Fields were alive with haymakers, men and women, stacking the wagons. Often a small horse trailed slowly along the road, dragging an enormous load, almost invisible under the sweet-smelling burden. There was a woman, with a great bundle of hay supported on a triangular fork over her shoulders. Laden as she was, her sunny disposition flashed in a smile as we passed. Donkeys, mules, slow-trudging oxen, all were busy with a great harvest.

A charming little pastoral lured us off the main track for a few moments to a small field, with a primitive cottage in the background. A sturdy young wife was working here, raking hay to allow sunshine to sift in. Her good-looking spouse busy, too—on an easier job! Guiding two patient horses, going round and round in a wide

circle, dragging the heavy rollers of a primitive threshing machine.

"Whew! It's hot!" We could almost hear their Basque exclamations as they stopped a moment for long draughts of peasant beer. Behind the rustic hut two aproned youngsters were busy at the same game, tossing hay with sticks and wheeling it around in a tiny wooden cart. They darted into the house as we disappeared along the road.

COSTUMES AND LEGENDS

We were nearing the Ossau valley, long known for its beauty of peasant costumes. Many traditional costumes are rapidly disappearing, Ossau still clings proudly to the dress of its forefathers—and such colorings! Fortunate to be in Laruns for a small fête. Every garment was shaken out for the occasion. The countryfolk had come far along the valley, in flower-decked carts and brass harness polished to glittering.

Picture these comely, dark-eyed Basque women, fine, straight features, clouds of black curly hair and graceful movements! They wore stiffly pleated skirts of every hue, embroidered muslin blouses and dazzling, gorgeous silken shawls falling in deep points. Some were heavily fringed and embroidered like a piece of fine old brocade. A lace bonnet or a knotted handkerchief about each pretty face, over which hung a scarlet hood, falling softly. Family embroideries and jewels grace every fête day, and if a slim young beauty is an only daughter, as heiress she flaunts a brilliant scarlet skirt, to dazzle amorous swains.

We hear her chanting the old Basque folksong:

"I am young and cheerful
 And always ready to laugh,
 Content, happy and gay;
 Nothing worries me,
 For I am friends with all
 And bound to none."

Look at the young fellows in black breeches, scarlet vests and waistcoats of every hue! White gaiters with green or yellow ribbons, while a dark *béret* is stuck nonchalantly over one ear; a picture of gay, light-hearted youth.

Gone are the long *capuchons*, the black silk capes peasantry makes pilgrimages to church in. Dancing is in the air, the sound of native flutes and pipes (the *chirion* and *basauflute*) draws nearer. With a burst of gladness the dance begins. What a springing and jumping; these agile and nimble peasants, old and young alike, twist and turn, leaping into the air, forgetting everything in these happy Basque steps. A swirling of petticoats round and round in picturesque abandonment. A cheerful atmosphere this. We left reluctantly this unspoiled Pyrenean village.

Bielle, enchanting little town, once capital of the Ossau valley, is built over old Roman remains. Here Basque shepherds meet to discuss pasturing their flocks and herds. We vision a lonely hut in the mountains, the Basque shepherd singing the old song:

"Early in the morning as the day dawns
 I drive my sheep out to pasture,
 Then I lie stretched out in the shade.
 Who is more content than I?
 Mine is a happy lot,
 For in this hut none is my master!"

Above towers the impressive Midi d'Ossau, with giant cascades, precipices and torrents linked by the country-folk with a curious legend. Down in this valley there used to dwell a priest, who had two great passions, one for the church, and a stronger, alas, for the chase. A-hunting he would go, whenever he could tear himself away from clerical duties; and even then he was mentally chasing wild beasts.

One day his astonished parishioners were amazed; they saw him turn back from the altar, head lifted, alert for a sound from the neighboring hills. Away he ran, in his robes! He had heard the cry of a wild boar and, whistling to his dogs, upon his horse he galloped madly into the mountains, his holy vestments flying behind him. Punishment for a hunting priest and a just one, too. Forever and a day he was doomed to hunt in the mountains—a veritable "Flying Frenchman." Sometimes, when the wind blows eerily, his dogs can be heard barking; if the moon be right, mayhap the wild-eyed priest himself is riding crazily through the night!

A STIFF CLIMB

Climbing up one of the mountain roads we came upon a miracle this day! Up and up we struggled—you know the feeling—when a cog misses in your car? You listen—perhaps it is the other fellow? Ah! but today you are alone and it is your car! Noise—heat—whirr, whirr and everything? Oh! Where, oh where, in this stillness, these mountains—however beautiful, is water? Blessed, wet water—to put in that steaming and empty radiator?

Stalled, did you say? And how!—a hotel twenty miles away?—with us mountains—and more mountains—a

fair road—a stalled automobile! Jules, the chauffeur, and my Pal did an uphill stunt of reconnoitering. They ran down to me, where I was in a mountain garden (amidst the most gorgeous Pyrenean wildflowers) with a Eureka signal.

If? if? if? that—auto could be coaxed to the top, where in the middle of a motor road—grass has time to grow between cars—there is water!

Out of the dry desert we chug-chugged—talked to that car—coaxed and coerced—until we did reach the promised land and a large stone water trough, with nice wet mountain water trickling in from a faucet. Water—for man, beast and automobile. A miracle in the Pyrénées! I think I'll call that spot St.-Trough forever after!

Laughing, chattering warned us. This large stone trough, where tired horses and oxen drink deeply from fresh Pyrenean springs, was a welcome spot. Here were four boys, stripped to the waist, plunging hot faces, splashing shoulders and arms. They rose, Aphrodite-fashion, with water pouring from hair, eyes and glistening arms. Bicycles thrown carelessly against a grassy mound told the story of adventurous peddling along these mountain paths.

Oh, lunch! everybody!—some French, others American. The baskets and *vin* were pooled—rolls, ham, cheese, fruit, goat's milk for the boys, Pyrenean wine, unhesitatingly drunk out of the bottle!

Oh! what fun, especially with the soothing thought of hours ahead before that radiator has another thirst!

The boys cycled back down the hill, while we westward into another lovely Basque valley, picking up again trails of troubadours! Here, in 1698, in the tiny

village of Accous, Cyprian d'Espourrins was born of a family of Pyrenean shepherds. Despite his humble beginning, so good were his rhymes that he soon found his way to the court of Louis XV. As well as his witty tongue, d'Espourrins was a dazzlingly clever duelist.

It was his Provençal poems that endeared him to the court and Louis' favorite mistress, the charming Pompadour. He reinstated troubadour language among the nobles of France in dainty pastoral love songs, successfully rivaling the poets of Versailles. Soon Paris was humming almost forgotten airs of La Provence, re-awakened by the magic of this latest chevalier-troubadour.

Carried along on wings of his songs and clear mountain air, my Pal and I sped over fine Pyrenean roads, enchanted with vistas of wooded slopes, mist swathing blue-green hilltops, where colors melted from brilliant gold, in shafts of sunlight, to deepest purple and shadowy brown; through a rocky pass—where, once upon a time, the mighty Hannibal led his conquering army.

OXEN AND MOTHER EARTH

Oxen, oxen—they seem all Basque themselves—blanketed with the striped *Basque Toile*, woven by hand—now sometimes on machines. So distinctive, you catch a whiff of good farm food as each team passes—vegetables and fruit; these people are born, bred, live with Mother Earth. How real, beautiful, methodical, stern and kind, as the seasons come and go—and the sun shines—

We passed through a little town with red-roofed farms. Rumbling ox wagons took their way along wind-

ing roads, the slow animals gently prodded now and then by a Basque *makhila* (spiked stick). They are led by a picturesque young peasant with brown jacket, brilliant scarlet sash and Basque *béret*.

Against an old wall, barefoot youngsters were throwing a ball—future *pelote* champions. This game is the life blood of the people of a Basque village, usually so quiet and restrained but roused to feverish excitement by this, their national pastime.

In keeping with the beautiful, rolling countryside were the Basque houses, all painted white, with uneven, overhanging rafters, bright green shutters and tiny windows, panes blinking in the sunshine. Careful hands had planted flowers and pruned healthy-looking fruit trees; a rich crop in small orchards surrounding most Basque homesteads.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY!

A Basque baby is ushered into the world with admonitions, crooned in lullabies over his wooden cradle—"May he be happy and healthy, to work in the fields and to dance well!"

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,
God on high
Grant to this babe
Four hours of sleep."

Basque traditions, history and mellowing age are sensed in Bayonne, ancient capital of Labourd. In a few minutes from Biarritz you are in this interesting town, where side by side with modern, up-to-date shops the true spirit of old Basque customs lives on. Very interesting is the active river life; Bayonne, built at the

junction of the Nive and the Adour, has for centuries been an important harbor; now ocean steamers, trawlers and freighters find shelter.

See the Pont St.-Esprit on a lazy sunny morning and watch this fascinating drama of river traffic. Gaze down at Bayonne's many lovely bridges—in your wanderings you constantly leave the shadows of dark streets for sun-bathed river scenes, glowing vistas framed in quaint stone arches. Across the Adour is the Quartier de St.-Esprit, flaunting proudly "*Nunquam Polluta*," over its citadel. Centuries have brought Romans, French and British here but Bayonne has remained true to her independent traditions.

Stroll down the tree-shaded Allées Marines where Basque peasants come to market. Much color and friendly bargaining bring contentment to the day's affairs! Here an old grandmother, eighty or thereabouts, rosy-faced, with sharp black eyes. She balances a basket of eggs on her head, as a donkey ambles along with wicker crates, in which hens cackle. There is a springing movement more like that of a girl of twenty in this old lady's gait and as her small, espadrilled feet skip by my Pal smiles, "She was a dancer in her day and probably could hold her own in any village fandango yet!" Such Basque mothers have given dash and fire to the agile, imbersome figures that swoop with lightning movements across *pelote* courts. One old legend tells that the Basques are children of fire, having sprung into being from the jaws of a dragon-serpent sleeping under the Pyrenean crests!

Figures like Grandma seem symbolic of this splendid old city, aged and venerable yet filled with an un-

quenchable modern stream of life. There is dignity in these old streets with high narrow houses; like neighborly Spain, with arcaded shops and squares. Sunshine flickers through trees over dusty walls of historic houses and busy café tables.

Noontime, at a sidewalk café in the Place d'Armes overlooking the river, the buzz of talk goes on around us. We distinguish voices, two friends, young musicians, sons of the Basque hillsides, who have won their place in American musical circles. Marcos and Armand, just returned from South America, recounted interesting adventures. What joy once more to be back in their own incomparable corner of the world!

Luncheon was a good menu and a gay one, with a bottle of *tord-boyau*, fine local wine, and fresh-baked river salmon, caught by intrepid fishermen on the edge of the surf rolling into the mouth of the Adour. A tremendous amount of work is necessary to keep this river navigable—breakwaters are constantly renewed, dredging operations go on—for the temperamental Adour continues its struggles with winds and high seas forever and a day.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

My Pal and Armand were discussing the dangers of the great sand bar. "It must have been a remarkable picture in the Adour," said my Pal, "when the British built their flotilla of ships across this treacherous river mouth to land Wellington's troops in Bayonne!"

"Quite one of the big feats of the Peninsular War," said Armand.

"Yes," agreed my Pal, "Wellington's campaign really culminated here. He was determined to drive Napoleon out of Spain. By the middle of 1813 he had routed the French from Pamplona and San Sebastian, then, finally, the struggle reached into the French Basque provinces.

"Bayonne, the capital, was strongly fortified; Wellington marched up the coast but this River Adour was the block, the one bridge being defended by the French leader, Marshal Soult. In the teeth of a ferocious gale Wellington built a pontoon bridge to get his army across and blockade Bayonne.

"Wellington then defeated the French at the Battle of Toulouse. This, of course, broke Napoleon's power, the Mayor of Toulouse shouted his proclamation to the world, '*Vive le Roi!*'—and Louis XVIII came into his own. Rejoicings followed, the south of France tired of Napoleon's autocratic rule, and a brilliant social era began."

"Then many British soldiers married into Basque families," said Armand, nodding his head wisely. "Wellington's own brother eloped with a pretty Basque girl, a Spaniard, still in boarding school!"

Armand continued, "I'll tell you some stories told me by my old grandmother, who had English blue eyes."

Lighting cigarettes, we strolled through the shady square, listening to strains of café bands and river traffic. Armand and I, ahead, discussed the beauties of various Pyrenean routes and villages. It was interesting to get this boy's viewpoint of Basque heritage and modern outlook. Above all he was a poet, a true Basque in his devotion to his chosen art.

We had traversed the dark and narrow Rue du Port-Neuf and soon were in the shadow of the beautiful Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame. Tall spires have risen above the old town since the days of the English occupation of the thirteenth century. Very harmonious is this gracious edifice, with flying buttresses and staring gargoyle faces, cut clear against the blue sky.

Linger in the quiet shadows where old escutcheons mirror history, telling in stone the struggle of valiant Bayonne. Sunlight touches the beautiful stained-glass windows—gift of a French king—with unearthly loveliness. A feeling of age triumphant, unconquerable, permeates the very heart of this old Basque cathedral.

BISHOPS OF BAYONNE

Out in the Cloisters, surrounded by high-pointed arches, are old stone walls from 1240. Shady trees and grassy walks dreamily tell stirring adventures of Bayonne's pioneer bishop, Lavigerie. The Bishops of Bayonne have played their part in this history—for many years gaining wealth from high taxes, paid by whale fishermen in the Bay of Biscay!

Through a narrow street, past hotels and cafés; we found the imposing Château Vieux, built in the twelfth century on the ruins of a Roman wall. A long line of princes have lived in this fine old castle, the famous Black Prince, Louis XIV and François I.

Dream awhile over days of intrigue, when Catherine de' Medici brought her train of courtiers to Bayonne. Then the Château Vieux was the scene of superb fêtes. Catherine's daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II of Spain, had come north to meet her mother and her

brother, Charles IX. The Duke of Alva and the Queen Mother during festivities were closeted for hours in the old Château. They planned that frightful massacre of thousands of Huguenots on the Eve of St. Bartholomew.

Bayonne lives forever in the minds of art lovers in the name of Léon Bonnat. This great artist presented to his native town the fruit of many years work—a priceless collection of paintings. Many rooms to wander in and gaze on masterpieces—Rembrandt, DaVinci, El Greco, Murillo and others.

Driving back to Biarritz, my Pal recalled that it was in Bayonne that the fearsome bayonet first saw the light of day. "The story of its origin is interesting. The Basques were constantly defending their possessions against Spanish bandits and raiders. Once upon a time, a fierce hand-to-hand fight was in progress, when one Basque soldier thought out a brilliant plan, to ram his knife into the mouth of his musket. Others followed and thus the terrifying line of grim soldiers advanced on Spanish enemies! Hence the bayonet."

A group of friends awaited us on the Château-Basque terrace, where siren songs wave rippling across the bay. Cocktails and a quiet hour!

One afternoon we motored into Bayonne, meeting Marcos and Armand in the famous Arena. Ten thousand spectators were assembled to witness the familiar story of Rome—"Quo Vadis"—played on a stage and in the wide amphitheatre. A stage drop, with Romulus and Remus and their wolf foster-mother, brought the origins of Rome. Imposing Nero watched fine Roman soldiers and lines of lithe archers, Christians and slaves. The

roaring of real lions, shrieks of prisoners, dancing forms of beautiful slave girls—all gradually come into the picture. A thrilling show in this Arena!

As the evening wears on lights flicker on enchanted bridges and river cafés are crowded. Sitting here enjoying a simple meal, we muse over the story of old Bayonne through the centuries—Bayonne making history even before the days of Rome.

The Song of Lelo, discovered in 1590, tells the history and struggles of the times.

“Lelo, Lelo is dead,” sang those old warriors,
“Zara has killed Lelo,
The foreigners from Rome
Would vanquish Biscay
And Biscay raises the war cry,
Octavian is Lord of the Earth,
But Locobidi is Lord of Biscay.”

A crescent moon hangs high between the silvery spires of the great Cathedral. We make our way along the narrow Rue du Port Neuf back toward Biarritz.

QUEEN OF THE CÔTE D' ARGENT

Quietly sleeping, when calm days were granted a turbulent shore, was the small fishing village of Biarritz.—that was before 1838. Internal wars ruffling Spain's political horizon, it became the fashion to cross the border from San Sebastian to peaceful Biarritz for sea bathing. Came, one sunny day, Eugenie de Montijo, a very beautiful and gracious Spanish aristocrat, later Empress of France. She loved the rocky Basque coast and with her royal approval Biarritz became popular. Miracu-

lously it expanded through the years until now more than half a million visitors come yearly to greet the town that grew, literally, from the smiles of this beautiful Spanish lady.

After her marriage to Napoleon III, Eugenie remembered the small coast town so near her own native Spain, where she had often dreamed as a girl. Here she built a palace on a headland jutting out toward the Atlantic—the first to grace the rocky shore at Biarritz. Soon the monarchs of Europe swept in their carriages through tall iron gates, up the wide drive, through beautiful gardens and parks to the palace where Eugenie and Napoleon held summer court. As one brilliant season followed another, Biarritz settled to a reign of contentment and prosperity, the seal of favor well established.

ROYAL VISITORS

Royal fêtes graced Eugenie's palace, lavish with all the pomp the Second Empire could boast. Here came Queen Victoria, seeking the sunshine of Biarritz; Edward the Seventh, too, one of the most popular monarchs who ever graced the Basque coast. Other royal residences were built in the one-time fishing village, King Leopold of Belgium, Alphonso of Spain following the lead of that stupendous personality—Empress Eugenie. Magnificent villas, casinos and palaces stretch inland along the shore and up the hillside, where long lines of graceful tamarisk trees add an exotic, almost tropical touch to a magnificent picture.

The resort of kings—Eugenie's own palace—changed with the years and is now the exclusive Hôtel du-Palais. Fortunate visitors linger in beautifully appointed salons

that still echo the gorgeous entertainments of the Empress! The grand staircase, high tapestried walls and flowering gardens vision days when they welcomed the aristocracy of Europe.

From our windows in this comfortable hotel we gaze over the Grande Plage to the endless blue of the Bay of Biscay. With perfect climate, picturesque rocky coast and hosts of interesting visitors, days slip by swiftly and happily!

Wander down to the beach, protected by high barriers of rock. Well-dressed crowds, women in chic sports clothes, enjoy the warm, healthful sunshine of this queen of holiday resorts. Smart sun-worshippers flock to Biarritz in August and September, though all the year round mild temperature attracts visitors. French, American, English, German, Spanish—you can pick them out along the sands, watching the frothing waves.

Happy groups, gossiping over cocktails in beach tents, dipping in for a bath or lying sunning, like human lizards, caught on a rock. Bright *bérets*, dazzling coats, pyjamas flaunting a thousand colors, parasols—everything seems brilliant on the Grande Plage during morning hours! On the wheel of fashion turns, following the usual routine of smart restaurants, dancing, golf, a concert by world-famed artists, a look in at one of the casinos!

The rocky Basque coast at this point meets the swell of ocean breakers. Sometimes wild storms blow inward across the bay, tossing waves mountain high in savage splendor over the rocks guarding this harbor, dashing up the Rocher de la Vierge, with its sheltered statue of the Virgin. Such have worn the Basque coast for centuries. Napoleon III erected a massive breakwater to

shelter against fury of sea and wind but his pier, curving out from the Virgin's Rock, is still uncompleted.

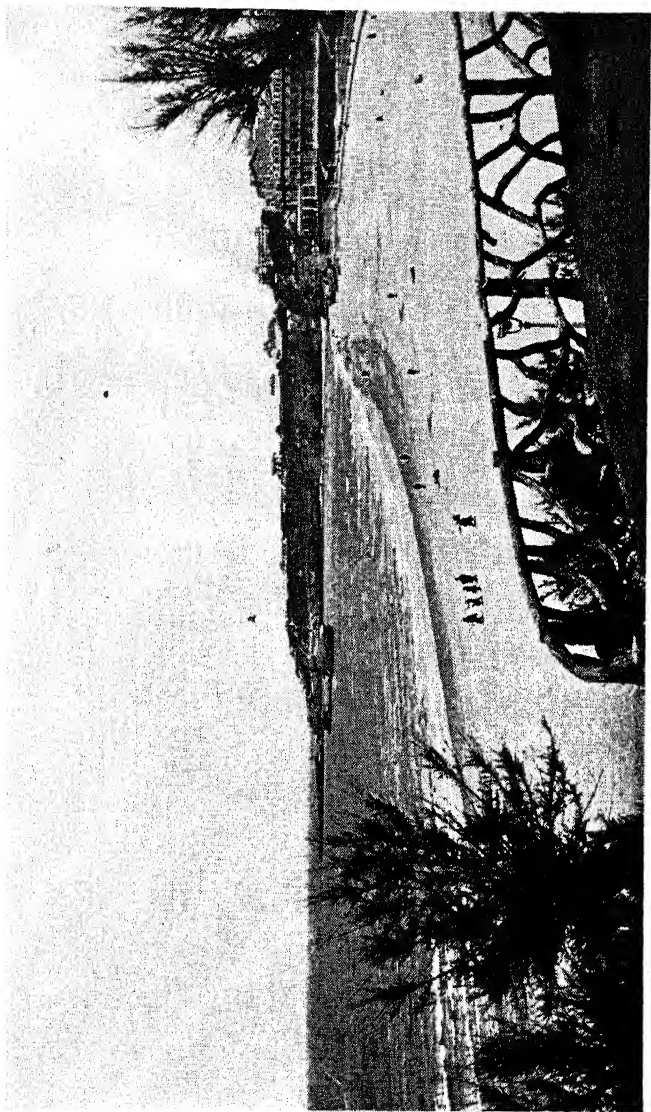
Thrill here in a gale with mighty gusts of the Atlantic blowing over you, darkening sky and lashing gray sea! For hours the storm sweeps over Biarritz until, perhaps, when twilight has changed into night, the clouds break, revealing a stretch of the heavens, clear as mother o' pearl; now the moon-lady of the night sails triumphantly over her skyfields.

Biarritz has her own Bois de Boulogne, with shady avenues of oaks and pines; here you escape for awhile the casinos and palaces along the shore. Lac Mouriscot, a sheet of unruffled blue water, reflects waving branches. In one of the secluded villas, gleaming through the trees, Princess Ena met Alphonso.

Come with a book, to dream through warm afternoon hours, undisturbed save for a friendly couple appearing occasionally along shadowy lake walks. It is hard to believe in this forest stillness that but a few miles off the most fashionable life in Europe is in full swing and smart ateliers, bearing names of exclusive Paris firms, cater to wealthy visitors.

LE THÉ DANSANT

From my sylvan retreat I emerged into the sunshine, enjoying the superb run along the lovely Côte des Basques; the tide, coming in, rippled blue and white in lazy contentment. It was impossible to worry even if late for tea with one's Pal! He was waiting on the Miramar terrace; all around the light-hearted chatter of Biarritz holiday makers—a striking contrast to the simple village scenes of the Pyrénées.



Biarritz

A beautiful Russian girl strolled up to the next table, her delicate olive-tinted face a perfect work of art. As she walked, long lines of an amber chiffon gown fell in graceful folds. A moment later a rather deep, bored voice called for tea, which a hurrying waiter brought in a tall glass. She accepted a light for her cigarette from a good-looking young French officer, obviously her willing slave.

Enjoying her extremely languid mannerisms with an inward chuckle, my mind flashed to a picture I had seen on the road to Cauterets—a Pyrenean girl about the same age, pulling a stubborn donkey uphill.

"It is all right, Madame, I am used to it! Tomas and I have this scrap each day; we never know who will win until the fountain is reached!"

But away with philosophical musings! The orchestra plays a tempting waltz from a successful show on our own Broadway. We are joined for tea by Marcos and Armand.

"Don't forget our game at Lake Chiberta tomorrow," my Pal reminded us after a dance or two.

A MYSTERY MAN

It was one of those shining blue mornings when sky, sea and air seem new-washed and brilliant. The splendid Chiberta golf course, one of the finest in France, was built by the famous 'mystery man' of Belgium, the multi-millionaire whose taste for airplane travel lured him to disastrous adventure.

The links stretch seaward from a silent lake, a perfect setting, beautiful green turf with little patches of wild flowers growing here and there. Such wonderful sky

effects of rolling clouds drifting across the blue, I found it hard to concentrate on the game! Scent of pinewoods added charm to the matchless morning.

With a fine swing my Pal drove off from the first tee and the match was on! Back for cocktails in the club house, beautifully situated at the edge of the lake. This country club is a most popular one with golfers along the coast, because of the beautiful course and magnificent situation!

Sunshine flooded the *Chambre d'Amour*, as we sat on the terrace at tea with Eugene and Claire, two friends from New York. Below us modern mermaids lazed on the beach where sirens, mythical and real, have sported for untold centuries. A party of American girls were sitting on the rocks, their youthful figures of grace bespoke of healthful days in sport and exercise.

"*Chambre d'Amour*, a lovely name for this spot," said Claire.

I nodded. "Yes, and the origin is very fitting."

Eugene looked up. "What is it?"

"They tell how long ago, before Napoleon's time, natives used to bathe on this peaceful shore. Once a pair of lovers strayed away and were caught in a storm. Towering breakers carried them far out to sea and nothing was ever heard of them again, only returning waves bringing their message back to the *Chambre d'Amour*."

For a moment the scene was swept clear of bathers and amusements, while we visioned the lonely shore, the waves, less stormy now, stealing in upon lovers wooed to sleep by whispers of the pine trees.

Eugene and Claire were staying at the *Du Palais* and joined us for the weekly Gala. Floral decorations were

beautiful in the crowded dining room—a brilliant scene with the usual dancing.

Memories of the days when Napoleon held fêtes in Du Palais! Vision the Emperor surrounded by ringleted beauties of the Second Empire. Watch charming débütantes swaying over polished floors—all the ceremony of the last French Court here, the then fashionable world!

We dropped in at the Casino, meeting friends in the baccarat rooms, watching the play awhile. *Bonne nuit!* Champagne cocktails! Night and the sea tempt lingering, musing over the romantic Basque coast, where legends and sophistication walk hand in hand.

CHAPTER XII

CÔTE D'ARGENT—QUAINT ST.-JEAN-DE-LUZ

ALONG the esplanade brilliant crowds wander their way for concert or casino *thé dansant*. Linger awhile, as string orchestras entice to the light fantastic! Queen of the Côte d'Argent! Perfumed atmosphere and gay dancing pavilions, we will come your way again—

In the mellow afternoon sunlight sea breezes toss feathery leaves of tamarisk trees on the twisting sea road along the Basque cliffs. Little towns along the shore, undreamed of yesterday, gain importance with the magic touch of popularity. We slowed down, passing through these Basque villages nestling in rocky bays; often an old church rises above charming cottages with uneven sloping roofs and flowered balconies.

Spotless and fresh, warmed by the sun, made fragrant by sea breezes blowing through miles of pine trees, these little houses reminded us of old-fashioned ladies grouped together over their needlework, smiling peacefully. Nothing could disturb their serenity.

Here was Bidart, Wellington's headquarters, where Basque cobblers have for generations made the national footgear, rope-soled *espadrilles*. We wandered awhile along the wooded cliff, where scattered white villas perched and a sixteenth-century church, tranquil and unmoved by the years, with ancient Basque tombstones taken from the old cemetery and a Byzantine font

gift to Bidart from Queen Nathalie of Serbia, who lived here for many years. The Basque coast, perhaps more than any other, has attracted far-away visitors, who relax in the simple charm of natural beauty.

Further along is Guéthary, with handsome hotels, too, and a *plage* to which you can walk from St.-Jean-de-Luz at low tide. In a white villa above the rocky bay the American Consul lives. A growing colony of picturesque villas is gradually changing this quaint fishing village. Superb sea views are a joy to artists, who revel in the wonder of sea- and landscapes, painted in all the glowing color that nature alone can command!

MODERN SUN-WORSHIP

"St.-Jean-de-Luz," we both sighed contentedly, glimpsing this charming Basque fishing town. Like an old friend, this loved resort miraculously retains its quaint, old-world atmosphere. St.-Jean-de-Luz! Incomparable! What unforgettable memories of your beautiful rocky coast! Here the giant Pyrénées claim the eye's attention in the near distance, coming down slowly and slyly to be caressed and kissed by a warm blue sea!

The Basque farm folk of St.-Jean-de-Luz are a never-varying interest, fascinating in their sheer joy in simple living. They seem untroubled by the steady advance of their French neighbors or the retarding sluggishness of their Spanish friends, enjoying to the full each day of work and pleasure.

Lazing on our villa balcony overlooking the blue bay, we reveled in the sense of peace and quiet, the charm of a matchless climate adding to our delight of this little town, where nature, history and legend have

combined so successfully, an ideal vacation spot. Opening onto the balcony was a charming, tastefully decorated room with ten enormous windows facing the sea on one side; the other overlooked a tree-bordered square. Narrow streets, with attractive Basque architecture and uneven Spanish tiled roofs, completed the vista.

To the beach, where a gaudy striped tent offered cheery hospitality for sunbathing. There was a happy group of friends, interesting artists and musicians who, like ourselves, had fallen in love years ago with the simple, honest atmosphere of this old town.

Often my Pal would come back with a jolly party of fellow sun-worshippers. There was music aplenty, with amusing light-hearted discussions.

CHIMES OVER RED ROOFS

Mornings we wakened to the faint sound of bells, coming over old red roofs from the thirteenth-century Church of St.-Jean, that looms protectingly. Cool breezes welcomed another interesting day. My Pal and I wandered through ancient streets, enjoying quaint Basque houses with uneven rafters. We strolled along winding alleys, across squares and gathered an impression of walking through old colored etchings at every turn.

Particularly interesting is the famous Rue Gambetta, cutting through the heart of the old quarter of La Barre, that once housed many aristocratic Basque families. Homes, still occupied, bear dates as early as 1633, 1660 and 1726; and in the Rue de la Republique is the Eskerrenea Mansion, oldest house in St.-Jean-de-Luz,

reconstructed in the fifteenth century. Lovely carved woodwork façades, curious staircases and wrought-iron balconies with trailing vines! Much of this quarter was destroyed by inroads of the sea; St.-Jean-de-Luz was a frontier town and the Spaniards burned many Basque homes in 1558.

The great *Roi Soleil* himself came here, to live in an old château that still dominates the square with its shady trees and two popular cafés—the Grande Café Suisse and the Majestic. The decorative old mansion with graceful façade, was named Maison Louis XIV. The present owners prize beautiful silver gifts presented to St.-Jean-de-Luz in appreciation of the city's hospitality to the king.

The *Roi Soleil* was paying no casual visit to the sunny Basque coast in the pleasant months of May and June of 1660. St.-Jean-de-Luz, of some importance then, was the chosen spot where the fair Maria Theresa was to become Queen of France. Across the Nivelle river you wander to the imposing Maison de l'Infante, a Venetian palace gleaming in the sunshine, beautiful Italian art in its double galleries. "The Infante was my guest in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty," this gracious château proclaims in an inscription over the main entrance. The marriage ceremony took place in the old church of St.-Jean on June 9th, 1660, amid great rejoicings, brilliant court fêtes and wonderful processions.

Almost thirty years later the Basque women of St.-Jean-de-Luz presented Louis with a most interesting petition—the forerunner of votes-for-women! They wanted reform in the matter of education for girls. So determined were they to get their rights, they inserted a request that no bachelor hold a position of impor-

tance; his wealth to provide a dot for less attractive women. Louis, who had a wide experience of feminine wiles, turned a deaf ear and unseeing eye!

The old church—one of the most interesting of Basque places of worship with its Gothic portal, spacious nave and high vaulted ceiling. You are aware of a Basque custom; three tiers of wooden galleries high on the walls are reserved for male worshipers, while women pray below.

My Pal, conversing with a devout-faced old sacristan, learned that one of the bishops of Bayonne introduced this custom in the sixteenth century. The congregation had grown too large. A model of a ship hangs over the center of the nave. A copy of Napoleon III's "Aigle," it was presented by the beloved Empress Eugenie, who once was saved from shipwreck by the bravery of St.-Jean sailors.

An artistic wrought-iron staircase leads to the galleries from the outside. After services, men troop down in linen Sunday garb to meet the womenfolk below. Sturdy swains march arm-in-arm with pretty Basque maidens, along the walk by the sea. The old church never forgets the day when the royal couple, Louis Quatorze and Maria Theresa, marched into the brilliant sunshine of the Rue Gambetta; with the end of this royal procession, the church door was sealed and is now guarded on the interior by a huge iron cross.

Ancient religious customs take place in this quaint church; the Feast of Epiphany, for instance, dedicated to famous Basque sailors, who accompanied the whaling fleets of St.-Jean-de-Luz on adventures across the Atlantic. The strong breath of the ocean filled lungs, set pulses racing, inspiring unheard-of feats of bravery.

Shut your eyes and you, too, may listen to the sweep of the Atlantic breakers, tossing white spray against the great breakwater that protects this quiet fishing harbor! The Côte d'Argent is well named, for every giant wave etches, with the sure vivid lines of a master, an epic of silvery, foaming splendor across the Basque cliffs.

NEIGHBORLY NEWFOUNDLAND

Long ago intrepid fishermen caught the murmur of far places in these breakers and set sail for unknown seas. The Basque whaling fleet, finest in the world, took its perilous way over the Atlantic to harpoon the first whales off the coast of Newfoundland. It is a long stretch back to that day in 1520. Some fisherfolk tales tell that it was a Basque who first sighted the American continent. Columbus, it is claimed, was steered by a Basque navigator from this part of the coast. In recent years St.-Jean-de-Luz has resumed relations with Newfoundland, sending across her fine old whalers to the codfishing industry.

Today this little town is still a fishing port. There are no longer whales in the mighty Bay of Biscay but in the rosy dawn fishermen put out to sea, swinging heavy oars or manning small steam launches. At noon, their work done, they are welcomed by crowds. Villagers and a host of interested visitors wander the quais.

In come steam launches with crews of strong Basque fishermen, tall, handsome of feature, dressed in rough blue jerseys wet with foam. Firm sea legs are well protected by oilskin boots over rope-soled *espadrilles*. Each weather-beaten face bears the stamp of generations

of sea captains. Basque Vikings have built fortunes from prize treasures of the deep.

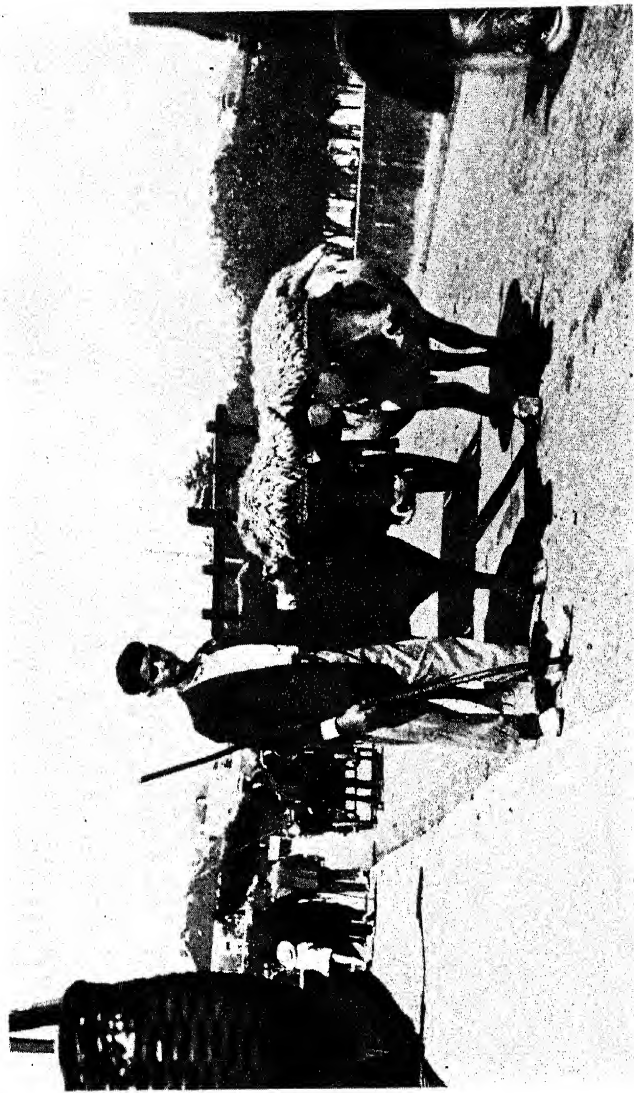
What noise and clatter, and dragging of boats, the weighing of fish and the cries of villagers examining the catch! Amused, you listen to the haggling over a sardine or two as good bargaining goes on. Pans and more pans of fish; and you are surprised, maybe, to find that your favorite anchovy is caught and salted in old St.-Jean-de-Luz.

We had long conversations with these old tars, rough but human, and gathered fishing lore from one old clean-shaven 'salt.' This old man added to a predilection for gossip a knowledge of French; he told us that in winter many Breton fishermen come down, bringing picturesque bright blue nets. These are fine as Breton lacework and no less decorative. Pretty Breton wives, too, spend the winter months here in the big canning factories. The Bretons, they say, have clever methods for canning tuna fish, curing and drying sardines. Secrets, perhaps, from the French officer who first canned these tasty little fish—Napoleon's Quarter-Master-General.

Can you hear the morning fisherwoman in the Rue Gambetta—"Poisson frais! Poisson frais!" There she goes, balancing on her head her flat basket of fresh fish—as graceful as some other entering a salon!

BRETON FOLK FOR A DAY

In this sympathetic Basque town we followed a long procession of Breton folk one day, to the green spaces of Campos Berry. This day of Breton fête brought autos and carts with eager crowds, happy and excited



Team of Oxen and Native Crossing Bridge St. Jean de Luz, France

Basque children eagerly following the parade down the Boulevard Thiers.

Breton men wore wide straw hats with long black-velvet ribbons, pleated breeches, colored leggings and embroidered jackets. Graceful girls swung along arm in arm, in lace caps with wide crowns and bows at the back, frilled brims in outstanding effect.

In great contrast were the traditional bonnets of the Basque women, also dressed in holiday garb. These distinctive hats, made of finest white embroidery or lace, are thimble-shaped, very small, narrow and high, atop heavy masses of dark hair. Velvet bodices, full skirts, short, white embroidered aprons and *espadrilles* completed this attractive costume.

The open-air stage was set for Breton folk dances, plays and songs, to the accompaniment of native flutes and small instruments like bagpipes. All was in honor of a Basque queen, the prettiest girl in town, chosen mistress of the fête. She sat in royal state with her maids in waiting under the trees receiving homage.

In St.-Jean-de-Luz, a party of American friends greeted us on the terrace of the La Pergola. This is the hour of cocktails. Gaze across the bay to the shadowy rock, where the old fortress of Socoa rears its towered head on an outjutting arm of land. Graceful La Rhune and the Pyrénées cast lengthening shadows. Pleasant murmur of voices mingles with an excellent orchestra. The sea, the bay, change, with the mysterious hand of sunset painting colors from nature's royal palette. A few fishing smacks move slowly across the horizon, sails etched in gray against brilliant crimson. Clouds are brushed with pearl, opal, lapis; greens, mauve and

purples melt into indescribable tones as the sun-god dips low into the waves behind Socoa. How playfully he goes to sleep, toying with the opalescent waves, until all the jewels of India are conjured—then hidden away for safekeeping, to be worn again the next eventide!

We come down to the beach, catch the spray blowing from the sea, sweeping across the town, setting the pines and oaks singing the saga Basques have sung for generations. At this hour we are one with these poetic people, intoxicated by the beauty of their own seacoast, their unforgettable Pyrénées and wooded hills. In our ears pounds the surf, rolling on in mysterious tides. If we wait, the dazzling colors of sunset will change into the soft shadows of night and a faerie wand enchant the Silver Coast.

DANCE! DANCE THE FANDANGO!

Down to Place Louis XIV; café tables along sidewalks under old trees that send shadows in fantastic patterns over ancient Basque houses. We were four at a favored table. Music—lively Basque airs—on native instruments by a large orchestra in scarlet bérets. Interesting instruments these; the flute or *xulula* has three stops and the player manipulates these with one hand while picking at the strings of his *ttunttuna*, a long, flat guitar-like instrument, strapped over his shoulder.

Orchestra and music were electric. St.-Jean-de-Luz, young and old, crowds of happy youngsters, sprang out into the square to dance the fandango. How joyous! From childhood Basques dance the free, agile movements of the national fandango; they say Basque babies can dance before they talk!

This love of dancing is strong in Basque temperament and is fostered everywhere. Often you see groups of children practising intricate steps. This dance is not so simple as you might imagine.

On and on, the fascinating fandango! Arms crooked at the elbow, fingers up, while feet step lightly. Dancing in sets, though not with partners, boys and girls, men and women, face each other. A new rhythm; now Breton visitors take possession of the band stand, dancing Breton steps.

Wherever a few Basques meet under the trees, flute or pipe sets the tune, they dance, entirely unmindful of watching visitors—who are fascinated by the care-free enjoyment, the friendly spirit of these delightful Basque people. Smiling faces beam in old squares and streets and you catch the something in the atmosphere and feel compensated, privileged and indeed rewarded.

THE OLD BRIDGE

Drive with us to the small red-roofed hamlet of St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port that nestles at the foot of the great Port de Roncevaux. Here Charlemagne was defeated in 778 and the great Roland and his knights lie buried. This little town, within easy distance of St.-Jean-de-Luz following the pleasant windings of the Nive, is a favorite spot for afternoon tea. Vision an ancient bridge over the river between quaint Basque houses with flowered balconies. We found here an old inscription over a carved door: "He who crosses this threshold, enters his own home!" How typical of the hospitality and spirit that greets you everywhere! Basque domains!

In a charming little café near the hill where relics

of Vaudan's fortifications tower and pointed gateways mark entrances to old houses, the fifteenth-century belfried church rings a sonorous chime. We wander past an old prison; an ancient archway frames the Pyrénées.

The peace of ages and restful quiet lure you, with a sketch block, to revel in its solitudes. My camera, too, caught the river's reflection, just as the old bridge arches circled in opalescent sunset colors.

Down the hills of La Barre, after a few rounds of golf, we passed a hotel like a huge Spanish villa. On balconies red geraniums flame against deep terra cotta arches, through which, from the roof terrace, unrolls the magnificence of Pyrénées and endless blue seas.

Further down is another hotel, where English and Americans have gathered for years. Ah, there they are in the garden under the trees—Eugene and Claire, who have just arrived! Along the sea walk, interesting morning scenes, friendly groups seated on the low wall in simple bathing outfits. Beyond the heavenly, unbelievably deep blue sea.

TENTING BY DAY

Dozens of tents on the *plage*—close and neighborly—but, after all, we're here for the same purpose, rest and recreation in a matchless climate, tonic of the sea and bracing mountain air. Saunter along to the Café de Paris, a popular spot at noon. Here Greek meets Greek or rather *peignoir* meets *peignoir*, as thirsty sun-bathers come from the beach.

We claimed an outdoor table. "How quickly," I



Up from the Beach: St. Jean de Luz

smiled, "summer visitors discover where the best free sandwiches are served with cocktails!"

My Pal laughed, greeting groups of friends of all nationalities.

Up the steps strolled a dominating form, gait, expressive mien and magnificent physique familiar. We recognized the imposing figure of Feodor Chaliapin. After a daily ocean dip he usually walks along the entire curve of the bay to his summer home, nestling in the foothills. Picture the scene La Rhune in the foreground, the gorgeous Pyrénées! A sweep of ocean, too, to give inspiration from Chaliapin's villa.

Another round?

"These are good," said Claire, "and I'm generally ready at this time. *Encore* sandwiches, *garçon*, *s'il vous plaît!*"

OH! NOAH AND THE DEVIL!

Who can resist these byways and views, driving, afternoons? Cambo today: Past peaceful Basque farms, following the winding Nive. Our companion, Jacques, a young French musician, knowing this section many years, spun tales of fascinating Basque folklore and music. These people go through life with a song on their lips; at any moment improvised words are fitted to traditional airs. In field and market, at births and weddings, a Basque expresses his feeling in poetic melody.

"There's an old village drinking song I once heard in a tavern in the Soule district," said Jacques:

"Oh Noah, illustrious man of the Ancient Law,
You were the first to plant the vine.
Who put it into your head to cultivate so precious a plant?
It is man's consolation in times of trouble.

Good in the day, good too in the night,
Juice of the grape you always find good
You start to walk home, but your feet will not work,
So you fall and lie down on the ground!"

"That's a good one," I laughed. "We remain so very human, dear old Noah! It isn't long since Basque women used to wander from village to village telling tales and news in songs with endless verses."

The mystery of the origin of Basque people deepens when you list these tales handed down from generation to generation—to them authentic. Basques say that, like all good women, they "have no past!" You become deeply interested in Basque folklore; it has much in common with old Eastern myths. You find the same old stories of witches and devils that were for centuries beloved of the Celts and found credulous believers in our own New England states.

"You know the story of the servant girl and her fight with the devil?" I asked, as we rolled on through typical Basque scenes—sloping hills and small farmhouses nestling in green folds.

"No."

"Well, one nightfall in the home of a Basque farmer called Inhurria, all the servants were gathered in the huge kitchen. One of the maids went back to the fields to look for a harvesting fork, lost during that day.

"Soon heart-rending cries came through the air and, think of it! By the light of a summer moon, they

watched the maid being carried over roofs and into the mountains! She was clutched in the arms of some unholy monster—the Devil! Imagine the hue and cry! Out rushed the Inhurria family and the servants. Gone were maid and kidnaper, Satan.

“At last those giving chase dropped from exhaustion. The maid, soaring, distinguished just below her the church spires of Saint-Sauveur-d’Iratty. Crying out in terror to the saints for protection, she found herself dropping gently to the ground, the evil spirit off to regions unknown!

“And still to this day,” concluded my Pal, “pilgrimages are made to the village near the church, where there is a statue of the girl with a pronged hayfork in her hand.”

“That’s a fine legend,” laughed Jacques, “but I think I can cap it with another tale of his Satanic Majesty.”

“Let’s hear it!”

“There once were three Basque brothers who made a pact with Satan, taking lessons from him in black magic for a year and a day, the price being the soul of the last one to leave the Devil’s lair in the mountains.

“The Devil taught them well and faithfully for the prescribed time. Finally the last day arrived. All three, eager to escape, tiptoed to the entrance in early morning hours. Right there stood the Devil! Dawn had broken as the youngest boy’s shadow crossed the rocky entrance.

“‘See, that’s the last to leave; take him,’ the boy said.

“So Satan clapped his hands on the shadow and the young brother escaped, to go shadow-less through life!”

“Just stop a few minutes at this nice old farmhouse; I know this old couple,” said Jacques.

A pleasant-faced old peasant woman welcomed us,

amused at our interest in the details of her spotless little house. Under the sloping roof a granary was reached by an outside staircase.

In the main room we rested on an old carved bench and noticed each well-planned detail. The beeswaxed floor boards, the rafted ceiling with its strings of onions. Pottery gleamed on a carved chest, adorned with good luck swastikas and French *fleur-de-lys* designs—the cabinet work of a patient grandfather. Neat Basque *toile*, striped purple and orange, hung at the windows and over the wall fireplace, where shining copper pots and pans bespoke a busy housewife. Here, too, was the water container, filled from the mountain springs. As we smiled our thanks, my Pal pointed, over the door. There were the name and history of Grandfather, who had built this comfortable-looking home.

ONE OF THE GREATEST

We were motoring through the peaceful country that lives in the tales of Edmond Rostand. Rostand, the great Provençal, loved the Basque people and countryside. He wrote his famous "Chanticler" in an old villa above the Nive hidden in the woods. An ideal retreat, the Villa d'Arnaga, where dreams inspired by simple poetic lore came to fruition. A park surrounds the Rostand villa, with beautiful flowery vistas, the whimsical beauty of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was created here too.

Cambo has long been famed for mineral springs. Hidden in oak forests, these hills frame picturesque villas and an old Basque church with a famous sun dial. There is rather a quaint ceremony yearly over the sulphur waters. On St. John's Eve, June 23rd, Basques hie to

Cambo for this midnight celebration. As the old clock in the belfry chimes twelve vibrant strokes through a clear night, each man imbibes as much of the water as possible, pitcher after pitcherful, while the clock is chiming! This, so legend tells, insures perfect health for a year. They carry back full bottles for those who can not come, this must be drawn too, at the witching hour of midnight on the eve of St. John!

The great national *pelote* champion, mighty "Chiquito de Cambo, *Champion du Monde*," has broadcast the fame of this town wherever the whizz of a *pelote* ball stings the air. Not very far off is the famous Pas de Roland, a cleft in the rocks supposedly made by one kick of Roland's feet.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

"Hello, hello!" At last the cry broke through my absorption in a pile of belated correspondence on a balcony table.

Up I jumped and looked down to a group of suntanned young people from the artist colony, in bathing suits, gay beach coats and Basque slippers.

"Go away!" I laughed, "I'm snowed under with work. I'll meet you at the Casino for cocktails."

"No, no, you can't get rid of us that way," sang out George, a good-looking American boy, who divided his time between painting Basque scenes and dancing at the Pergola. "There's some pretty fine diving going on in the bay and we want you to see it; besides—" and he gave the others a wink.

I slipped on pyjamas, joining them; the beach was summer in her happiest mood. A bronzed athlete had

arranged gymnastic classes for kiddies—there were crowds of them today, enjoying the rollicking fun. Sometimes one or two grown-ups joined. Look! the sun-bronzed figure of my Pal, enjoying a game of human wheelbarrow with a laughing little curly-headed maiden of ten.

In the bay swimming clubs of St.-Jean-de-Luz were holding a diving regatta. The "Dolphin Club," the "Nautilus," etc., each had its yacht, bunting and flags fluttering gaily and high diving boards for remarkable exhibitions of grace.

The sun-warmed bay is protected by three great breakwaters, Socoa, Sainte-Barbe and Artha; racing boats and private yachts add color to the picture, where King Alfonso often took part.

Before-luncheon cocktail parties gather at the Casino Pergola or the various cafés along the sea front. An artist friend joined us, a charming man who has caught the color, beauty, sunshine and spirit of this section on many of his canvases. The gardens and villas on the hillsides are brilliant with tropical exotic plants and flowers, tempting subjects indeed! Great artists come to paint the beauty of St. Jean sunsets, the loveliness of old Basque homes in Ciboure; one villa in particular is reproduced many times—an old white house with trailing purple wisteria hanging in graceful bunches from the balconies, over a tiny white portico.

MARKET DAY

Friday is market day; from early morning Basque families trudge in to St.-Jean-de-Luz with produce. Down the roads you see them come—half a dozen oxen here,

fine looking fellows, little tufts of sheepskin shading their eyes, hanging between up-curved horns. On and on they plod, heads down-bent, all in the day's work 'ere they return to their own dew-sparkled meadows. The last pair are yoked together, pulling a creaking, iron-wheeled cart, piled crates of chickens and pigeons with flustered cackling. Vegetables, too, heaps of fresh-looking carrots, greens and juicy fruits.

A pretty Basque girl rides, holding in her arms a small, black-eyed son, joyous with expectation of market-day thrills. Over the girl's head a knotted black kerchief, falling back to reveal the unusual sight of fair hair bound in plaits. Basques are usually black-haired and I scented a romance, admiring her blonde beauty—a heritage, no doubt, from a Dutch sailor who visited this coast generations before! The usual black dress of the Basque wife; on her feet are red woolen *espadrilles*—her best, no doubt!

Father, ahead with the oxen, sings a melancholy air as he prods them along. A healthy-looking specimen of six feet, his sun-tanned face topped by a *béret*, he walks with the proud dignity of the true Basque.

The fuss of farmers bartering cows, oxen, pigs! Flapping of pigeon's wings, as soft-feathered beauties step daintily up and down the narrow confines of their wooden cages. Shrill cries of country children, fascinated by fishermen handling great pans of scaly fish. Maybe the strains of a fandango under the trees, when meal time brings a respite in the busy day.

You would never guess that in one of these old houses is a furniture factory—hand-turned, Basque-carved sofas, desks and chairs are fashioned here. Well made, too, in original designs.

A pair of mules were bought by the big Basque with the pretty blonde wife. "Fine beasts, eh!" he commented in French.

My Pal, nodded. Our acquaintance then recounted an old tale, dear to the hearts of Basque peasants, of two muleteers calling a wager on their way to market.

The winner took from his companion, Petro, his worldly all, a team of seven good mules. The despairing peasant, naturally, feared to go home to his wife and large family, so lingered on a lonely bridge. At nightfall he stood watching a long procession of witches on their way to weird revels. He heard one of the witches, after their hours of wild dancing, discuss the strange sickness of a wealthy woman of the village. She was slowly dying, none able to aid her. Petro, from his hiding place in the bushes, heard of her only hope—a wafer of holy bread found in the mouth of a toad, sitting at the full of the moon on the church portal.

The happy muleteer won the gratitude of the woman and her rich husband. For the witches' tale proved true, the toad was found, the miraculous holy bread!

It was no unusual experience to get such a story from a peasant in the market, for Basque folktales are part and parcel of the everyday life, retold countless times with constant variations.

AN INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE

There is a sense of being very far away from home and America, when you cross the International Bridge spanning the Bidassoa River. My Pal and I were stopped by a young *carabinero* (customs officer), who addressed us in Spanish. Astonishing that none of the customs officials

speak French; neighboring nations have not advanced to the point of an exchange of languages!

It would be difficult to find a more picturesque people than the Spanish Basques we passed working in the fields, men and women with broad-brimmed sun hats with bright-colored kerchiefs and sashes that add color to scenes of rural contentment. A nice lazy life; for the most patient of all beasts of burden, the donkey, passed us carrying heavy loads, while master ambled slowly beside him!

Sheltering at the foot of the Basque mountains of Navarre is the fascinating old Spanish town of Fontarabie. Spain speaks in every overhanging balcony and shadowy street. You may come upon some languid, dark-eyed beauty, casting ravishing glances, like the charmer we found wandering through the old Porte Santa-Maria, her slim waist circled by the broad blue-sleeved arm of her swain. There was plenty of time this sunny morning for a quiet flirtation, and why not? Over the gate smiled "Our Lady of Guadalupe," plainly in sympathy.

Up the Calle Mayor (main street) we strolled, dreaming back into history, as our eyes reveled in artistic grouping of old houses with iron-studded doors, swinging lanterns and curved roofs. We came to the forbidding outline of the tenth-century fortress of Fontarabie, a prison for years. Bare walls were lit here and there by the tiniest of prison loophole windows. Sancho the Strong, a Basque King of Navarre, built it to last, presumably, for all time.

Next the castle is the old Church of Santa-Maria, in whose shadows you stand and wonder over the beautiful vestments of silk and lace that adorn statues of Virgin and saints.

Sitting near the square, my Pal and I were feasting on real Spanish dishes, gazing out over the cobbles to a row of old houses adorned with carved, twisted columns and wrought-iron balconies.

In 1638 France, under Condé, was besieging Fontarabie. The assaults were so heavy that at last the townsfolk brought every piece of family jewelry to be melted down into bullets. On the eve of the Birthday of the Virgin, September seventh, Calvera, Admiral of Castille, delivered the town. Victory was ascribed to the Lady of Guadelupe, who graciously smiles from the Porto Santa-Maria and is honored yearly in a Fontarabie fête.

Processions are led by Basque musicians playing the "Titi Biliti"—the very tune that greeted the invaders of 1638. The fortress commander gallops by, followed by a company of soldiers in strange garb with false beards, fur caps and large white leather aprons. Sailors and soldiers march; priests and acolytes with statues and banners and lighted candles, all winding up to the shrine of Notre Dame de Guadelupe high above the city on the slopes of Jaizquibel.

SAN SEBASTIAN

Ah! a gorgeous Sunday, the surrounding country on the *qui vive*—betting has been high—the San Sebastian arena promises a famous matador and bulls from noted stables!

A perfect run and lunch at the hotel which tops Mount Igueldo. In a startling, incomparable scene of sea and mountain, beautiful San Sebastian goes her fascinating way to popularity. Here for years Spanish royalty spent

its summers, while King Alfonso, scion of a proud and royal line, great-great-grandson of Louis XIV and Henri IV, enjoyed his beautiful Miramar Palace. The presence of the court brought to this capital of Spanish Navarre a noted clientele; hotels and villas were built for influential Spanish families and visitors from all over the world. Now who knows?

All the gaiety of the Riviera is here plus the picturesque charm of the Spanish Basques. Stroll along the pleasant Paseo della Concha or the popular promenade by the sea; you are rewarded indeed, so interesting, so vivid! Regattas and horse races tempt an ever-increasing number of visitors to this sunny town. The arena and bullfight claim, I think, first place!

Three-thirty, time for the arena. The scene inside the bull-ring is brilliant and gay this day, with socially prominent visitors. Occasionally a señorita will throw an embroidered shawl over the edge of her box, adding color and excitement.

The music and procession at last! Peanut and sandwich men have made their rounds: we thrill at the entrance of toreadors, matadors and picadors. The first encounter! They say one becomes accustomed to bullfights, remembering only the scientific manner in which the matador dispatches a bull—perhaps—I do not know—but travelers near Spain should go at least once to San Sabastian for this national pastime, which enthalls an entire country and people. Over the Pyrénées into France came this Moorish love of the bull-ring. Nowhere is there a more perfect setting than the blazing, sun-scorched sands of Spain.

Drive with the crowd of autos and charabancs back

to St.-Jean-de-Luz; meet under the red umbrellas of La Potinière—there is a gypsy orchestra and tea. A famous string quartette is discussing next season's programme—you are privileged, sometimes invited, to rehearsals. We laze away under the trees until seven o'clock, then jump into a fiacre and away to villa or hotel. Another matchless sunset from our balcony!

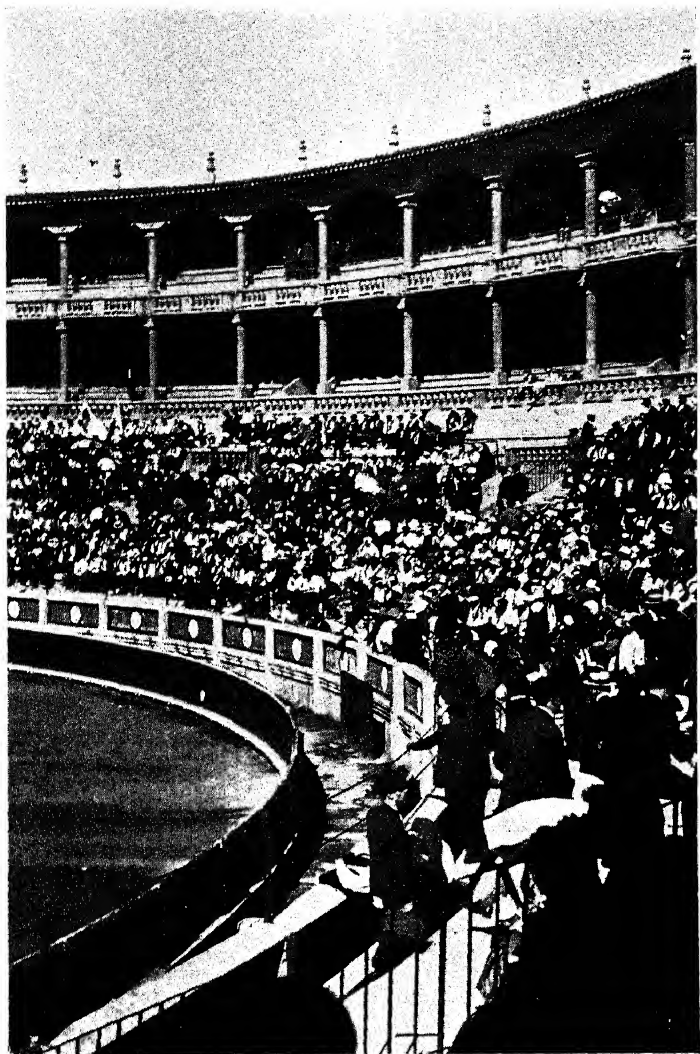
Afternoons we walk along the Boulevard Thiers. If this charming St.-Jean-de-Luz should be changed by too commercial a hotel man—what a pity! If the streets were paved all the way across—! How shocking if your satin slippers be not rubbed by this pebbled walk! I am musing in futures—and maybe legends—of these fascinating streets of dear old St.-Jean-de-Luz.

This day my Pal and I hurried to a rendezvous with the great Josef Hofmann and his charming Betty at the Café Basque. To the very edge of the street barrel-tables tempt with cocktails—recipes from Pekin to Bagdad, via Cairo to Paris, wafted from America by way of New York!!

As I look at this modest man opposite—unrivalled master of the piano keyboard—I am tempted to shout, "*Vive le Roi!*"

A little break—two wanderers from Spain, with guitar and castanets. With languid grace they sing—dancing fandango. Always a friend at the Café Basque, where they serve good "free lunch" sandwiches, too!

Thursday is the day to motor along the far-famed Spanish Corniche. A cool day for Spain with delightful breezes blowing. The road twists and turns, picturing marine views of astounding beauty, and cuts its way through miniature tunnels framing exquisite views of sea- and mountainscape.



Bull Ring: Pamplina, Spain

In the little fishing cove of Guetaria is a statue of Juan Sebastian del Cano, Portuguese navigator. Born here, he was the first man to circle the globe, with thrilling adventures, between 1519 and 1522.

GREAT SPANISH ART

Zumaya, a favorite bathing beach, with wonderful picturesque views of mountain and sea, a poet's dream place. The famous Basque painter lives in Zumaya, now a mecca for art lovers. Zuloaga has a Basque villa facing the sea, surrounded by extensive gardens, where live in flower and vine and art all the romance of Spain.

Resting here in peaceful quiet, with long flower vistas and glimpses of dashing waves, was a privilege indeed. An old chapel with adjoining small house has been transformed into a most interesting museum. A remarkable collection of antique jewelry, porcelains, bronzes from the four corners of the earth and wonderful old paintings by Spain's greatest artists—masterpieces of Greco and Goya—are here for your interest. One exquisite Greco canvas is in a priceless cabinet. Finely wrought silver and bronze doors open to reveal an unusual treasure, perfect in color, harmony and design.

The chapel, dedicated to the Virgin of the Sea, senses faint voices, a murmur of the waves penetrating the stillness. This is a sanctuary for Basque fisherfolk. Hanging from the rafters is a fishing-schooner model, all sails set. The only light burning in the chapel comes from dull burnished lamps set in the hull.

Gazing at the light that failed her once, is a large statue, a seaman's widow. Fate speaks volumes in her

expression and a master painter's love of all things beautiful tells the tale of "life here below!"

We recall Alhambra and the hills of Granada, where we met Ignacio Zuloaga. This stupendous personality was then gathering a pageant offering for a Granada celebration.

This day one of the greatest painters of our times, came out of his garden retreat. Bougainvillæ was climbing over age-old arches. Reflecting in a pool were shadowed geraniums and water sprites modeled of stone. Very interesting indeed were American and Spanish reminiscences—in a meeting where we sensed "*de très belles émotions d'art*," as our host put it. How very charming and gracious! Señor Zuloaga and my Pal made friends; real men recognize each other in a moment.

Au revoir, beloved Master—may we treasure you for many, many years!

We gleaned much of the Basque character, at once simple and noble, beauty-loving and devout. The underlying principles of Basque life are tolerance, justice and serenity, with a deep reverence in the nearest expression of God on this earth—an old, old man and a little child. Every event in a Basque's life, games and pastimes, too, are preluded by a service of devotion. To him no dancing, no opera (and he adores both!) can compare with the beauty of religious observances.

Thinking of the profound feeling that marks the everyday life of these people, we sped inland, following the Urola River, past the mineral spa Castona, where springs have been famous since 1784 to Azpeitia and the birthplace of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits. There is nothing now left of this but an ancient ruined tower.

In 1689 Empress Maria-Anne of Austria built a monastery and beautiful church over the spot where the saint was born. Pilgrims come from afar to honor Loyola in this quiet sanctuary hidden in wooded green hills. In the wonderful basilica, designed in the form of an eagle with outspread wings, are hidden many sacred treasures.

ATHLETES THE WORLD OVER

The Basques, finest athletes in France, favored with matchless climate, great physical endurance and vitality, have added to their national games golf, polo and tennis. English visitors, who flock here in great numbers during the winter months, have instigated Rugby and Association football and now on Sunday afternoons, Basque townsfolk along the coast flock to see their local heroes play excellent games against French and Spanish teams.

Golf is the visitors' game. Often on sunny afternoons my Pal and I slowly, in a fiacre, ambled across the old bridge to Ciboure for a round of golf on the famous Nivelle links. You are never too absorbed in your game not to appreciate the fine, springy turf, and exquisite views of ocean and incomparable shadows on the winding Nivelle River. A pleasant hour, resting under the plantain trees; tea and a book, the coming and going of excellent players.

Nivelle—memories—Jacques Thibaud! What would Nivelle be or golf or for that matter St.-Jean-de-Luz, without our genial Jacques! Tournaments gay—tournaments sad—tournaments lost—tennis—golf—all club life due to Jacques!

On a Basque hillside, one day, in a charming house

surrounded by floral gardens, Mme. Thibaud, whose ancestors ministered to the Kings of France, was our charming hostess. Grandpa Jacques, too, was in happy mood this day.

My Pal and I loved to wander through the narrow streets of Ciboure, that long-time mecca of artists and beauty lovers. The population, apart from the artist colony, is comprised chiefly of fishermen. There has always been rivalry between Ciboure and St.-Jean-de-Luz.

In the early sixteenth century Franciscan monks tried to effect peace between these towns and built the Recollets Monastery as their home. They dedicated their church to "Our Lady of Peace." Walking in the old cloisters, past the interesting fountain, we thought of the day when Louis XIV and the Infanta Maria Theresa attended service here just before their marriage. From the monks' chapel a beautiful statue of the Virgin and some ancient twisted Louis XIII columns were taken to adorn the sixteenth-century church of Ciboure.

An artist friend wandered with us through this old edifice, explaining the why of an old platform at the end of the church with separate entrance.

"That was for the 'Cascarots,'" he whispered. Out in the sunshine again, sitting atop a weather-beaten wall near the cemetery, Pierre explained.

"These Cascarots were wandering gypsy people, who had long congregated in Ciboure under their own king, bringing their dialect, in which were many Hindu words.

"They were outcasts and compelled to remain by themselves but were finally absorbed into the population

and nothing remains but a remembrance of their trials and insults."

We were strolling along the Quai de Ciboure toward the breakwater of Socoa, with its fine old fortress that guards the bay and smiles a greeting each night at sunset.

In Ciboure's fascinating old streets, as you climb the hills, you find many houses with picturesque Dutch façades, reminding you that there was once close friendship between the Basques and sailors that came down the coast from Holland. The Basques still sing these lines:

Up, up men of the house—for the sun has risen,
From the sea rings out a trumpet of silver,
And there is gathering on the coasts of Holland!

A few Dutch houses remain in the Quai de Ciboure, built in the days of the Château of the Infanta Isabella. Here historic and noted persons, proud sons of France, were born.

QUAI DE MAURICE-RAVEL

This highway leads directly into Spain, and years ago there wandered from there a family to settle on the gentle shores of the Nivelle River. Here Maurice Ravel was born on March 2nd, 1875. A heritage, indeed, gazing at once toward the picturesque Pyrénées and the great Atlantic ocean!

In August of 1930, the town of Ciboure honored M. Ravel—or rather Ciboure was honored. No more the

centuries-old Quai de Ciboure into Spain—that day this old highway was re-named Quai de Maurice-Ravel, amid ceremonies befitting the occasion. At eleven o'clock the *Maire* and prominent persons of the world gathered around the old house, where now a bronze plaque tells the wayfarer, "*Dans cette maison est né Maurice Ravel.*"

Ciboure staged a great game of *pelote*, the finest players in the land taking part. A selected group danced native dances while choruses sang old Basque melodies. That evening in the historic hall of the Du Palais in Biarritz a concert of the Master's music re-echoed, as a tribute to the musical genius from Ciboure.

A memorable week this, for visitors and natives! The *Maire* and *Counseil* with their efficient chairman of ceremonies arranged many gatherings. Intimate parties followed. An informal dinner brought M. Ravel and his friends to the flowered roof terrace of a Spanish villa-hotel on the hill. A congenial party, representing the artistic world. Later we strolled along the sea walk to the Café Basque. Vision rounds of conviviality, witty conversation and good fun lasting into the wee hours! Our genial M. Ravel could be found here late any evening.

Sitting one afternoon in the Potinière with Mme. et M. Claud Farrère, M. Ravel joined us for tea. Conversation drifted to the never-ceasing wonder of the Basques and their mysterious heritage. With evening the sunlight glow melted into the brilliant blue of an oriental night, symbolic, perhaps, of the Basque genius which has its roots in the unfathomable wonder of the East!

Evenings in St.-Jean-de-Luz! How memory conjures happy meetings with friends in this fascinating Basque town! A key here to open many mysteries—the glamor-



*Sardine Catch at Noon Each Day: St. Jean de
Luz*

ous mountains and Atlantic rolling out the story of a new world on its further shore. Here the stirring, adventurous Vikings of the North meet the soft emotional inspiration of the South. No wonder St.-Jean-de-Luz exerts a spell over your spirit and the world's creators in the four arts, poetic dreamers, love to linger in its soothing, enticing atmosphere!

LA PERGOLA

La Pergola! Advancing with the ages this modern circular building has replaced the nice old wooden one we used to love. Here we have cocktails on the terrace while a few late bathers stroll from the beach.

At dinner with Eugene and Claire, a string orchestra provides soft accompaniment to conversation. Friendly greetings reach us from interesting groups. At a nearby table M. et Mme. Jacques Thibaud are dining with M. et Mme. Farrère and his lady. Madeleine brings a whisper of Paris. Segovia, too, is here from Burgos with his friend and colleague, Joaquin Nin, the famous Spanish composer, and his beautiful wife.

"We must not forget Socoa," I said, rising. "Let's have liqueurs on the terrace."

The ever-fascinating picture of dying day—a deep purple mantle enfolding the Pyrénées, while Socoa is lit by an indescribable glow. How inspiring to gaze to Ciboure and this sunset peninsula!

Guests were coming out from the dining salon—greetings here and there, acquaintances momentarily renewed. We saw M. Ravel with a party of friends strolling into the new concert hall, where this evening Spain's première danseuse, La Argentina, is dancing. A

year or two back this hall was dedicated to music by Arthur Honneger, himself conducting his "Le Roi David," with a chorus of native Basque singers.

Out once more to the huge terrace and the night—familiar, friendly voices, inspired by the same vital spirit of St.-Jean-de-Luz.

The fifteenth day of August is the Fête of the Assumption; from morning till night St.-Jean-de-Luz has processions, dances and fêtes. Down to the quai for the annual fishing contest. Chairs with fishermen and flags are lined closely along the shore. A patient wait for the big fish that is to proclaim the winner. They sit for hours; the prizes are simple but appreciated.

Into the Place Louis XIV for an *apéritif*; sounds of chanting and a religious procession marching through the old streets into Rue Gambetta to the Church of St.-Jean. Sunshine; this sincere host; narrow walks filled with people; many charming little girls in white with starry flower wreaths on their heads; graceful Basque women. A quiet nun directs the movements and religious banners and decorations mark the procession under old trees.

Little boys, boy scouts, acolytes and priests in gorgeous vestments follow, older men, reverently bearing a statue of the Virgin. The priests continue chanting.

A GAME OF PELOTE

Later, open air pastoral plays, games and dancing, townsfolk and visitors appreciating this glimpse into customs of old France.

Through the Basque Provinces, into Spain and South America the magic game, *pelote*, makes common lan-

guage—why? Swift-moving, dazzling with warmth of sunshine, it captures a Basque like the old songs of his laughing mother or the padding thud of a ball tossed by his elder brother. Basques and *pelote* are one!

My Pal and I with a party of friends came to Campos Berry for a *Grande Partie de Pelote* on a court blazing in sunshine. Having often watched matches, we understood a little the technique. Tremendous cheers greet the players, rival teams wore red and blue sashes knotted about slim waists.

Thud! Like lightning the ball is tossed against the high wall at the end of the court and swiftly volleyed back again and again by alternate sides. To and fro these radiant, dancing figures fly, seldom missing a pass. On the right hand is worn a *chistera*, a narrow, circular-shaped wicker racquet, ending in a strong leather glove. With this sturdy instrument the ball is sent rebounding again and again during the thrilling and impressive game, much swifter in action than our own baseball.

When *pelote* teams rest, musicians play under the trees; faster and faster dancers trip the intricate steps of the fandango. Sometimes on fête days boys dance national steps handed down for generations, with half-hoops garlanded with flowers. In lines, in circles, they spring and twist, with intricate and clever foot movements. A Basque maypole dance ends the performance, rainbow ribbons plaiting themselves into patterns as the boys wind and unwind in a maze of steps.

TORO DEL FUEGO

On such fête days, get to the square betimes, to watch St.-Jean-de-Luz as the band strikes up. Every

available space is filled with tables, at which entire families have gathered. Children wait after the fandango for the *Toro del Fuego*. Such excitement! The Bull of Fire surges through the crowds! Babies are perched on fathers' shoulders, while we grown-ups do not hesitate at standing on iron chairs, craning our necks.

Here comes M. Torreo—all ablaze, helter-skelter—amid cheering crowds. At last, having spent fury in fireworks from all parts of his anatomy, he halts for breath; his crown is blown off in a blaze of skyrockets! Quickly the square empties. We shall go again and again to the *Toro* show with enthusiastic expectancy.

We drove along the coast one morning with a party of fellow sun-bathers, towards the Spanish frontier and Hendaye. As we neared the town, my Pal pointed to an imposing mansion high atop a cliff. "That is the Abadie Observatory," he said to the girls. Out of a sea of green shrubbery, turrets and towers rose like an old castle—you easily recognize here the hand of that old citadel-builder, Viollet-le-duc. We were particularly interested in the achievements of this famous French architect, to whom the world owes the restoration of Carcassonne. The château and astronomical observatory were built for Antoine d'Abadie, an Abyssinian explorer.

Hendaye is a spot to dream in, drifting lazily through tranquil hours, enjoying nature's superb offering of sea and mountains. The sky, all blue and mauve and pearly gray, gradually melts into the sea, where little yachts skim the distant horizon. Hendaye is at the mouth of the Bidassoa River, as it meets the Atlantic.



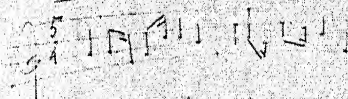
Quand on a vu le pays Basque
on y revient on en y demeure

Plouffe

P. Jean de Luz -

16 juillet 1926

Humaine ardeur



Humaine ardeur

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Romantic Days—Basque—Maurice Ravel

A perfect beach lured our two young couples for a swim. My Pal and I, strolling along the sea road between the town and Hendaye's golden *plage*, found Pierre Loti's house, "Bakar-Etchea." M. Loti, flying from place to place in search of health, finally found comfort in the mild, gentle climate of the Basque coast he loved so well.

Here the fascinating tale of Basque smugglers, "Ramuntcho," was written. Easily can this romantic coast inspire genius; in his villa behind these trees he could hear Atlantic breakers roll, the cry of night winds tearing through rocky defiles into Spain, as he wrote on his terrace.

A MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE

The wooded *Île des Faisans* lies in the Bidassoa River, where some striking pages of French history were enacted. This little islet has long been neutral ground, so French and Spanish ambassadors have met for royal conferences. A matrimonial exchange, almost; for here Princess Elizabeth of France became Queen of Spain and Anne of Austria, sister of Philip IV of Spain, came to rule the French Court in 1615.

With half-shut eyes you dream through this golden air of Hendaye. A royal barge sails up the river and anchors just off the isle. Spain and France again meet to bargain, this time for a king's freedom. François I is in the hands of Spanish captors, taken prisoner at the Battle of Pavia! The courtly Spanish *grandees* are willing to give him back to France, but at what a price! François' two sons have come as hostages. The exchange is made; France claims her king; his sons go to Spain.

Slowly the royal barges move down the river, and the brilliant pageantry of the sixteenth century fades into the years.

One of the best open-air sports parks in France has been laid out beyond the Hendaye golf links, attracting more visitors yearly. Joyous shouts announced the arrival of the rest of our party, tumbling up from the beach, delighted with the warm, sunny bay.

After tea one of the boys suggested a visit to the Ramuntcho Hall of the Casino and a dance or two. Back through the sunset, our thoughts filled with France's great and human novelist and Claud Farrère—inseparable in our memory. Recently, M. Farrère's book on Pierre Loti, appearing in French, revealed the intimate correspondence between the two *literateurs*, friends for many years.

A morning on the beach; what tales are untangled or tangled again? We group about a Russian trio this time—fascinating Medea is the brilliant spirit. Hers is a keen perception on life—over three continents she has traveled to discover the peace and understanding of St.-Jean-de-Luz.

A NEW GOLF COURSE

"Why yes," says she, "I'll go to Chantico this afternoon." The fiacre ambles over bridges and railroad tracks, reaches the country road and we are soon a happy foursome on the new golf course, Chantico. Yours is the spell, too, which spans the Atlantic, attractive Spanish club house, tea in the terraced garden!

M. and Mme. Nin joined us. It was as rival photofans we met. There is still a little pique, if either catches

the better light or shade; however, all in sincere understanding. Photos—music—St.-Jean-de-Luz!

One arranges shopping days for Biarritz, then to Hossegor for tea on the hotel terrace, with beautiful Lake Hossegor dimpling in the sunshine. Wooded banks make a pleasant frame with long vistas here and there opening out to impressive glimpses. Cars are parked. Happy couples drift through the afternoon in little punts or canoes. Shady, pleasantly secluded corners for light-hearted flirtations, among the pine trees that hover about the lake, are obviously designed by nature for lovers and artists! Artists tramp for miles to reach this peaceful lake, dreaming in the pine-scented air. From St.-Jean-de-Luz, Biarritz and the near-by towns visitors drive over for an hour or two on the Hossegor golf course.

We, with Medea and George, wander slowly through a pine grove. Whence melody and voice, strangely familiar? In a moment, striding down through the trees, comes Edward, whose art and voice from Canadian wilds—the world acclaims. On vacation, drinking in the healthful air of the Basque pinewoods. His face and hands are burned deep copper color, while even his voice vibrates with exhilarating charm of the wooded lake.

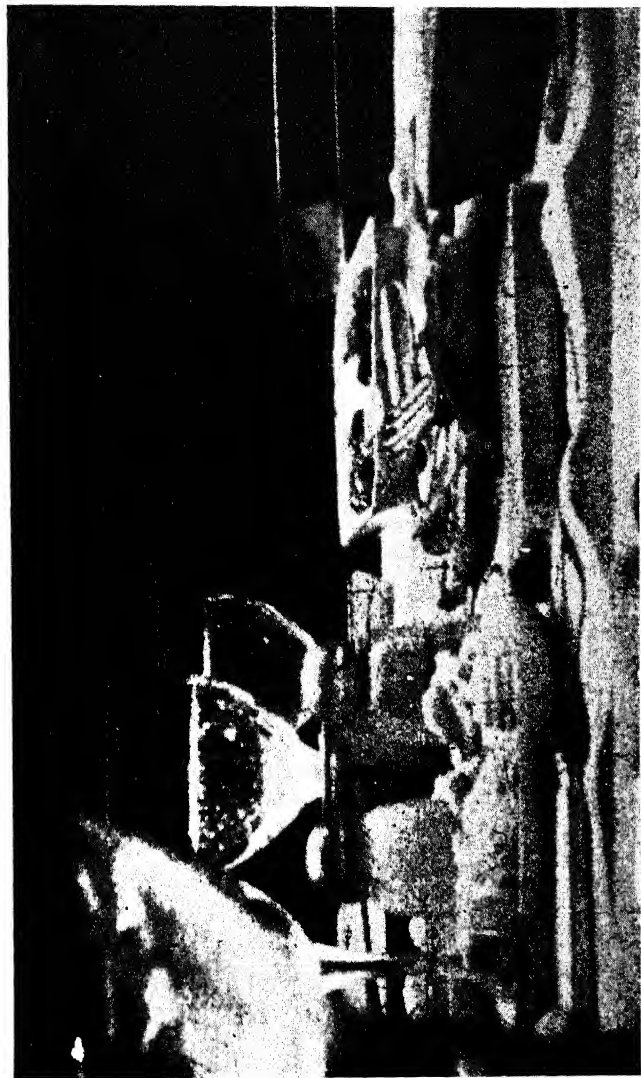
Around the tea table we gather. News of mutual friends. Then, as sunset takes dazzling possession of the world, we drive toward the ocean. Here the waves flirt, dancing like an oriental maiden displaying rainbow-hued garments and glittering gems; the breakers froth and foam on inlets and rocks that poets have rhymed into dreams.

That night to the Casino and a Gala.

At a table near the sea, perhaps to the stars, a crescent

moon tells her celestial beginning. You humanly enjoy the excellent cuisine—couples flit by to the gaming tables—strains of alluring jazz—and dreamy tangos tempt your ears. A congenial friend or two. You are indeed a most fortunate mortal! *Garçon, champagne cocktails, s'il vous plaît.*

*"Quand on a vu le Pays-Basque,
On y revient ou on y demeure!"*



Champagne Cocktails, S'il vous plaît

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